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## LIFE IN CALIFORNIA BEFORE THE GOLD DISCOVERY.

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).



BUTLER'S BOOT. (ON THE  
PIONEER SOCIETY'S ROOMS, SACRAMENTO.)

THE party whose fortunes I have followed across the plains<sup>1</sup> was not only the first that went direct to California from the East; we were probably the first white people, except Bonneville's party of 1833, that ever crossed the Sierra Nevada. Dr. Marsh's ranch, the first settlement reached by us in California, was located in the eastern foothills of the Coast Range Mountains, near the northwestern extremity of the great San Joaquin Valley and about six miles east of Monte Diablo, which may be called about the geographical center of Contra Costa County. There were no other settlements in the valley; it was, apparently, still just as new as when Columbus discovered America, and roaming over it were countless thousands of wild horses, of elk, and of antelope. It had been one of the driest years ever known in California. The country was brown and parched; throughout the State wheat, beans, everything had failed. Cattle were almost starving for grass, and the people, except perhaps a few of the best families, were without bread, and were eating chiefly meat, and that often of a very poor quality.

Dr. Marsh had come into California four or five years before by way of New Mexico. He was in some respects a remarkable man. In command of the English language I have scarcely ever seen his equal. He had never studied medicine, I believe, but was a great reader: sometimes he would lie in bed all

day reading, and he had a memory that stereotyped all he read, and in those days in California such a man could easily assume the rôle of doctor and practise medicine. In fact, with the exception of Dr. Marsh there was then no physician of any kind anywhere in California. We were overjoyed to find an American, and yet when we became acquainted with him we found him one of the most selfish of mortals. The night of our arrival he killed two pigs for us.<sup>2</sup> We felt very grateful, for we had by no means recovered from starving on poor mule meat, and when he set his Indian cook to making tortillas (little cakes) for us, giving one to each,—there were thirty-two in our party,—we felt even more grateful; and especially when we learned that he had had to use some of his seed wheat, for he had no other. Hearing that there was no such thing as money in the country, and that butcher-knives, guns, ammunition, and everything of that kind were better than money, we expressed our gratitude the first night to the doctor by presents—one giving a can of powder, another a bar of lead or a butcher-knife, and another a cheap but serviceable set of surgical instruments. The next morning I rose early, among the first, in order to learn from our host something about California,—what we could do, and where we could go,—and, strange as it may seem, he would scarcely answer a question. He seemed to be in an ill humor, and among other things he said, "The company has already been over a hundred dollars' expense to me, and God knows whether I will ever get a *real* of it or not." I was at a loss to account for this, and went out and told some of

<sup>1</sup> See "The First Emigrant Train to California," in THE CENTURY for November, 1890.

<sup>2</sup> Men reduced to living on poor meat, and almost starving, have an intense longing for anything fat.

the party, and found that others had been snubbed in a similar manner. We held a consultation and resolved to leave as soon as convenient. Half our party concluded to go back to the San Joaquin River, where there was much game, and spend the winter hunting, chiefly for otter, the skins being worth three dollars apiece. Therest—about fourteen—succeeded in gaining information from Dr. Marsh by which they

exposed than any other to the ravages of the Horse-thief Indians of the Sierra Nevada (before mentioned). That valley was full of wild cattle,—thousands of them,—and they were more dangerous to one on foot, as I was, than grizzly bears. By dodging into the gulches and behind trees I made my way to a Mexican ranch at the extreme west end of the valley, where I staid all night. This was one



A BIT OF THE COAST RANGE.

started to find the town of San José, about forty miles to the south, then known by the name of Pueblo de San José, now the city of San José. More or less of our effects had to be left at Marsh's, and I decided to remain and look out for them, and meantime to make short excursions about the country on my own account. After the others had left I started off traveling south, and came to what is now called Livermore Valley, then known as Livermore's Ranch, belonging to Robert Livermore, a native of England. He had left a vessel when a mere boy, and had married and lived like the native Californians, and, like them, was very expert with the lasso. Livermore's was the frontier ranch, and more

of the noted ranches, and belonged to a Californian called Don José Maria Amador—more recently, to a man named Dougherty.<sup>1</sup> Next day, seeing nothing to encourage me, I started to return to Marsh's ranch.

On the way, as I came to where two roads, or rather paths, converged, I fell in with one of the fourteen men, M. C. Nye, who had started for San José. He seemed considerably agitated, and reported that at the Mission of San José, some fifteen miles this side of the town of San José, all the men had been arrested and put in prison by General Vallejo, Mexican commander-in-chief of the military under Governor Alvarado, he alone having been sent back to tell Marsh and to have him come forth-

<sup>1</sup> The rancheros marked and branded their stock differently so as to distinguish them. But it was not possible to keep them separate. One would often steal cattle from the other. Livermore in this way lost cattle by his neighbor Amador. In fact it was almost a daily occurrence—a race to see which could get and

kill the most of the other's cattle. Cattle in those days were often killed for the hides alone. One day a man saw Amador kill a fine steer belonging to Livermore. When he reached Livermore's—ten or fifteen miles away—and told him what Amador had done, he found Livermore skinning a steer of Amador's!

with to explain why this armed force had invaded the country. We reached Marsh's after dark. The next day the doctor started down to the Mission of San José, nearly thirty miles distant, with a list of the company, which I gave him. He was gone about three days. Meanwhile we sent word to the men on the San Joaquin River to let them know what had taken place, and they at once returned to the ranch to await results. When Marsh came back he said ominously, "Now, men, I want you all to come into the house and I will tell you your fate." We all went in, and he announced, "You men that have five dollars can have passports and remain in the country and go where you please." The fact was he had simply obtained passports for the asking; they had cost him nothing. The men who had been arrested at the Mission had been liberated as soon as their passports were issued to them, and they had at once proceeded on their way to San José. But five dollars! I don't suppose any one had five dollars; nine-tenths of them probably had not a cent of money. The names were called and each man settled, giving the amount in something, and if unable to make it up in money or effects he would give his note for the rest. All the names were called except my own. There was no passport for me. Marsh had certainly not forgotten me, for I had furnished him with the list of our names myself. Possibly his idea was—as others surmised and afterwards told me—that, lacking a passport, I would stay at his ranch and make a useful hand to work.

The next morning before day found me starting for the Mission of San José to get a passport for myself. Mike Nye, the man who had brought the news of the arrest, went with me. A friend had lent me a poor old horse, fit only to carry my blankets. I arrived in a heavy rain-storm, and was marched into the calaboose and kept there three days with nothing to eat, and the fleas were so numerous as to cover and darken anything of a light color. There were four or five Indians in the prison. They were ironed, and they kept tolling a bell, as a punishment, I suppose, for they were said to have stolen horses; possibly they belonged to the Horse-thief tribes east of the San Joaquin Valley. Sentries were stationed at the door. Through a grated window I made a



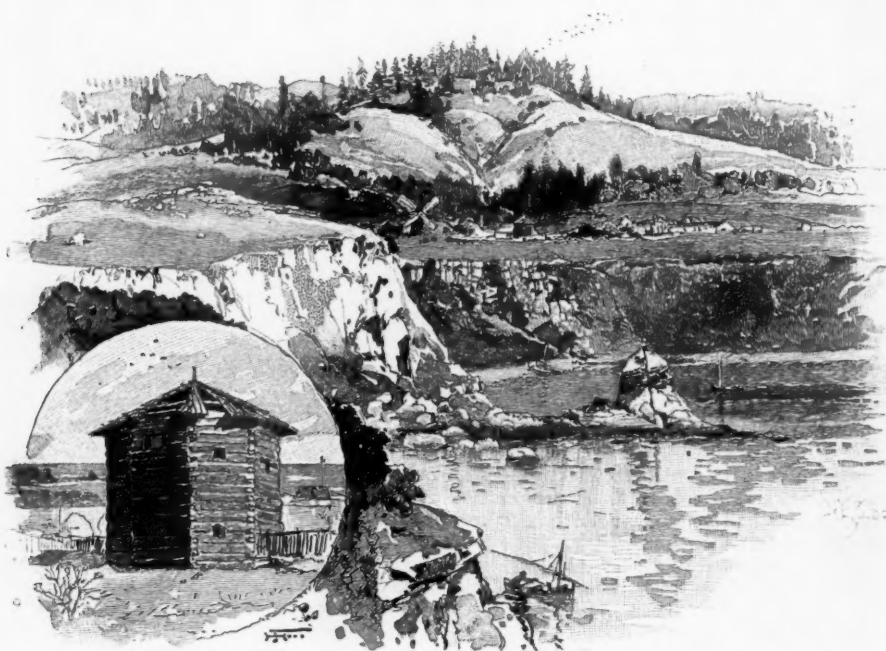
GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, LENT  
BY LOYALL FARRAGUT.)

motion to an Indian boy outside and he brought me a handful of beans and a handful of *manteca*, which is used by Mexicans instead of lard. It seemed as if they were going to starve me to death. After having been there three days I saw through the door a man whom, from his light hair, I took to be an American, although he was clad in the wild picturesque garb of a native Californian, including serape and the huge spurs used by the vaquero. I had the sentry at the door hail him. He proved to be an American, a resident of the Pueblo of San José, named Thomas Bowen, and he kindly went to Vallejo, who was right across the way in the big Mission building, and procured for me the passport. I think I have that passport now, signed by Vallejo and written in Spanish by Victor Prudon, secretary of Vallejo. Every one at the Mission pronounced Marsh's action an outrage; such a thing was never known before.

We had already heard that a man by the name of Sutter was starting a colony a hundred miles away to the north in the Sacramento Valley. No other civilized settlements had been attempted anywhere east of the Coast Range; before Sutter came the Indians had reigned supreme. As the best thing to be

done I now determined to go to Sutter's, afterward called "Sutter's Fort," or New Helvetia. Dr. Marsh said we could make the journey in two days, but it took us eight. Winter had come in earnest, and winter in California then, as now, meant rain. I had three companions. It was wet when we started, and much of the time we traveled through a pouring rain. Streams were out of their banks; gulches were swimming; plains were inundated; indeed, most of the country was overflowed. There were no roads, merely paths, trodden only by Indians and wild game. We were compelled to follow the paths, even when they were under

Moreover, our coming was not unexpected to him. It will be remembered that in the Sierra Nevada one of our men named Jimmy John became separated from the main party. It seems that he came on into California, and, diverging into the north, found his way down to Sutter's settlement perhaps a little before we reached Dr. Marsh's. Through this man Sutter heard that our company of thirty men were already somewhere in California. He immediately loaded two mules with provisions taken out of his private stores, and sent two men with them in search of us. But they did not find us, and returned, with the pro-



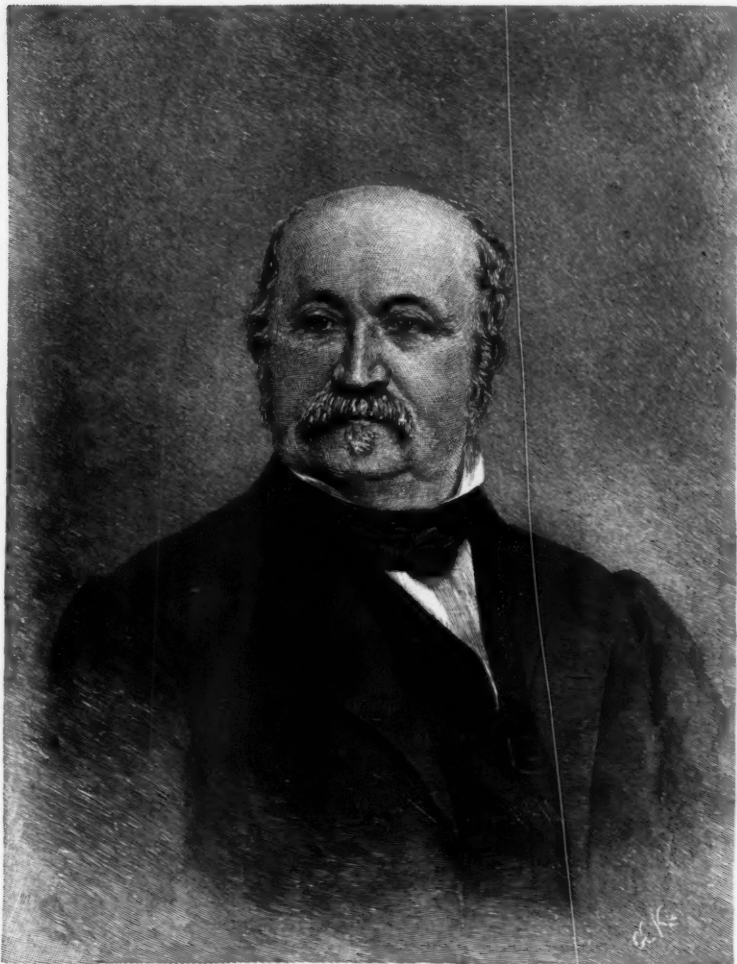
OLD RUSSIAN BUILDING.

FORT ROSS.

water, for the moment our animals stepped to one side down they went into the mire. Most of the way was through the region now lying between Lathrop and Sacramento. We got out of provisions and were about three days without food. Game was plentiful, but hard to shoot in the rain. Besides, it was impossible to keep our old flint-lock guns dry, and especially the powder dry in the pans. On the eighth day we came to Sutter's settlement; the fort had not then been begun. Sutter received us with open arms and in a princely fashion, for he was a man of the most polite address and the most courteous manners, a man who could shine in any society.

visions, to Sutter's. Later, after a long search, the same two men, having been sent out again by Sutter, struck our trail and followed it to Marsh's.

John A. Sutter was born in Baden in 1803 of Swiss parents, and was proud of his connection with the only republic of consequence in Europe. He was a warm admirer of the United States, and some of his friends had persuaded him to come across the Atlantic. He first went to a friend in Indiana with whom he staid awhile, helping to clear land, but it was business that he was not accustomed to. So he made his way to St. Louis and invested what means he had in merchandise, and went out as a New Mex-

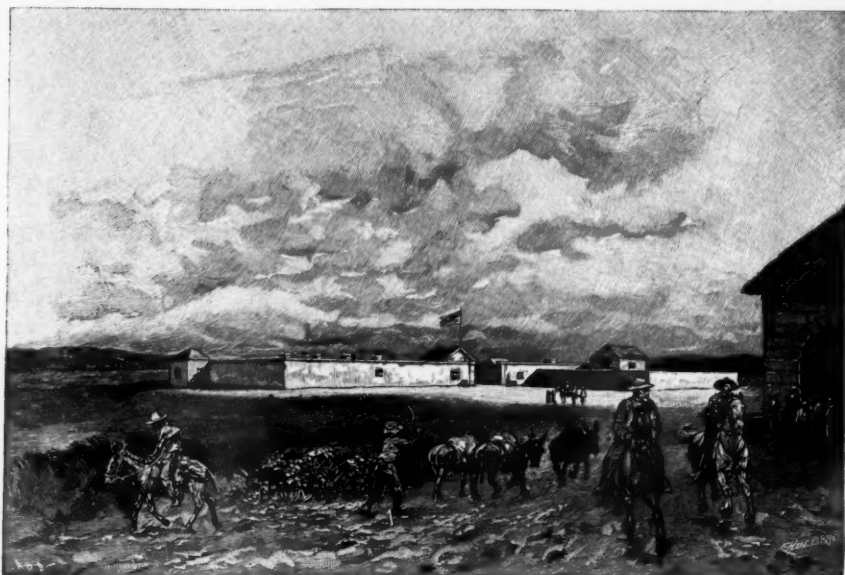


GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.)

can trader to Santa Fé. Having been unsuccessful at Santa Fé, he returned to St. Louis, joined a party of trappers, went to the Rocky Mountains, and found his way down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver. There he formed plans for trying to get down to the coast of California to establish a colony. He took a vessel that went to the Sandwich Islands, and there communicated his plans to people who assisted him. But as there was no vessel going direct from the Sandwich Islands to California, he had to take a Russian vessel by way of Sitka. He got such credit and help as he could in the Sandwich Islands and induced five or six natives to accompany him

to start the contemplated colony. He expected to send to Europe and the United States for his colonists. When he came to the coast of California, in 1840, he had an interview with the governor, Alvarado, and obtained permission to explore the country and find a place for his colony. He came to the bay of San Francisco, procured a small boat and explored the largest river he could find, and selected the site where the city of Sacramento now stands.

A short time before we arrived Sutter had bought out the Russian-American Fur Company at Fort Ross and Bodega on the Pacific. That company had a charter from Spain to take furs, but had no right to the land. The



SUTTER'S FORT. (REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD PRINT.)

charter had about expired. Against the protest of the California authorities they had extended their settlement southward some twenty miles farther than they had any right to, and had occupied the country to, and even beyond, the bay of Bodega. The time came when the taking of furs was no longer profitable; the Russians were ordered to vacate and return to Sitka. They wished to sell out all their personal property and whatever remaining right they had to the land. So Sutter bought them out — cattle and horses; a little vessel of about twenty-five tons burden, called a launch; and other property, including forty odd pieces of old rusty cannon and one or two small brass pieces, with a quantity of old French flint-lock muskets pronounced by Sutter to be of those lost by Bonaparte in 1812 in his disastrous retreat from Moscow. This ordnance Sutter conveyed up the Sacramento River on the launch to his colony. As soon as the native Californians heard that he had bought out the Russians and was beginning to fortify himself by taking up the cannon they began to fear him. They were doubtless jealous because Americans and other foreigners had already commenced to make the place their headquarters, and they foresaw that Sutter's fort would be for them, especially for Americans, what it naturally did become in fact, a place of protection and general rendezvous; and so they threatened to break it up. Sutter had not as yet actually received his grant; he had simply taken prelim-

inary steps and had obtained permission to settle and proceed to colonize. These threats were made before he had begun the fort, much less built it, and Sutter felt insecure. He had a good many Indians whom he had collected about him, and a few white men (perhaps fifteen or twenty) and some Sandwich Islanders. When he heard of the coming of our thirty men he inferred at once that we would soon reach him and be an additional protection. With this feeling of security, even before the arrival of our party Sutter was so indiscreet as to write a letter to the governor or to some one in authority, saying that he wanted to hear no more threats of dispossession, for he was now able not only to defend himself but to go and chastise them. That letter having been despatched to the city of Mexico, the authorities there sent a new governor in 1842 with about six hundred troops to subdue Sutter. But the new governor, Manuel Micheltorena, was an intelligent man. He knew the history of California and was aware that nearly all of his predecessors had been expelled by insurrections of the native Californians. Sutter sent a courier to meet the governor before his arrival at Los Angeles, with a letter in French, conveying his greetings to the governor, expressing a most cordial welcome, and submitting cheerfully and entirely to his authority. In this way the governor and Sutter became fast friends, and through Sutter the Americans had a friend in Governor Micheltorena.

The first employment I had in California was in Sutter's service, about two months after our arrival at Marsh's. He engaged me to go to Bodega and Fort Ross and to stay there until he could finish removing the property which he had bought from the Russians. I remained there fourteen months, until everything was removed; then I came up into Sacramento Valley and took charge for Sutter of his Hock farm (so named from a large Indian village on the place), remaining there a little more than a year—in 1843 and part of 1844.

Nearly everybody who came to California made it a point to reach Sutter's Fort.<sup>1</sup> Sutter was one of the most liberal and hospitable of men. Everybody was welcome—one man or a hundred, it was all the same. He had peculiar traits: his necessities compelled him to take all he could buy, and he paid all he could pay; but he failed to keep up with his payments. And so he soon found himself immensely—almost hopelessly—involved in debt. His debt to the Russians amounted at first to something near one hundred thousand dollars. Interest increased apace. He had agreed to pay in wheat, but his crops failed. He struggled in every way, sowing large areas to wheat, increasing his cattle and horses, and trying to build a flouring mill. He kept his launch running to and from the bay, carrying down hides, tallow, furs, wheat, etc., returning with lumber sawed by hand in the redwood groves nearest the bay and other supplies. On an average

it took a month to make a trip. The fare for each person was five dollars, including board. Sutter started many other new enterprises in order to find relief from his embarrassments; but, in spite of all he could do, these increased. Every year found him worse and worse off; but it was partly his own fault. He employed men—not because he always needed and could profitably employ them, but because in the kindness of his heart it simply became a habit to employ everybody who wanted employment. As long as he had anything he trusted any one with everything he wanted—responsible or otherwise, acquaintances and strangers alike. Most of the labor was done by Indians, chiefly wild ones, except a few from the Missions who spoke Spanish. The wild ones learned Spanish so far as they learned



SUTTER'S FORT AS IT IS NOW.  
(REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. BEALS.)

anything, that being the language of the country, and everybody had to learn some-

<sup>1</sup> Every year after the arrival of our party, in 1841, immigrant parties came across the plains to California; except in 1842, when they went to Oregon, most of them coming thence to California in 1843. Ours of 1841 being the first, let me add that a later party arrived in California in 1841. It was composed of about twenty-five persons who arrived at Westport, Mo., too late to come with us, and so went with the annual caravan of St. Louis traders to Santa Fé, and thence *via* the Gila River into Southern California.

Among the more noted arrivals on this coast I may mention:

1841.—Commodore Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, a party of which came overland from Oregon to California, under Captain Ringgold, I think.

1842.—Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, who raised the American flag in Monterey.

1843.—First. L. W. Hastings, *via* Oregon. He was ambitious to make California a republic and to be its first president, and wrote an iridescent book to

induce immigration,—which came in 1846,—but found the American flag flying when he returned with the immigration he had gone to meet. Also among the noted arrivals in 1843 was Pierson B. Reading, an accomplished gentleman, the proprietor of Reading's ranch in Shasta County, and from whom Fort Reading took its name. Samuel J. Hensley was also one of the same party. Second. Dr. Sandels, a very intelligent man.

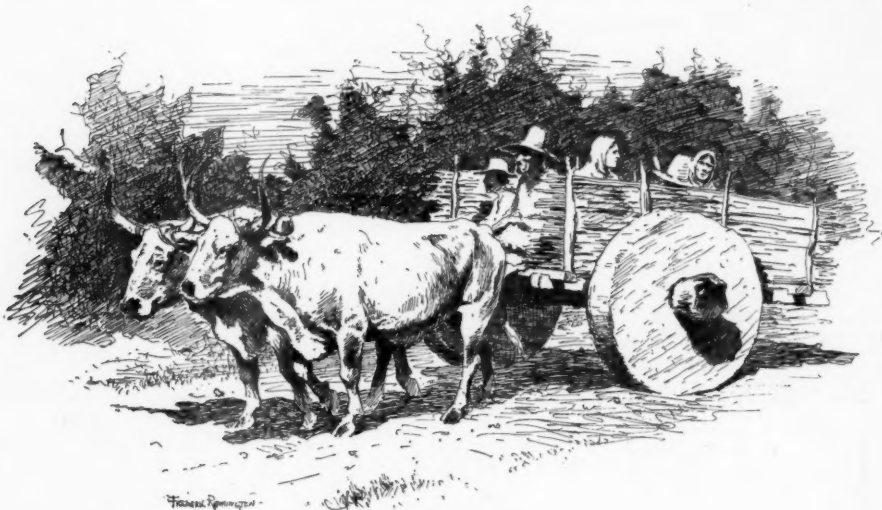
1844.—First. Frémont's first arrival (in March); Mr. Charles Preuss, a scientific man, and Kit Carson with him. Second. The Stevens-Townsend-Murphy party, who brought the first wagons into California across the plains.

1845.—First. James W. Marshall, who, in 1848, discovered the gold. Second. Frémont's second arrival, also Hastings's second arrival.

1846.—Largest immigration party, the one Hastings went to meet. The Donner party was among the last of these immigrants.

thing of it. The number of men employed by Sutter may be stated at from 100 to 500 — the latter number at harvest time. Among them were blacksmiths, carpenters, tanners, gunsmiths, vaqueros, farmers, gardeners, weavers (to weave coarse woolen blankets), hunters,

corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster. Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the



A CALIFORNIA CART.

sawyers (to saw lumber by hand, a custom known in England), sheep-herders, trappers, and, later, millwrights and a distiller. In a word, Sutter started every business and enterprise possible. He tried to maintain a sort of military discipline. Cannon were mounted, and pointed in every direction through embrasures in the walls and bastions. The soldiers were Indians, and every evening after coming from work they were drilled under a white officer, generally a German, marching to the music of fife and drum. A sentry was always at the gate, and regular bells called men to and from work.

Harvesting, with the rude implements, was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field, armed, some with sickles, some with butcher-knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry and brittle grain; and as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharper edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a huge mound in the middle of a high, strong, round

very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly threshed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month. It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of grain, straw, and chaff, the lighter materials being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast.

The kindness and hospitality of the native Californians have not been overstated. Up to the time the Mexican régime ceased in California they had a custom of never charging for anything; that is to say, for entertainment — food, use of horses, etc. You were supposed, even if invited to visit a friend, to bring your blankets with you, and one would be very thoughtless if he traveled and did not take a knife with him to cut his meat. When you had eaten, the invariable custom was to rise, deliver to the woman or hostess the plate on which you had eaten the meat and beans — for that was about all they had — and say,



"*Muchas gracias, Señora*" ("Many thanks, madame"); and the hostess as invariably replied, "*Buen provecho*" ("May it do you much good"). The Missions in California invariably had gardens with grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, pears, and apples, but the ranches scarcely ever had any fruit.<sup>1</sup> When you wanted a horse to ride, you would take it to the next ranch — it might be twenty, thirty, or fifty miles — and turn it out there, and sometime or other in reclaiming his stock the owner would get it back. In this way you might travel from one end of California to the other.

The ranch life was not confined to the

<sup>1</sup> With the exception of the tuna, or prickly pear, these were the only cultivated fruits I can recall to mind in California, except oranges, lemons, and limes, in a few places.

country, it prevailed in the towns too. There was not a hotel in San Francisco, or Monterey, or anywhere in California, till 1846, when the Americans took the country. The priests at the Missions were glad to entertain strangers without charge. They would give you a room in which to sleep, and perhaps a bedstead with a hide stretched across it, and over that you would spread your blankets.

At this time there was not in California any vehicle except a rude California cart; the wheels were without tires, and were made by felling an oak tree and hewing it down till it made a solid wheel nearly a foot thick on the rim and a little larger where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would be eight or nine inches in diameter, but a few years' use would increase it to a foot. To make the hole, an auger, gouge, or chisel was sometimes used, but the principal tool was an ax. A small tree required but little hew-

ing and shaping to answer for an axle. These carts were always drawn by oxen, the yoke being lashed with rawhide to the horns. To lubricate the axles they used soap (that is one thing the Mexicans could make), carrying along for the purpose a big pail of thick soapsuds which was constantly put in the box or hole; but you could generally tell when a California cart was coming half a mile away by the squeaking. I have seen the families of the wealthiest people go long distances at the rate of thirty miles or more a day, visiting in one of these clumsy two-wheeled vehicles. They had a little framework around it made of round sticks, and a bullock hide was put in for a floor or bottom. Sometimes the better class would have a little calico for curtains and cover. There was no such thing as a spoked wheel in use then. Somebody sent from Boston a wagon



DRAWN BY FREDERICK REMINGTON.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBLER.

THE GOVERNOR'S EQUIPAGE.

as a present to the priest in charge of the Mission of San José, but as soon as summer came the woodwork shrunk, the tires came off, and it all fell to pieces. There was no one in California to set tires. When Governor Micheltorena was sent from Mexico to California

across the plains with the express purpose of finding gold. When he got into the Rocky Mountains, as I was told by his friend Dr. Townsend, Stevens said, "We are in a gold country." One evening (when they camped for the night) he went into a gulch, took some



HUNTING A RUNAWAY SAILOR.

he brought with him an ambulance, not much better than a common spring wagon, such as a marketman would now use with one horse. It had shafts, but in California at that time there was no horse broken to work in them, nor was there such a thing known as a harness; so the governor had two mounted vaqueros to pull it, their reatas being fastened to the shafts and to the pommels of their saddles. The first wagons brought into California came across the plains in 1844 with the Townsend or Stevens party. They were left in the mountains and lay buried under the snow till the following spring, when Moses Schallenger, Elisha Stevens (who was the captain of the party), and others went up and brought some of the wagons down into the Sacramento Valley. No other wagons had ever before reached California across the plains.<sup>1</sup>

Elisha Stevens was from Georgia and had there worked in the gold mines. He started

gravel and washed it and got the color of gold, thus unmistakably showing, as he afterwards did in Lower California, that he had considerable knowledge of gold mining. But the strange thing is, that afterwards, when he passed up and down several times over the country between Bear and Yuba rivers, as he did with the party in the spring of 1845 to bring down their wagons, he should have seen no signs of gold where subsequently the whole country was found to contain it.

The early foreign residents of California were largely runaway sailors. Many if not most would change their names. For instance, Gilroy's ranch, where the town of Gilroy is now located, was owned by an old resident under the assumed appellation of Gilroy. Of course vessels touching upon this coast were liable, as they were everywhere, to lose men by desertion, especially if the men were maltreated. Such things have been so common that it is

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Schallenger still lives at San José. He remained a considerable part of the winter alone with the wagons, which were buried under the snow. When the last two men made a desperate effort to escape over the mountains into California, Schallenger tried to go with them, but was unable to bear the

fatigue, and so returned about fifteen miles to the cabin they had left near Donner Lake (as it was afterward called), where he remained, threatened with starvation, till one of the party returned from the Sacramento Valley and rescued him.

not difficult to believe that those who left their vessels in early days on this then distant coast had cause for so doing. To be known as a runaway sailor was no stain upon a man's character. It was no uncommon thing, after

my arrival here, for sailors to be skulking and hiding about from ranch to ranch till the vessel they had left should leave the coast. At Amador's ranch, before mentioned, on my first arrival here, I met a sailor boy, named Harrison Pierce, of eighteen or twenty years, who was concealing himself till his vessel should go to sea. He managed to escape recapture and so remained in the country. He was one of the men who went with me from Marsh's ranch to Sutter's. Californians would catch and return sailors to get the reward which, I believe, captains of vessels invariably offered. After the vessels had sailed and there was no chance of the reward the native Californians gave the fugitives no further trouble.

At that time the only trade, foreign or domestic, was in hides, tallow, and furs; but mostly hides. With few exceptions the vessels that visited the coast were from Boston, fitted out by Hooper to go there and trade for hides.<sup>1</sup> Occasionally vessels would put in for water or in distress. San Francisco was the principal harbor; the next was Monterey. There was an anchorage off San Luis Obispo; the next was Santa Barbara, the next San Buenaventura, then San Pedro, and lastly San Diego. (See map.) The hides were generally collected and brought to San Diego and there salted, staked out to dry, and folded so that they would

lie compactly in the ship, and thence were shipped to Boston. Goods were principally sold on board the vessels: there were very few stores on land; that of Thomas O. Larkin at Monterey was the principal one. The entrance of a vessel into harbor or roadstead was a signal to all the ranchers to come in their little boats and launches laden with hides to trade for goods. Thus vessels went from port to port, remaining few or many days according to the amount of trade. When the people stopped bringing hides, a vessel would leave.<sup>2</sup>



TWO PIKE COUNTY ARRIVALS.

<sup>1</sup> See Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" for a description of the California coast at this period.

<sup>2</sup> My first visit to the bay of San Francisco was in the first week of January, 1842. I had never before seen salt water. The town was called Yerba Buena, for the peppermint which was plentiful around some springs, located probably a little south of the junction of Pine and Sansome streets. Afterward—in 1847—when through the immigration of 1846 across the plains, and through arrivals around Cape Horn, the place had become a village of some importance, the citizens changed the name to San Francisco, the name

of the bay on which it is situated. With the exception of the Presidio and the Aduana (custom-house), all the buildings could be counted on the fingers and thumbs of one's hands. The most pretentious was a frame building erected by Jacob F. Leese, but then owned and occupied by the Hudson Bay Company, of which a Mr. Ray was agent. The others belonged to Captain Hinckley, Nathan Spear, Captain John J. Vioget, a Mr. Fuller, "Davis the carpenter," and a few others.

Monterey, when I first saw it (in 1844), had possibly 200 people, besides the troops, who numbered

I have said that there was no regular physician in California. Later, in 1843, in a company that came from Oregon, was one Joe Meeks, a noted character in the Rocky Mountains. On the way he said, "Boys, when I

binding it in a poultice of mud, and it grew on again. The new governor, Micheltorena, employed him as surgeon. Meeks had a way of looking and acting very wise, and of being reticent when people talked about things which



THE FIRST CALIFORNIA JAIL, MONTEREY.

get down to California among the Greasers I am going to palm myself off as a doctor"; and from that time they dubbed him Dr. Meeks. He could neither read nor write. As soon as the Californians heard of his arrival at Monterey they began to come to him with their different ailments. His first professional service was to a boy who had a toe cut off. Meeks, happening to be near, stuck the toe on,

he did not understand. One day he went into a little shop kept by a man known as Dr. Stokes, who had been a kind of hospital steward on board ship, and who had brought ashore one of those little medicine chests that were usually taken to sea, with apothecary scales, and a pamphlet giving a short synopsis of diseases and a table of weights and medicines, so that almost anybody could administer relief to

about 500. The principal foreigners living there then were: Thomas O. Larkin, David Spence, W. E. P. Hartnell, James Watson, Charles Walter, A. G. Toomes, R. H. Thomas, Talbot H. Green (Paul Geddes), W. Dickey, James McKinley, Milton Little, and Dr. James Stokes. The principal natives or Mexicans were Governor Micheltorena, Manuel Jimeno, José Castro, Juan Malarine, Francisco Arce, Don José Abrego. Larkin received his commission as American consul for California, at Mazatlan, in 1844. On his return to Monterey the woman who washed his clothes took the small-pox. Larkin's whole family had it; it spread, and the number of deaths was fearful, amounting to over eighty.

When I first saw Santa Barbara, February 5, 1845, the old Mission buildings were the principal ones. The town — probably half a mile to the east — contained possibly one hundred persons, among whom I recall Captain Wilson, Dr. Nicholas Den, Captain Scott, Mr. Sparks, Nibever; and of natives, Pablo De la Guerra, Carlos Antonio, Carillo, and others.

Los Angeles I first saw in March, 1845. It then had probably two hundred and fifty people, of whom I recall Don Abel Stearns, John Temple, Captain Alexander Bell, William Wolfskill, Lemuel Carpenter, David W. Alexander; also of Mexicans, Pio Pico (governor), Don Juan Bandini, and others. On ranches in the vicinity lived William Workman, B. D. Wilson, and John Roland. At San Pedro, Captain Johnson. At Rancho Chino, Isaac Williams. At San Juan Capistrano, Don Juan Foster.

I went to San Diego, July, 1846, with Frémont's battalion, on the sloop of war *Cyane*, Captain Dupont (afterwards Admiral). The population was about one hundred, among whom I recall Captain Henry D. Fitch, Don Miguel de Pedrorena, Don Santiago Arguello, the Bandini family, J. M. Estudillo, and others. Subsequently, after the revolt of September, 1846, San Diego was the point from which, in January, 1847, the final conquest of California was made.

sick sailors. Meeks went to him and said, "Doctor, I want you to put me up some powders." So Stokes went behind his table and got out his scales and medicines, and asked, "What kind of powders?" "Just common powders—patient not very sick." "If you will tell me what kind of powders, Dr. Meeks—" "Oh, just common powders." That is all he would say. Dr. Stokes told about town that Meeks knew nothing about medicine, but people thought that perhaps Meeks had given the prescription in Latin and that Dr. Stokes could not read it. But Meeks's reign was to have an end. An American man-of-war came into the harbor. Thomas O. Larkin was then the United States consul at Monterey, and the commander and all his officers went up to Larkin's store, among them the surgeon, who was introduced to Dr. Meeks. The conversation turning upon the diseases incident to the country, Meeks became reticent, saying merely that he was going out of practice and intended to leave the country, because he could not get medicines. The surgeon expressed much sympathy and said, "Dr. Meeks, if you will make me out a list I will very cheerfully divide with you such medicines as I can spare." Meeks did not know the names of three kinds of medicine, and tried evasion, but the surgeon cornered him and put the question so direct that he had to answer. He asked him what medicine he needed most. Finally Meeks said he wanted some "draps," and that was all that could be got out of him. When the story came out his career as a doctor was at an end, and he soon after left the country.

In 1841 there was likewise no lawyer in California. In 1843 a lawyer named Hastings arrived *via* Oregon. He was an ambitious man, and desired to wrest the country from Mexico and make it a republic. He disclosed his plan to a man who revealed it to me. His scheme was to go down to Mexico and make friends of the Mexican authorities, if possible get a grant of land, and then go into Texas, consult President Houston, and go East and write a book, praising the country to the skies, which he did, with little regard to accuracy. His object was to start a large immigration, and in this he succeeded. The book was published in 1845, and undoubtedly largely induced what was called the "great immigration" of 1846 across the plains, consisting of about six hundred. Hastings returned to California in the autumn of 1845, preparatory to taking steps to declare the country independent and to establish a republic and make

himself president. In 1846 he went back to meet the immigration and to perfect his plans so that the emigrants would know exactly where to go and what to do. But in 1846 the Mexican war intervened, and while Hastings was gone to meet the immigration California was taken possession of by the United States. These doubtless were the first plans ever conceived for the independence of California. Hastings knew there were not enough Americans and foreigners yet in California to do anything. He labored hard to get money to publish his book, and went about lecturing on temperance in Ohio, where he became intimate with a fellow by the name of McDonald, who was acting the Methodist preacher and pretending, with considerable success, to raise funds for missionary purposes. At last they separated, McDonald preceding Hastings to San Francisco, where he became bartender for a man named Vioget, who owned a saloon and a billiard table—the first, I think, on the Pacific coast. Hastings returned later, and, reaching San Francisco in a cold rain, went up to Vioget's and called for brandy. He poured out a glassful and was about to drink it, when McDonald, recognizing him, leaned over the bar, extended his hand, and said, "My good temperance friend, how are you?" Hastings in great surprise looked him in the eyes, recognized him, and said, "My dear Methodist brother, how do you do?"

It is not generally known that in 1841—the year I reached California—gold was discovered in what is now a part of Los Angeles County. The yield was not rich; indeed, it was so small that it made no stir. The discoverer was an old Canadian Frenchman by the name of Baptiste Ruelle, who had been a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company, and, as was not an infrequent case with those trappers, had drifted down into New Mexico, where he had worked in placer mines. The mines discovered by Ruelle in California attracted a few New Mexicans, by whom they were worked for several years. But as they proved too poor, Ruelle himself came up into the Sacramento Valley, five hundred miles away, and engaged to work for Sutter when I was in Sutter's service.<sup>1</sup> Now it so happened that almost every year a party of a dozen men or more would come from or return to Oregon. Of such parties some—perhaps most of them—would be Canadian French, who had trapped all over the country, and these were generally the guides. In 1843 it was known to every one that such a party was getting ready to go to Oregon.

<sup>1</sup> New Mexican miners invariably carried their gold (which was generally small, and small in quantity as well) in a large quill—that of a vulture or turkey buzzard. Sometimes these quills would hold three or

four ounces, and, being translucent, they were graduated so as to see at any time the quantity in them. The gold was kept in by a stopper. Ruelle had such a quill, which appeared to have been carried for years.



CAÑON OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.

Baptiste Ruelle had been in Sutter's employ several months, when one day he came to Sutter, showed him a few small particles of gold, and said he had found them on the American River, and he wanted to go far into the mountains on that stream to prospect for gold. For this purpose he desired two mules loaded with provisions, and he selected two notably stupid Indian boys whom he wanted to go into the mountains with him, saying he would have no others. Of course he did not get the outfit. Sutter and I talked about it and queried, What does he want with so much provision—the American River being only a mile and the mountains only twenty miles distant? And why does he want those two stupid boys, since he might be attacked by the Indians? Our conclusion was that he really wanted the outfit so that he could join the party and go to Oregon and remain. Such I believe was Ruelle's intention; though in 1848, after James W. Marshall had discovered the gold at Coloma, Ruelle, who was one of the first to go there and mine, still protested that he had discovered gold on the American River in 1843. The only thing that I can recall to lend the least plausibility to Ruelle's pretensions would be that, so far as I know, he never, after that one time, manifested any desire to go to Oregon, and remained in California till he died. But I should add, neither did he ever show any longing again to go into the mountains to look for gold during the subsequent years he remained with Sutter, even to the time of Marshall's discovery.

Early in the spring of 1844, a Mexican working under me at the Hock Farm for



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA.

Sutter came to me and told me there was gold in the Sierra Nevada. His name was Pablo Gutierrez. The discovery by Marshall, it will be remembered, was in January, 1848. Pablo told me this at a time when I was calling him to account because he had absented himself the day before without permission. I was giving him a lecture in Spanish, which I could speak quite well in those days. Like many Mexicans, he had an Indian wife; some time before, he had been in the mountains and had bought a squaw. She had run away from

him, and he had gone to find and bring her back. And it was while he was on this trip, he said, that he had seen signs of gold. After my lecture he said, "Señor, I have made an important discovery; there surely is gold on Bear River in the mountains." This was in March, 1844. A few days afterward I arranged to go with him up on Bear River. We went five or six miles into the mountains, when he showed me the signs and the place where he thought the gold was. "Well," I said, "can you not find some?" No, he said, because he must have a *batea*.

faithfully kept his promise. It would have taken us a year or two to get money enough to go. In those days there were every year four or five arrivals, sometimes six, of vessels laden with goods from Boston to trade for hides in California. These vessels brought around all classes of goods needed by the Mexican people. It would have required about six months each way, five months being a quick passage. But, as will be seen, our plans were interrupted. In the autumn of that year, 1844, a revolt took place. The native chiefs of Cali-



THE ANCHORAGE OF MONTEREY FROM THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND.

He talked so much about the "batea" that I concluded it must be a complicated machine. "Can't Mr. Keiser, our saddle-tree maker, make the batea?" I asked. "Oh, no." I did not then know that a batea is nothing more nor less than a wooden bowl which the Mexicans use for washing gold. I said, "Pablo, where can you get it?" He said, "Down in Mexico." I said, "I will help pay your expenses if you will go down and get one," which he promised to do. I said, "Pablo, say nothing to anybody else about this gold discovery, and we will get the batea and find the gold." As time passed I was afraid to let him go to Mexico, lest when he got among his relatives he might be induced to stay and not come back, so I made a suggestion to him. I said, "Pablo, let us save our earnings and get on a vessel and go around to Boston, and there get the batea; I can interpret for you, and the Yankees are very ingenious and can make anything." The idea pleased him, and he promised to go as soon as we could save enough to pay our expenses. He was to keep it a secret, and I believe he

fornia, José Castro and ex-Governor Alvarado, succeeded in raising an insurrection against the Mexican governor, Micheltorena, to expel him from the country. They accused him of being friendly to Americans and of giving them too much land. The truth was, he had simply shown impartiality. When Americans had been here long enough, had conducted themselves properly, and had complied with the colonization laws of Mexico, he had given them lands as readily as to native-born citizens. He was a fair-minded man and an intelligent and good governor, and wished to develop the country. His friendship for Americans was a mere pretext; for his predecessor, Alvarado, and his successor, Pio Pico, also granted lands freely to foreigners, and among them to Americans. The real cause of the insurrection against Micheltorena, however, was that the native chiefs had become hungry to get hold again of the revenues. The feeling against Americans was easily aroused and became their main excuse. The English and French influence, so far as felt, evidently leaned towards the side

of the Californians. It was not open but it was felt, and not a few expressed the hope that England or France would some day seize and hold California. I believe the Gachupines — natives of Spain, of whom there were a few — did not participate in the feeling against the Americans, though few did much, if anything, to allay it. In October Sutter went from Sacramento to Monterey, the capital, to see the governor. I went with him. On our way thither, at San José, we heard the first mutterings of the insurrection. We hastened to Monterey, and were the first to communicate the fact to the governor. Sutter, alarmed, took the first opportunity to get away by water. There were in those days no mail routes, no public conveyances of any kind, no regular line of travel, no public highways. But a vessel happened to touch at Monterey, and Sutter took passage to the bay of San Francisco, and thence by his own launch reached home. In a few days the first blow was struck, the insurgents taking all the horses belonging to the government at Monterey, setting the governor and all his troops on foot. He raised a few horse as best he could and pursued them, but could not overtake them on foot. However, I understood that a sort of parley took place at or near San José, but no battle, surrender, or settlement. Meanwhile, having started to return by land to Sutter's Fort, two hundred miles distant, I met the governor returning to Monterey. He stopped his forces and talked with me half an hour and confided to me his plans. He desired me to beg the Americans to be loyal to Mexico; to assure them that he was their friend, and in due time would give them all the lands to which they were entitled. He sent particularly friendly word to Sutter. Then I went on to the Mission of San José and there fell in with the insurgents, who had made that place their headquarters; I staid all night, and the leaders, Castro and Alvarado, treated me like a prince. The two insurgents protested their friendship for the Americans, and sent a request to Sutter to support them. On my arrival at the fort the situation was fully considered, and all, with a single exception, concluded to support Micheltorena. He had been our friend; he had granted us land; he promised, and we felt that we could rely upon, his continued friendship; and we felt, indeed we knew, we could not repose the same confidence in the native Californians. This man Pablo Gutierrez, who had told me about the gold in the Sierra Nevada, was a native of

Sinaloa in Mexico, and sympathized with the Mexican governor and with us. Sutter sent him with despatches to the governor, stating that we were organizing and preparing to join him. Pablo returned, and was sent again to tell the governor that we were on the march to join him at Monterey. This time he was taken prisoner with our despatches and was hanged to a tree, somewhere near the present town of Gilroy. That of course put an end to our gold discovery; otherwise Pablo Gutierrez might have been the discoverer instead of Marshall.<sup>1</sup>

But I still had it in my mind to try to find gold; so early in the spring of 1845 I made it a point to visit the mines in the south discovered by Ruelle in 1841. They were in the mountains about twenty miles north or northeast of the Mission of San Fernando, or say fifty miles from Los Angeles. I wanted to see the Mexicans working there, and to gain what knowledge I could of gold digging. Dr. John Townsend went with me. Pablo's confidence that there was gold on Bear River was fresh in my mind; and I hoped the same year to find time to return there and explore, and if possible find gold in the Sierra Nevada. But I had no time that busy year to carry out my purpose. The Mexicans' slow and inefficient manner of working the mine was most discouraging. When I returned to Sutter's Fort the same spring Sutter desired me to engage with him for a year as bookkeeper, which meant his general business man as well. His financial matters being in a bad way, I consented. I had a great deal to do besides keeping the books. Among other undertakings we sent men southeast in the Sierra Nevada about forty miles from the fort to saw lumber with a whipsaw. Two men would saw of good timber about one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five feet a day. Early in July I framed an excuse to go into the mountains to give the men some special directions about lumber needed at the fort. The day was one of the hottest I had ever experienced. No place looked favorable for a gold discovery. I even attempted to descend into a deep gorge through which meandered a small stream, but gave it up on account of the brush and the heat. My search was fruitless. The place where Marshall discovered gold in 1848 was about forty miles to the north of the saw-pits at this place. The next spring, 1849, I joined a party to go to the mines on and south of the Cosumne and

<sup>1</sup> The insurrection ended in the capitulation—I might call it expulsion—of Micheltorena. The causes which led to this result were various, some of them infamous. Pio Pico, being the oldest member of the Departmental Assembly, became governor, and Castro

commander-in-chief of the military. They reigned but one year, and then came the Mexican war. Castro was made governor of Lower California, and died there. Pio Pico was not a vindictive man; he was a mild governor, and still lives at Los Angeles.



THE OLD CUARTEL AT MONTEREY.

Mokelumne rivers. The first day we reached a trading post—Diggs, I think, was the name. Several traders had there pitched their tents to sell goods. One of them was Tom Fallon, whom I knew. This post was within a few miles of where Sutter's men sawed the lumber in 1845. I asked Fallon if he had ever seen the old saw-pits where Sicard and Dupas had worked in 1845. He said he had, and knew the place well. Then I told him how I had attempted that year to descend into the deep gorge to the south of it to look for gold.

"My stars!" he said. "Why, that gulch down there was one of the richest placers that have ever been found in this country"; and he told me of men who had taken out a pint cupful of nuggets before breakfast.

Frémont's first visit to California was in the month of March, 1844. He came *via* eastern Oregon, traveling south and passing east of the Sierra Nevada, and crossed the chain about opposite the bay of San Francisco, at the head of the American River, and descended into the Sacramento Valley to Sutter's Fort. It was there I first met him. He staid but a short time, three or four weeks perhaps, to refit with fresh mules and horses and such provisions as he could obtain, and then set out on his return to the United States. Coloma, where Marshall afterward discovered gold, was on one of the branches of the American River. Frémont probably came down that very stream. How strange that he and his scientific corps did not discover signs of gold, as Commodore Wilkes's party had done when coming overland from Oregon in 1841! One morning at the breakfast table at Sutter's, Frémont was urged to remain a while and go to the coast, and among other things which it

would be of interest for him to see was mentioned a very large redwood tree (*Sequoia sempervirens*) near Santa Cruz, or rather a cluster of trees, forming apparently a single trunk, which was said to be seventy-two feet in circumference. I then told Frémont of the big tree I had seen in the Sierra Nevada in October, 1841, which I afterwards verified to be one of the fallen big trees of the Calaveras Grove. I therefore believe myself to have been the first white man to see the mammoth trees of California. The Sequoias are found nowhere except in California. The redwood that I speak of is the *Sequoia sempervirens*, and is confined to the sea-coast and the west side of the Coast Range Mountains. The *Sequoia gigantea*, or mammoth tree, is found only on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada—nowhere farther north than latitude  $38^{\circ} 30'$ .

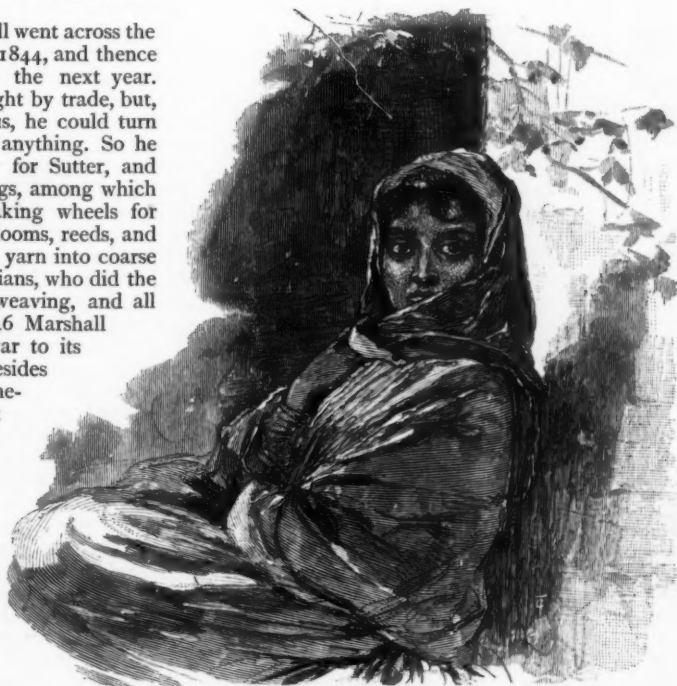
Sutter's Fort was an important point from the very beginning of the colony. The building of the fort and all subsequent immigrations added to its importance, for that was the first point of destination to those who came by way of Oregon or direct across the plains. The fort was begun in 1842 and finished in 1844. There was no town till after the gold discovery in 1848, when it became the bustling, buzzing center for merchants, traders, miners, etc., and every available room was in demand. In 1849 Sacramento City was laid off on the river two miles west of the fort, and the town grew up there at once into a city. The first town was laid off by Hastings and myself in the month of January, 1846, about three or four miles below the mouth of the American River, and called Sutterville. But first the Mexican war, then the lull which always follows excitement, and then the rush

and roar of the gold discovery, prevented its building up till it was too late. Attempts were several times made to revive Sutterville, but Sacramento City had become too strong to be removed. Sutter always called his colony and fort "New Helvetia," in spite of which the name mostly used by others, before the Mexican war, was Sutter's Fort, or Sacramento, and later Sacramento altogether.

Sutter's many enterprises continued to create a growing demand for lumber. Every year, and sometimes more than once, he sent parties into the mountains to explore for an available site to build a sawmill on the Sacramento River or some of its tributaries, by which the lumber could be rafted down to the fort. There was no want of timber or of water power in the mountains, but the cañon features of the streams rendered rafting impracticable. The year after the war (1847) Sutter's needs for lumber were even greater than ever, although his embarrassments had increased and his ability to undertake new enterprises became less and less. Yet, never discouraged, nothing daunted, another hunt must be made for a sawmill site. This time Marshall happened to be the man chosen by Sutter to search the mountains. He was gone about a month, and returned with a most favorable report.

James W. Marshall went across the plains to Oregon in 1844, and thence came to California the next year. He was a wheelwright by trade, but, being very ingenious, he could turn his hand to almost anything. So he acted as carpenter for Sutter, and did many other things, among which I may mention making wheels for spinning wool, and looms, reeds, and shuttles for weaving yarn into coarse blankets for the Indians, who did the carding, spinning, weaving, and all other labor. In 1846 Marshall went through the war to its close as a private. Besides his ingenuity as a mechanic, he had most singular traits. Almost every one pronounced him half crazy or hare-brained. He was certainly eccentric, and perhaps somewhat flighty. His insanity, however, if he had any, was of a harmless kind; he was neither vicious nor quarrel-

some. He had great, almost overweening, confidence in his ability to do anything as a mechanic. I wrote the contract between Sutter and him to build the mill. Sutter was to furnish the means; Marshall was to build and run the mill, and have a share of the lumber for his compensation. His idea was to haul the lumber part way and raft it down the American River to Sacramento, and thence, his part of it, down the Sacramento River, and through Suisun and San Pablo bays to San Francisco for a market. Marshall's mind, in some respects at least, must have been unbalanced. It is hard to conceive how any sane man could have been so wide of the mark, or how any one could have selected such a site for a sawmill under the circumstances. Surely no other man than Marshall ever entertained so wild a scheme as that of rafting sawed lumber down the cañons of the American River, and no other man than Sutter would have been so confiding and credulous as to patronize him. It is proper to say that, under great difficulties, enhanced by winter rains, Marshall succeeded in building the mill—a very good one, too, of the kind. It had improvements which I had never seen in sawmills, and I had had considerable experience in Ohio. But the



A SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN TYPE.

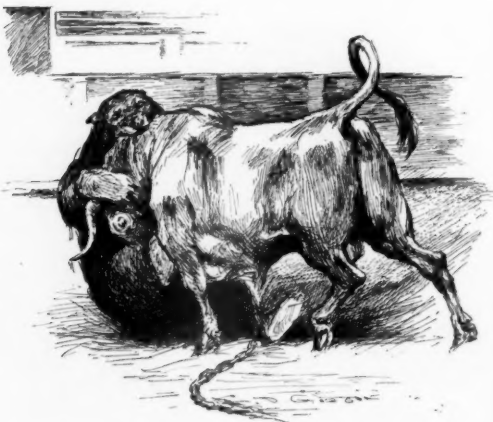
mill would not run because the wheel was placed too low. It was an old-fashioned flutter wheel that propelled an upright saw. The gravelly bar below the mill backed the water up, and submerged and stopped the wheel. The remedy was to dig a channel or tail-race through the bar below to conduct away the water. The wild Indians of the mountains were employed to do the digging. Once through the bar there would be plenty of fall. The digging was hard and took some weeks. As soon as the water began to run through the tail-race the wheel was blocked, the gate raised, and the water permitted to gush through all night. It was Marshall's custom to examine the race while the water was running through in the morning, so as to direct the Indians where to deepen it, and then shut off the water for them to work during the day. The water was clear as crystal, and the current was swift enough to sweep away the sand and lighter materials. Marshall made these examinations early in the morning while the Indians were getting their breakfast. It was on one of these occasions, in the clear shallow water, that he saw something bright and yellow. He picked it up—it was a piece of gold! The world has seen and felt the result. The mill sawed little or no lum-

covery to San Francisco; how the same year I discovered gold on Feather River and worked it; how I made the first weights and scales to weigh the first gold for Sam Brannan; how the richness of the mines became known by the Mormons who were employed by Sutter to work at the sawmill, working about on Sundays and finding it in the crevices along the stream and taking it to Brannan's store at the fort, and how Brannan kept the gold a secret as long as he could till the excitement burst out all at once like wildfire.

Among the notable arrivals at Sutter's Fort should be mentioned that of Castro and Castillero, in the fall of 1845. The latter had been before in California, sent, as he had been this time, as a peace commissioner from Mexico. Castro was so jealous that it was almost impossible for Sutter to have anything like a private interview with him. Sutter, however, was given to understand that, as he had stood friendly to Governor Micheltorena on the side of Mexico in the late troubles, he might rely on the friendship of Mexico, to which he was enjoined to continue faithful in all emergencies. Within a week Castillero was shown at San José a singular heavy reddish rock, which had long been known to the Indians, who rubbed it on their hands and faces to paint them. The Californians had often tried to smelt this rock in a blacksmith's fire, thinking it to be silver or some other precious metal. But Castillero, who was an intelligent man and a native of Spain, at once recognized it as quicksilver, and noted its resemblance to the cinnabar in the mines of Almaden. A company was immediately formed to work it, of which Castillero, Castro, Alexander Forbes, and others were members. The discovery of quicksilver at this time seems providential in view of its absolute necessity to supplement the imminent discovery of gold, which stirred and waked into new life the industries of the world.

It is a question whether the United States could have stood the shock of the great rebellion of 1861 had the

California gold discovery not been made. Bankers and business men of New York in 1864 did not hesitate to admit that but for the gold of California, which monthly poured its five or six millions into that financial center, the bottom would have dropped out of everything. These timely arrivals so strengthened the nerves of trade and stimulated business as to enable the Government to sell its bonds at a time when its credit was its life-



BULL AND BEAR FIGHT.

ber; as a lumber enterprise the project was a failure, but as a gold discovery it was a grand success.

There was no excitement at first, nor for three or four months—because the mine was not known to be rich, or to exist anywhere except at the sawmill, or to be available to any one except Sutter, to whom every one conceded that it belonged. Time does not permit me to relate how I carried the news of the dis-

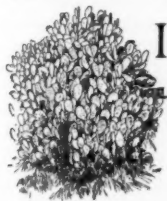
blood and the main reliance by which to feed, clothe, and maintain its armies. Once our bonds went down to thirty-eight cents on the dollar. California gold averted a total collapse, and enabled a preserved Union to come forth from the great conflict with only four billions of debt instead of a hundred billions. The hand of Providence so plainly seen in the discovery

of gold is no less manifest in the time chosen for its accomplishment.

I must reserve for itself in a concluding paper my personal recollections of Frémont's second visit to California in 1845-46, which I have purposely wholly omitted here. It was most important, resulting as it did in the acquisition of that territory by the United States.

*John Bidwell.*

## RANCH AND MISSION DAYS IN ALTA CALIFORNIA.



IT seems to me that there never was a more peaceful or happy people on the face of the earth than the Spanish, Mexican, and Indian population of Alta California before the American conquest. We were the pioneers of the Pacific coast, building towns and Missions while General Washington was carrying on the war of the Revolution, and we often talk together of the days when a few hundred large Spanish ranches and Mission tracts occupied the whole country from the Pacific to the San Joaquin. No class of American citizens is more loyal than the Spanish Californians, but we shall always be especially proud of the traditions and memories of the long pastoral age before 1840. Indeed, our social life still tends to keep alive a spirit of love for the simple, homely, outdoor life of our Spanish ancestors on this coast, and we try, as best we may, to honor the founders of our ancient families, and the saints and heroes of our history since the days when Father Junipero planted the cross at Monterey.

The leading features of old Spanish life at the Missions, and on the large ranches of the last century, have been described in many books of travel, and with many contradictions. I shall confine myself to those details and illustrations of the past that no modern writer can possibly obtain except vaguely, from hearsay, since they exist in no manuscript, but only in the memories of a generation that is fast passing away. My mother has told me much, and I am still more indebted to my illustrious uncle, General Vallejo, of Sonoma, many of whose recollections are incorporated in this article.

When I was a child there were fewer than fifty Spanish families in the region about the bay of San Francisco, and these were closely connected by ties of blood or intermarriage. My father and his brother, the late General Vallejo, saw, and were a part of, the most important events in the history of Spanish Cali-

fornia, the revolution and the conquest. My grandfather, Don Ygnacio Vallejo, was equally prominent in his day, in the exploration and settlement of the province. The traditions and records of the family thus cover the entire period of the annals of early California, from San Diego to Sonoma.

What I wish to do is to tell, as plainly and carefully as possible, how the Spanish settlers lived, and what they did in the old days. The story will be partly about the Missions, and partly about the great ranches.

The Jesuit Missions established in Lower California, at Loreto and other places, were followed by Franciscan Missions in Alta California, with presidios for the soldiers, adjacent pueblos, or towns, and the granting of large tracts of land to settlers. By 1782 there were nine flourishing Missions in Alta California—San Francisco, Santa Clara, San Carlos, San Antonio, San Luis Obispo, San Buenaventura, San Gabriel, San Juan, and San Diego. Governor Fajés added Santa Barbara and Purísima, and by 1790 there were more than 7000 Indian converts in the various Missions. By 1800 about forty Franciscan fathers were at work in Alta California, six of whom had been among the pioneers of twenty and twenty-five years before, and they had established seven new Missions—San José, San Miguel, Soledad, San Fernando, Santa Cruz, San Juan Bautista, and San Luis Rey. The statistics of all the Missions, so far as they have been preserved, have been printed in various histories, and the account of their growth, prosperity, and decadence has often been told. All that I wish to point out is that at the beginning of the century the whole system was completely established in Alta California. In 1773 Father Palou had reported that all the Missions, taken together, owned two hundred and four head of cattle and a few sheep, goats, and mules. In 1776 the regular five years' supplies sent from Mexico to the Missions were as follows: 107 blankets, 480 yards striped sackcloth, 389 yards blue baize, 10 pounds blue maguery cloth,



A SPANISH WINDOW.

4 reams paper, 5 bales red pepper, 10 arrobas of *tasajo* (dried beef), beads, chocolate, lard, lentils, rice, flour, and four barrels of Castilian wine. By 1800 all this was changed: the flocks and herds of cattle of California contained 187,000 animals, of which 153,000 were in the Mission pastures, and large areas of land had been brought under cultivation, so that the Missions supplied the presidios and foreign ships.

No one need suppose that the Spanish pioneers of California suffered many hardships or privations, although it was a new country. They came slowly, and were well prepared to become settlers. All that was necessary for the maintenance and enjoyment of life according to the simple and healthful standards of those days was brought with them. They had seeds, trees, vines, cattle, household goods, and servants, and in a few years their orchards yielded abundantly and their gardens were full of veg-

etables. Poultry was raised by the Indians, and sold very cheaply; a fat capon cost only twelve and a half cents. Beef and mutton were to be had for the killing, and wild game was very abundant. At many of the Missions there were large flocks of tame pigeons. At the Mission San José the fathers' doves consumed a cental of wheat daily, besides what they gathered in the village. The doves were of many colors, and they made a beautiful appearance on the red tiles of the church and the tops of the dark garden walls.

The houses of the Spanish people were built of adobe, and were roofed with red tiles. They were very comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter. The clay used to make the bricks was dark brown, not white or yellow, as the adobes in the Rio Grande region and in parts of Mexico. Cut straw was mixed with the clay, and trodden together by the Indians. When the bricks were laid, they were set in clay as in mortar, and sometimes small pebbles from the brooks were mixed with the mortar to make bands across the house. All the timber of the floors, the rafters and crossbeams, the doorways, and the window lintels were "built in" as the house was carried up. After the house was roofed it was usually plastered inside and out to protect it against the weather and make it more comfortable. A great deal of trouble was often taken to obtain stone for the doorsteps, and curious rocks were sometimes brought many miles for this purpose, or for gate-posts in front of the dwelling.

The Indian houses were never more than one story high, also of adobe, but much smaller and with thinner walls. The inmates covered the earthen floors in part with coarse mats woven of tules, on which they slept. The Missions, as far as possible, provided them with blankets, which were woven under the fathers' personal supervision, for home use and for sale. They were also taught to weave a coarse serge for clothing.

It was between 1792 and 1795, as I have heard, that the governor brought a number of artisans from Mexico, and every Mission wanted them, but there were not enough to go around. There were masons, millwrights, tanners, shoemakers, saddlers, potters, a ribbonmaker, and several weavers. The blankets and the coarse cloth I have spoken of were first woven in the southern Missions, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and others. About 1797 cotton cloth was also made in a few cases, and the cotton plant was found to grow very well. Hemp was woven at Monterey. Pottery was

made at Mission Dolores, San Francisco. Soap was made in 1798, and afterwards at all the Missions and on many large ranches. The settlers themselves were obliged to learn trades and teach them to their servants, so that an educated young gentleman was well skilled in many arts and handicrafts. He could ride, of course, as well as the best cow-boy of the Southwest, and with more grace; and he could throw the lasso so expertly that I never heard of any American who was able to equal it. He could also make soap, pottery, and bricks, burn lime, tan hides, cut out and put together a pair of shoes, make candles, roll cigars, and do a great number of things that belong to different trades.

The California Indians were full of rude superstitions of every sort when the Franciscan fathers first began to teach them. It is hard to collect old Indian stories in these days, because they have become mixed up with what the fathers taught them. But the wild Indians a hundred years ago told the priests what they believed, and it was difficult to persuade them to give it up. In fact, there was more or less of what the fathers told them was "devil-worship" going on all the time. Rude stone altars were secretly built by the Mission Indians to "Cooksu," their dreaded god. They chose a lonely place in the hills, and made piles of flat stones, five or six feet high. After that each Indian passing would throw something there, and this act of homage, called "pooish," continued until the mound was covered with a curious collection of beads, feathers, shells from the coast, and even garments and food, which no Indian dared to touch. The fathers destroyed all such altars that they could discover, and punished the Indians who worshipped there. Sometimes the more ardent followers of Cooksu had meetings at night, slipping away from the Indian village after the retiring-bell had rung and the alcalde's rounds had been made. They prepared for the ceremony by fasting for several days; then they went to the chosen place, built a large fire, went through many dances, and called the god by a series of very strange and wild whistles, which always frightened any person who heard them. The old Indians, after being converted, told the priests that before they had seen the Spaniards come Cooksu made his appearance from the midst of the fire in the form of a large white serpent; afterward the story was changed, and they reported that he sometimes took the form of a bull with fiery eyes.

Indian alcaldes were appointed in the Mission towns to maintain order. Their duty was that of police officers; they were dressed better than the others, and wore shoes and stock-

ings, which newly appointed officers dispensed with as often as possible, choosing to go barefoot, or with stockings only. When a vacancy in the office occurred the Indians themselves were asked which one they preferred of several suggested by the priest. The Mission San José had about five thousand Indian converts at the time of its greatest prosperity, and a number of Indian alcaldes were needed there. The alcaldes of the Spanish people in the pueblos were more like local judges, and were appointed by the governor.

The Indians who were personal attendants of the fathers were chosen with much care, for their obedience and quickness of perception. Some of them seemed to have reached the very perfection of silent, careful, unselfish service. They could be trusted with the most important matters, and they were strictly honest. Each father had his own private barber, who enjoyed the honor of a seat at the table with him, and generally accompanied him in journeys to other Missions. When the Missions were secularized, this custom, like many others, was abolished, and one Indian barber, named Telequis, felt the change in his position so much that when he was ordered out to the field with the others he committed suicide by eating the root of a poisonous wild plant, a species of celery.

The Indian vaqueros, who lived much of the time on the more distant cattle ranges, were a wild set of men. I remember one of them, named Martin, who was stationed in Amador Valley and became a leader of the hill vaqueros, who were very different from the vaqueros of the large valley near the Missions. He and his friends killed and ate three or four hundred young heifers belonging to the Mission, but when Easter approached he felt that he must confess his sins, so he went to Father Narciso and told all about it. The father forgave him, but ordered him to come in from the hills to the Mission and attend school until he could read. The rules were very strict; whoever failed twice in a lesson was always whipped. Martin was utterly unable to learn his letters, and he was whipped every day for a month; but he never complained. He was then dismissed, and went back to the hills. I used to question Martin about the affair, and he would tell me with perfect gravity of manner, which was very delightful, how many calves he had consumed and how wisely the good father had punished him. He knew now, he used to say, how very hard it was to live in the town, and he would never steal again lest he might have to go to school until he had learned his letters.

It was the custom at all the Missions, during the rule of the Franciscan missionaries, to

keep the young unmarried Indians separate. The young girls and the young widows at the Mission San José occupied a large adobe building, with a yard behind it, inclosed by high adobe walls. In this yard some trees were planted, and a *zanja*, or water-ditch, supplied a large bathing-pond. The women were kept busy at various occupations, in the building, under the trees, or on the wide porch; they were taught spinning, knitting, the weaving of Indian baskets from grasses, willow rods and roots, and more especially plain sewing. The treatment and occupation of the unmarried women was similar at the other Missions. When heathen Indian women came in, or were brought by their friends, or by the soldiers, they were put in these houses, and under the charge of older women, who taught them what to do.

The women, thus separated from the men, could only be courted from without through the upper windows facing on the narrow village street. These windows were about two feet square, crossed by iron bars, and perhaps three feet deep, as the adobe walls were very thick. The rules were not more strict, however, than still prevail in some of the Spanish-American countries in much higher classes, socially, than these uneducated Indians belonged to; in fact, the rules were adopted by the fathers from Mexican models. After an Indian, in his hours of freedom from toil, had declared his affection by a sufficiently long attendance upon a certain window, it was the duty of the woman to tell the father missionary and to declare her decision. If this was favorable, the young man was asked if he was willing to contract marriage with the young woman who had confessed her preference. Sometimes there were several rival suitors, but it was never known that any trouble occurred. After marriage the couple were conducted to their home, a hut built for them among the other Indian houses in the village near the Mission.

The Indian mothers were frequently told about the proper care of children, and cleanliness of the person was strongly inculcated. In fact, the Mission Indians, large and small, were wonderfully clean, their faces and hair fairly shining with soap and water. In several cases where an Indian woman was so slovenly and neglectful of her infant that it died she was punished by being compelled to carry in her arms in church, and at all meals and public assemblies, a log of wood about the size of a nine-months'-old child. This was a very effectual punishment, for the Indian women are naturally most affectionate creatures, and in every case they soon began to suffer greatly, and others with them, so that once a whole

Indian village begged the father in charge to forgive the poor woman.

The padres always had a school for the Indian boys. My mother has a *novena*, or "nine-days' devotion book," copied for her by one of the Indian pupils of the school at the Mission San José, early in the century. The handwriting is very neat and plain, and would be a credit to any one. Many young Indians had good voices, and these were selected with great care to be trained in singing for the church choir. It was thought such an honor to sing in church that the Indian families were all very anxious to be represented. Some were taught to play on the violin and other stringed instruments. When Father Narciso Duran, who was the president of the Franciscans in California, was at the Mission San José, he had a church choir of about thirty well-trained boys to sing the mass. He was himself a cultivated musician, having studied under some of the best masters in Spain, and so sensitive was his ear that if one string was out of tune he could not continue his service, but would at once turn to the choir, call the name of the player, and the string that was out of order, and wait until the matter was corrected. As there were often more than a dozen players on instruments, this showed high musical ability. Every prominent Mission had fathers who paid great attention to training the Indians in music.

A Spanish lady of high social standing tells the following story, which will illustrate the honor in which the Mission fathers were held:

Father Majin Catala, one of the missionaries early in the century, was held to possess prophetic gifts, and many of the Spanish settlers, the Castros, Peraltas, Estudillos, and others, have reason to remember his gift. When any priest issued from the sacristy to celebrate mass all hearts were stirred, but with this holy father the feeling became one of absolute awe. On more than one occasion before his sermon he asked the congregation to join him in prayers for the soul of one about to die, naming the hour. In every case this was fulfilled to the very letter, and that in cases where the one who died could not have known of the father's words. This saint spent his days in labor among the people, and he was loved as well as feared. But on one occasion, in later life, when the Mission rule was broken, he offended an Indian chief, and shortly after several Indians called at his home in the night to ask him to go and see a dying woman. The father rose and dressed, but his chamber door remained fast, so that he could not open it, and he was on the point of ordering them to break it open from without, when he felt a warning, to the

effect that they were going to murder him. Then he said, "To-morrow I will visit your sick: you are forgiven; go in peace." Then they fled in dismay, knowing that his person was protected by an especial providence, and soon after confessed their plans to the father.

Father Real was one of the most genial and kindly men of the missionaries, and he surprised all those who had thought that every one of the fathers was severe. He saw no harm in walking out among the young people, and saying friendly things to them all. He was often known to go with young men on moonlight rides, lassoing grizzly bears, or chasing deer on the plain. His own horse, one of the best ever seen in the valley, was richly caparisoned, and the father wore a scarlet silk sash around his waist under the Franciscan habit. When older and graver priests reproached him, he used to say with a smile that he was only a Mexican Franciscan, and that he was brought up in a saddle. He was certainly a superb rider.

It is said of Father Amoros of San Rafael that his noon meal consisted of an ear of dry corn, roasted over the coals. This he carried in his sleeve and partook of at his leisure while overseeing the Indian laborers. Some persons who were in the habit of reaching a priest's house at noontime, so as to be asked to dinner, once called on the father, and were told that he had gone to the field with his corn in his *manguilla*, but they rode away without seeing him, which was considered a breach of good manners, and much fun was made over their haste.

The principal sources of revenue which the Missions enjoyed were the sales of hides and tallow, fresh beef, fruits, wheat, and other things to ships, and in occasional sales of horses to trappers or traders. The Russians at Fort Ross, north of San Francisco, on Bodega Bay, bought a good deal from the Missions. Then too the Indians were sent out to trade with other Indians, and so the Missions often secured many valuable furs, such as otter and beaver, together with skins of bears and deer killed by their own hunters.

The *embarcadero*, or "landing," for the Mission San José was at the mouth of a salt-water creek four or five miles away. When a ship sailed into San Francisco Bay, and the captain sent a large boat up this creek and arranged to buy hides, they were usually hauled there on an ox-cart with solid wooden wheels, called a *carreta*. But often in winter, there being no roads across the valley, each separate hide was doubled across the middle and placed on the head of an Indian. Long files of Indians, each carrying a hide in this manner, could be seen trotting over the unfenced level land through the wild mustard to the *embarcadero*, and in

a few weeks the whole cargo would thus be delivered. For such work the Indians always received additional gifts for themselves and families.

A very important feature was the wheat harvest. Wheat was grown more or less at all the Missions. If those Americans who came to California in 1849 and said that wheat would not grow here had only visited the Missions they would have seen beautiful large wheatfields. Of course at first many mistakes were made by the fathers in their experiments, not only in wheat and corn, but also in wine-making, in crushing olives for oil, in grafting trees, and in creating fine flower and vegetable gardens. At most of the Missions it took them several years to find out how to grow good grain. At first they planted it on too wet land. At the Mission San José a tract about a mile square came to be used for wheat. It was fenced in with a ditch, dug by the Indians with sharp sticks and with their hands in the rainy season, and it was so deep and wide that cattle and horses never crossed it. In other places stone or adobe walls, or hedges of the prickly pear cactus, were used about the wheatfields. Timber was never considered available for fences, because there were no saw-mills and no roads to the forests, so that it was only at great expense and with extreme difficulty that we procured the logs that were necessary in building, and chopped them slowly, with poor tools, to the size we wanted. Sometimes low adobe walls were made high and safe by a row of the skulls of Spanish cattle, with the long curving horns attached. These came from the *matanzas*, or slaughter-corral, where there were thousands of them lying in piles, and they could be so used to make one of the strongest and most effective of barriers against man or beast. Set close and deep, at various angles, about the gateways and corral walls, these cattle horns helped to protect the inclosure from horse-thieves.

When wheat was sown it was merely "scratched in" with a wooden plow, but the ground was so new and rich that the yield was great. The old Mission field is now occupied by some of the best farms of the valley, showing how excellent was the fathers' judgment of good land. The old ditches which fenced it have been plowed in for more than forty years by American farmers, but their course can still be distinctly traced.

A special ceremony was connected with the close of the wheat harvest. The last four sheaves taken from this large field were tied to poles in the form of a cross, and were then brought by the reapers in the "harvest procession" to the church, while the bells were rung, and the father, dressed in his robes,

carrying the cross and accompanied by boys with tapers and censers, chanting the *Te Deum* as they marched, went forth to meet the sheaves. This was a season of Indian festival also, and one-fifth of the whole number of the Indians were sometimes allowed to leave the Mission for a certain number of days, to gather acorns, dig roots, hunt, fish, and enjoy a change of occupation. It was a privilege that they seldom, or never, abused by failing to return, and the fact shows how well they were treated in the Missions.

Governor Neve proposed sowing wheat, I have heard, in 1776, and none had been sown in California before that time. At the pueblo of San José, which was established in 1777, they planted wheat for the use of the presidios, and the first sowing was at the wrong season and failed, but the other half of their seed did better. The fathers at San Diego Mission sowed grain on the bottom lands in the willows the first year, and it was washed away; then they put it on the mesa above the Mission, and it died; the third year they found a good piece of land, and it yielded one hundred and ninety-five fold.

As soon as the Missions had wheatfields they wanted flour, and mortars were made. Some of them were holes cut in the rock, with a heavy pestle, lifted by a long pole. When La Pérouse, the French navigator, visited Monterey in 1786, he gave the fathers in San Carlos an iron hand-mill, so that the neophyte women could more easily grind their wheat. He also gave the fathers seed-potatoes from Chili, the first that were known in California. La Pérouse and his officers were received with much hospitality at San Carlos. The Indians were told that the Frenchmen were true Catholics, and Father Palou had them all assembled at the reception. Mrs. Ord, a daughter of the De la Guerra family, had a drawing of this occasion, made by an officer, but it was stolen about the time of the American conquest, like so many of the precious relics of Spanish California. La Pérouse wrote: "It is with the sweetest satisfaction that I shall make known the pious and wise conduct of these friars, who fulfil so perfectly the object of their institution. The greatest anchorites have never led a more edifying life."

Early in the century flour-mills by water were built at Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, San José, and San Gabriel. The ruins of some of these now remain; the one at Santa Cruz is very picturesque. Horse-power mills were in use at many places. About the time that the Americans began to arrive in numbers the Spanish people were just commencing to project larger mill enterprises and irrigation ditches for their own needs. The difficulties with land

titles put an end to most of these plans, and some of them were afterward carried out by Americans when the ranches were broken up.

One of the greatest of the early irrigation projects was that of my grandfather, Don Ygnacio Vallejo, who spent much labor and money in supplying San Luis Obispo Mission with water. This was begun in 1776, and completed the following year. He also planned to carry the water of the Carmel River to Monterey; this has since been done by the Southern Pacific Railway Company. My father, Don J. J. Vallejo, about fifty years ago made a stone aqueduct and several irrigation and mill ditches from the Alameda Creek, on which stream he built an adobe flour-mill, whose millstones were brought from Spain.

I have often been asked about the old Mission and ranch gardens. They were, I think, more extensive, and contained a greater variety of trees and plants, than most persons imagine. The Jesuits had gardens in Baja California as early as 1699, and vineyards and orchards a few years later. The Franciscans in Alta California began to cultivate the soil as soon as they landed. The first grapevines were brought from Lower California in 1769, and were soon planted at all the Missions except Dolores, where the climate was not suitable. Before the year 1800 the orchards at the Missions contained apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, figs, olives, oranges, pomegranates. At San Diego and San Buenaventura Missions there were also sugar canes, date palms, plantains, bananas, and citrons. There were orchards and vineyards in California sufficient to supply all the wants of the people. I remember that at the Mission San José we had many varieties of seedling fruits which have now been lost to cultivation. Of pears we had four sorts, one ripening in early summer, one in late summer, and two in autumn and winter. The Spanish names of these pears were the *Presidenta*, the *Bergamota*, the *Pana*, and the *Lechera*. One of them was as large as a Bartlett, but there are no trees of it left now. The apples, grown from seed, ripened at different seasons, and there were seedling peaches, both early and late. An interesting and popular fruit was that of the *Nopal*, or prickly pear. This fruit, called *tuna*, grew on the great hedges which protected part of the Mission orchards and were twenty feet high and ten or twelve feet thick. Those who know how to eat a *tuna*, peeling it so as to escape the tiny thorns on the skin, find it delicious. The Missions had avenues of fig, olive, and other trees about the buildings, besides the orchards. In later times American squatters and campers often cut down these trees for firewood, or built fires against the trunks, which

killed them. Several hundred large and valuable olive trees at the San Diego Mission were killed in this way. The old orchards were pruned and cultivated with much care, and the paths were swept by the Indians, but after the sequestration of the Mission property they were neglected and ran wild. The olive-mills and wine-presses were destroyed, and cattle were pastured in the once fruitful groves.

The flower gardens were gay with roses, chiefly a pink and very fragrant sort from Mexico, called by us the Castilian rose, and still seen in a few old gardens. Besides roses, we had pinks, sweet-peas, hollyhocks, nasturtiums which had been brought from Mexico, and white lilies. The vegetable gardens contained pease, beans, beets, lentils, onions, carrots, red peppers, corn, potatoes, squashes, cucumbers, and melons. A fine quality of tobacco was cultivated and cured by the Indians. Hemp and flax were grown to some extent. A fine large cane, a native of Mexico, was planted, and the joints found useful as spools in the blanket factory, and for many domestic purposes. The young shoots of this cane were sometimes cooked for food. Other kinds of plants were grown in the old gardens, but these are all that I can remember.

In the old days every one seemed to live out-doors. There was much gaiety and social life, even though people were widely scattered. We traveled as much as possible on horseback. Only old people or invalids cared to use the slow cart, or *carreta*. Young men would ride from one ranch to another for parties, and whoever found his horse tired would let him go and catch another. In 1806 there were so many horses in the valleys about San José that seven or eight thousand were killed. Nearly as many were driven into the sea at Santa Barbara in 1807, and the same thing was done at Monterey in 1810. Horses were given to the runaway sailors, and to trappers and hunters who came over the mountains, for common horses were very plenty, but fast and beautiful horses were never more prized in any country than in California, and each young man had his favorites. A kind of mustang, that is now seldom or never seen on the Pacific coast, was a peculiar light cream-colored horse, with silver-white mane and tail. Such an animal, of speed and bottom, often sold for more than a horse of any other color. Other much admired colors were dapple-gray and chestnut. The fathers of the Mission sometimes rode on horseback, but they generally had a somewhat modern carriage called a *volante*. It was always drawn by mules, of which there were hundreds in the Mission pastures, and white was the color often preferred.

Nothing was more attractive than the wed-

ding cavalcade on its way from the bride's house to the Mission church. The horses were more richly caparisoned than for any other ceremony, and the bride's nearest relative or family representative carried her before him, she sitting on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a loop of golden or silver braid, while he sat on the bear-skin covered *anquera* behind. The groom and his friends mingled with the bride's party, all on the best horses that could be obtained, and they rode gaily from the ranch house to the Mission, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles away. In April and May, when the land was covered with wild-flowers, the light-hearted troop rode along the edge of the uplands, between hill and valley, crossing the streams, and some of the young horsemen, anxious to show their skill, would perform all the feats for which the Spanish-Californians were famous. After the wedding, when they returned to lead in the feasting, the bride was carried on the horse of the groomsman. One of the customs which was always observed at the wedding was to wind a silken tasseled string or a silken sash, fringed with gold, about the necks of the bride and groom, binding them together as they knelt before the altar for the blessing of the priest. A charming custom among the middle and lower classes was the making of the satin shoes by the groom for the bride. A few weeks before the wedding he asked his betrothed for the measurement of her foot, and made the shoes with his own hands; the groomsman brought them to her on the wedding-day.

But few foreigners ever visited any of the Missions, and they naturally caused quite a stir. At the Mission San José, about 1820, late one night in the vintage season a man came to the village for food and shelter, which were gladly given. But the next day it was whispered that he was a Jew, and the poor Indians, who had been told that the Jews had crucified Christ, ran to their huts and hid. Even the Spanish children, and many of the grown people, were frightened. Only the missionary father had ever before seen a Jew, and when he found that it was impossible to check the excitement he sent two soldiers to ride with the man a portion of the way to Santa Clara.

A number of trappers and hunters came into Southern California and settled down in various towns. There was a party of Kentuckians, beaver-trappers, who went along the Gila and Colorado rivers about 1827, and then south into Baja California to the Mission of Santa Catalina. Then they came to San Diego, where the whole country was much excited over their hunter clothes, their rifles, their traps, and the strange stories they told of the deserts, and fierce Indians, and things that no one in Cali-

fornia had ever seen. Captain Paty was the oldest man of the party, and he was ill and worn out. All the San Diego people were very kind to the Americans. It is said that the other Missions, such as San Gabriel, sent and desired the privilege of caring for some of them. Captain Paty grew worse, so he sent for one of the fathers and said he wished to become a Catholic, because, he added, it must be a good religion, for it made everybody so good to him. Don Pio Pico and Doña Victoria Dominguez de Estudillo were his sponsors. After Captain Paty's death the Americans went to Los Angeles, where they all married Spanish ladies, were given lands, built houses, planted vineyards, and became important people. Pryor repaired the church silver, and was called "Miguel el Platero." Laughlin was always so merry that he was named "Ricardo el Buen Mozo." They all had Spanish names given them besides their own. One of them was a blacksmith, and as iron was very scarce he made pruning shears for the vineyards out of the old beaver traps.

On Christmas night, 1828, a ship was wrecked near Los Angeles, and twenty-eight men escaped. Everybody wanted to care for them, and they were given a great Christmas dinner, and offered money and lands. Some of them staid, and some went to other Missions and towns. One of them who staid was a German, John Gronigen, and he was named "Juan Domingo," or, because he was lame, "Juan Cojo." Another, named Prentice, came from Connecticut, and he was a famous fisherman and otter hunter. After 1828 a good many other Americans came in and settled down quietly to cultivate the soil, and some of them became very rich. They had grants from the governor, just the same as the Spanish people.

It is necessary, for the truth of the account, to mention the evil behavior of many Americans before, as well as after, the conquest. At the Mission San José there is a small creek, and two very large sycamores once grew at the Spanish ford, so that it was called *la aliso*. A squatter named Fallon, who lived near the crossing, cut down these for firewood, though there were many trees in the cañon. The Spanish people begged him to leave them, for the shade and beauty, but he did not care for that. This was a little thing, but much that happened was after such pattern, or far worse.

In those times one of the leading American squatters came to my father, Don J. J. Vallejo, and said: "There is a large piece of your land where the cattle run loose, and your vaqueros have gone to the gold mines. I will fence the field for you at my expense if you will give me half." He liked the idea, and assented, but when the tract was inclosed the

American had it entered as government land in his own name, and kept all of it. In many similar cases American settlers in their dealings with the rancheros took advantage of laws which they understood, but which were new to the Spaniards, and so robbed the latter of their lands. Notes and bonds were considered unnecessary by a Spanish gentleman in a business transaction, as his word was always sufficient security.

Perhaps the most exasperating feature of the coming-in of the Americans was owing to the mines, which drew away most of the servants, so that our cattle were stolen by thousands. Men who are now prosperous farmers and merchants were guilty of shooting and selling Spanish beef "without looking at the brand," as the phrase went. My father had about ten thousand head of cattle, and some he was able to send back into the hills until there were better laws and officers, but he lost the larger part. On one occasion I remember some vigilantes caught two cattle-thieves and sent for my father to appear against them, but he said that although he wanted them punished he did not wish to have them hanged, and so he would not testify, and they were set free. One of them afterward sent conscience money to us from New York, where he is living in good circumstances. The Vallejos have on several occasions received conscience money from different parts of the country. The latest case occurred last year (1889), when a woman wrote that her husband, since dead, had taken a steer worth twenty-five dollars, and she sent the money.

Every Mission and ranch in old times had its *calaveras*, its "place of skulls," its slaughter-corral, where cattle and sheep were killed by the Indian butchers. Every Saturday morning the fattest animals were chosen and driven there, and by night the hides were all stretched on the hillside to dry. At one time a hundred cattle and two hundred sheep were killed weekly at the Mission San José, and the meat was distributed to all, "without money and without price." The grizzly bears, which were very abundant in the country,—for no one ever poisoned them, as the American stock raisers did after 1849,—used to come by night to the ravines near the slaughter-corral where the refuse was thrown by the butchers. The young Spanish gentlemen often rode out on moonlight nights to lasso these bears, and then they would drag them through the village street, and past the houses of their friends. Two men with their strong rawhide reatas could hold any bear, and when they were tired of this sport they could kill him. But sometimes the bears would walk through the village on their way to or from the corral of the butchers, and so

scatter the people. Several times a serenade party, singing and playing by moonlight, was suddenly broken up by two or three grizzlies trotting down the hill into the street, and the gay *caballeros* with their guitars would spring over the adobe walls and run for their horses, which always stood saddled, with a reata coiled, ready for use, at the saddle bow. It was the custom in every family to keep saddled horses in easy reach, day and night.

Innumerable stories about grizzlies are traditional in the old Spanish families, not only in the Santa Clara Valley, but also through the Coast Range from San Diego to Sonoma and Santa Rosa. Some of the bravest of the young men would go out alone to kill grizzlies. When they had lassoed one they would drag him to a tree, and the well-trained horse would hold the bear against it while the hunter slipped out of the saddle, ran up, and killed the grizzly with one stroke of his broad-bladed *machete*, or Mexican hunting knife. One Spanish gentleman riding after a large grizzly lassoed it and was dragged into a deep *barranca*. Horse and man fell on the bear, and astonished him so much that he scrambled up the bank, and the hunter cut the saddle and gladly enough let him go. There were many cases of herds-men and hunters being killed by grizzlies, and one could fill a volume with stories of feats of courage and of mastery of the reata. The governor of California appointed expert bear hunters in different parts of the country, who spent their time in destroying them, by pits, or shooting, or with the reata. Don Rafael Soto, one of the most famous of these men, used to conceal himself in a pit, covered with heavy logs and leaves, with a quarter of freshly killed beef above. When the grizzly bear walked on the logs he was shot from beneath. Before the feast-days the hunters sometimes went to the foothills and brought several bears to turn into the bull-fighting corral.

The principal bull-fights were held at Easter and on the day of the patron saint of the Mission, which at the Mission San José was March 19. Young gentlemen who had trained for the contest entered the ring on foot and on horseback, after the Mexican manner. In the bull and bear fights a hindfoot of the bear was often tied to the forefoot of the bull, to equalize the struggle, for a large grizzly was more than a match for the fiercest bull in California, or indeed of any other country. Bull and bear fights continued as late as 1855. The Indians were the most ardent supporters of this cruel sport.

The days of the *rodeos*, when cattle were driven in from the surrounding pastures, and the herds of the different ranches were separated, were notable episodes. The ranch

owners elected three or five *juezes del campo* to govern the proceedings and decide disputes. After the rodeo there was a feast. The great feast-days, however, were December 12 (the day of our Lady Guadalupe), Christmas, Easter, and St. Joseph's Day, or the day of the patron saint of the Mission.

Family life among the old Spanish pioneers was an affair of dignity and ceremony, but it did not lack in affection. Children were brought up with great respect for their elders. It was the privilege of any elderly person to correct young people by words, or even by whipping them, and it was never told that any one thus chastised made a complaint. Each one of the old families taught their children the history of the family, and reverence towards religion. A few books, some in manuscript, were treasured in the household, but children were not allowed to read novels until they were grown. They saw little of other children, except their near relatives, but they had many enjoyments unknown to children now, and they grew up with remarkable strength and healthfulness.

In these days of trade, bustle, and confusion, when many thousands of people live in the Californian valleys, which formerly were occupied by only a few Spanish families, the quiet and happy domestic life of the past seems like a dream. We, who loved it, often speak of those days, and especially of the duties of the large Spanish households, where so many dependents were to be cared for, and everything was done in a simple and primitive way.

There was a group of warm springs a few miles distant from the old adobe house in which we lived. It made us children happy to be waked before sunrise to prepare for the "wash-day expedition" to the *Agua Caliente*. The night before the Indians had soaped the clumsy *carreta's* great wheels. Lunch was placed in baskets, and the gentle oxen were yoked to the pole. We climbed in, under the green cloth of an old Mexican flag which was used as an awning, and the white-haired Indian *ganán*, who had driven the *carreta* since his boyhood, plodded beside with his long *garrocha*, or ox-goad. The great piles of soiled linen were fastened on the backs of horses, led by other servants, while the girls and women who were to do the washing trooped along by the side of the *carreta*. All in all, it made an imposing cavalcade, though our progress was slow, and it was generally sunrise before we had fairly reached the spring. The oxen pulled us up the slope of the ravine, where it was so steep that we often cried, "Mother, let us dismount and walk, so as to make it easier." The steps of the *carreta* were so low that we could climb in or out without

stopping the oxen. The watchful mother guided the whole party, seeing that none strayed too far after flowers, or loitered too long talking with the others. Sometimes we heard the howl of coyotes, and the noise of other wild animals in the dim dawn, and then none of the children were allowed to leave the *carreta*.

A great dark mountain rose behind the hot spring, and the broad, beautiful valley, unfenced, and dotted with browsing herds, sloped down to the bay as we climbed the cañon to where columns of white steam rose among the oaks, and the precious waters, which were strong with sulphur, were seen flowing over the crusted basin, and falling down a worn rock channel to the brook. Now on these mountain slopes for miles are the vineyards of Josiah Stanford, the brother of Senator Leland Stanford, and the valley below is filled with towns and orchards.

We watched the women unload the linen and carry it to the upper spring of the group, where the water was best. Then they loosened the horses, and let them pasture on the wild oats, while the women put home-made soap on the clothes, dipped them in the spring, and rubbed them on the smooth rocks until they were white as snow. Then they were spread out to dry on the tops of the low bushes growing on the warm, windless, southern slopes of the mountain. There was sometimes a great deal of linen to be washed, for it was the pride of every Spanish family to own much linen, and the mother and daughters almost always wore white. I have heard strangers speak of the wonderful way in which Spanish ladies of the upper classes in California always appeared in snow-white dresses, and certainly to do so was

one of the chief anxieties of every household. Where there were no warm springs the servants of the family repaired to the nearest *arroyo*, or creek, and stood knee-deep in it, dipping and rubbing the linen, and enjoying the sport. In the rainy season the soiled linen sometimes accumulated for several weeks before the weather permitted the house mistress to have a wash-day. Then, when at last it came, it seemed as if half the village, with dozens of babies and youngsters, wanted to go along too and make a spring picnic.

The group of hot sulphur-springs, so useful on wash-days, was a famed resort for sick people, who drank the water, and also buried themselves up to the neck in the soft mud of the slope below the spring, where the waste waters ran. Their friends brought them in litters and scooped out a hole for them, then put boughs overhead to shelter them from the hot sun, and placed food and fresh water within reach, leaving them sometimes thus from sunrise to sunset. The Paso Robles and Gilroy Springs were among the most famous on the coast in those days, and after the annual *rodeos* people often went there to camp and to use the waters. But many writers have told about the medicinal virtues of the various California springs, and I need not enlarge upon the subject. To me, at least, one of the dearest of my childish memories is the family expedition from the great thick-walled adobe, under the olive and fig trees of the Mission, to the *Agua Caliente* in early dawn, and the late return at twilight, when the younger children were all asleep in the slow *carreta*, and the Indians were singing hymns as they drove the linen-laden horses down the dusky ravines.

*Guadalupe Vallejo.*

## CALIFORNIANA.

### Trading with the Americans.

**I**N the autumn of 1840 my father lived near what is now called Pinole Point, in Contra Costa County, California. I was then about twelve years old, and I remember the time because it was then that we saw the first American vessel that traded along the shores of San Pablo Bay. One afternoon a horseman from the Peraltas, where Oakland now stands, came to our ranch, and told my father that a great ship, a ship "with two sticks in the center," was about to sail from Yerba Buena into San Pablo and Suisun, to buy hides and tallow.

The next morning my father gave orders, and my brothers, with the peons, went on horseback into the mountains and smaller valleys to round up all the best cattle. They drove them to the beach, killed them there, and salted the hides. They tried out the tallow in some iron kettles that my father had bought from one of the Vallejos, but as we did not have any bar-

rels, we followed the common plan in those days. We cast the tallow in round pits about the size of a cheese, dug in the black adobe and plastered smooth with clay. Before the melted tallow was poured into the pit an oaken staff was thrust down in the center, so that by the two ends of it the heavy cake could be carried more easily. By working very hard we had a large number of hides and many pounds of tallow ready on the beach when the ship appeared far out in the bay and cast anchor near another point two or three miles away. The captain soon came to our landing with a small boat and two sailors, one of whom was a Frenchman who knew Spanish very well, and who acted as interpreter. The captain looked over the hides, and then asked my father to get into the boat and go to the vessel. Mother was much afraid to let him go, as we all thought the Americans were not to be trusted unless we knew them well. We feared they would carry my father off and keep him a prisoner. Father said, however, that it was all right: he went

and put on his best clothes, gay with silver braid, and we all cried, and kissed him good-by, while mother clung about his neck and said we might never see him again. Then the captain told her: "If you are afraid, I will have the sailors take him to the vessel, while I stay here until he comes back. He ought to see all the goods I have, or he will not know what to buy." After a little my mother let him go with the captain, and we stood on the beach to see them off. Mother then came back, and had us all kneel down and pray for father's safe return. Then we felt safe.

He came back the next day, bringing four boat-loads of cloth, axes, shoes, fish-lines, and many new things. There were two grindstones and some cheap jewelry. My brother had traded some deerskins for a gun and four tooth-brushes, the first ones I had ever seen. I remember that we children rubbed them on our teeth till the blood came, and then concluded that after all we liked best the bits of pounded willow root that we had used for brushes before. After the captain had carried all the hides and tallow to his ship he came back, very much pleased with his bargain, and gave my father, as a present, a little keg of what he called Boston rum. We put it away for sick people.

After the ship sailed my mother and sisters began to cut out new dresses, which the Indian women sewed. On one of mine mother put some big brass buttons about an inch across, with eagles on them. How proud I was! I used to rub them hard every day to make them shine, using the tooth-brush and some of the pounded egg-shell that my sisters and all the Spanish ladies kept in a box to put on their faces on great occasions. Then our neighbors, who were ten or fifteen miles away, came to see all the things we had bought. One of the Moragas heard that we had the grindstones, and sent and bought them with two fine horses.

Soon after this I went to school, in an adobe, near where the town of San Pablo now stands. A Spanish gentleman was the teacher, and he told us many new things, for which we remember him with great respect. But when he said the earth was round we all laughed out loud, and were much ashamed. That was the first day, and when he wrote down my name he told me that I was certainly "La Cantinera, the daughter of the regiment." Afterward I found out it was because of my brass buttons. One girl offered me a beautiful black colt she owned for six of the buttons, but I continued for a long time to think more of those buttons than of anything else I possessed.

MARTINEZ.

*Prudencia Higuera.*

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

YOUR correspondent, Mr. Bunnell, in the September CENTURY, writes an interesting account of his discovery of the Yosemite, March 5, 1851. I am sorry to despoil him of the honor of being the first

discoverer, but a truthful regard for history makes it my duty to fix an earlier date.

During the month of January, 1851, I was making a tour of observation along the western slope of the Sierra of California in company with Professor Forrest Shepard of New Haven, Conn., and Professor Nooney, formerly of Western Reserve College, Ohio. Between the 12th and 15th of January we halted at the trading post established by Coulter, who was then and there doing a prosperous business in selling supplies to the gold miners in the vicinity. The locality, I believe, is now known as Coulterville, and is about twenty-five miles west of the Yosemite Cañon. We stopped there overnight, and during our stay heard from some of the men assembled in Coulter's store the following incidents, of which they said they had been witnesses or participants.

There had been some friction and disturbance in the relations of Indians and whites, but the open and general hostility which gave occasion for the subsequent movements of the "Mariposa Battalion" had not commenced at the time of our visit. The first serious quarrel occurred a few days before, when six Indians came to a trading tent in the Coulter camp and a drunken ruffian from Texas, without any reasonable cause, stabbed to the heart the chief of their party. The other five Indians with their bows and arrows at once shot the Texan, and having killed him retreated to the forest. Two nights later a pack of sixteen mules were stolen from Coulter's corral and driven off into the mountains by Indians.

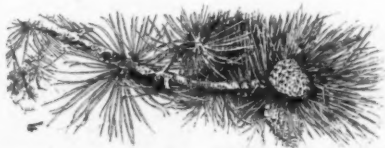
Great excitement prevailed, and a company of about one hundred men from the camp and vicinity armed themselves and started on the trail. They followed the tracks into the great cañon and surprised the Indians, who had already converted the mules into jerked meat and had hung it up to dry. They had the satisfaction of slaughtering a large number of the Indians, with their squaws and papooses. They noticed especially the grandeur that surrounded the battlefield. They had returned from the expedition just before our arrival. In narrating their story they gave no name to the cañon, but gave us a description such as could apply to no place on earth other than the Yosemite. I made no record of the names of these discoverers, for what with the big trees, big lumps of gold, and other wonders that were seen and heard of daily, a big rift in the mountains would not be thought exceptional or extraordinary.

If Mr. Coulter or any of his associates are still living they can probably give the names, besides adding other valuable information.

I fix the date of the fight at the Yosemite, and thus of the discovery by the company of men who went from Coulter's January 10, 1851, as proximate, if not exact, both from memory and from corroborative records.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

*Julius H. Pratt.*



## SOME VIEWS ON ACTING.<sup>1</sup>

BY TOMMASO SALVINI.



IN my quiet country villa among the woods of Vallombrosa some echoes reached of the friendly controversy which seems to have been waged in American and English magazines and newspapers regarding one of the underlying principles of the art to which I have devoted my life; a controversy in which were ranged on opposite sides two such eminent actors as Mr. Henry Irving and M. Constant Coquelin. These echoes have remained ringing in my ears until, despite the fact that I think an actor is as a rule better employed in studying the words of others than in committing phrases of his own to paper, I have ventured to shape, as briefly and simply as possible, my own views on the point in dispute. This point, if I have rightly understood it, resolves itself mainly into the simple question, Should an actor feel positively and be moved by the emotions he portrays, or should he be entirely negative and keep his own emotion at arm's length, as it were, and merely make his audience believe that he is moved?

Let me, in the first place, frankly state my own opinion, warning my readers first of all that it is merely an opinion (for questions of art can never be solved definitely, like a mathematical problem), and then I can at greater length strive to show why I hold such views. I believe, then, that every great actor ought to be, and is, moved by the emotion he portrays; that not only must he feel this emotion once or twice, or when he is studying the part, but that he must feel it in a greater or less degree — and to just that degree will he move the hearts of his audiences — whenever he plays the part, be it once or a thousand times, and that he must cultivate this susceptibility to emotion as carefully as he cultivates the development of his vocal organs, or the habit of moving and walking easily and gracefully. This is what I believe and always have believed, and I think it must be acknowledged that my position as to the point at issue is no doubtful one.

M. Coquelin, on the other hand, maintains, if I rightly interpret his extremely well and forcibly put expression of opinion, that an actor

should remain perfectly calm and collected however stormy may be the passion he is portraying; that he should merely make believe, as it were, to feel the emotion he strives to make the audience believe he really feels, and that he should act entirely with his brain and not with his heart, to typify by physiological organs two widely differentiated methods of artistic work. That M. Coquelin really and truly believes this somewhat paradoxical theory and endeavors to put his theory into practice, I do not for one moment doubt. Accomplished and versatile artist as he is, I have been struck more than once, as I have enjoyed the pleasure of his performances, with the thought that something amid all the brilliancy of execution was lacking; and this want, so apparent, was due, I apprehend, to the fact that one of the most skillful artists in the world was deliberately trying to belittle himself and the art of which it was in his power to raise the interpretation to such lofty heights. The actor who does not feel the emotion he portrays is but a skillful mechanic, setting in motion certain wheels and springs which may give to his lay figure such an appearance of life that the observer is tempted to exclaim: "How marvelous! Were it only alive 't would make me laugh or weep." He who feels, on the contrary, and can communicate this feeling to the audience, hears the cry: "That *is* life! That *is* reality! See—I laugh! I weep!" It is, in a word, the power of feeling that marks the artist; all else is but the mechanical side which is common to all the arts. There are many born actors who have never faced an audience, as there are many true poets who have never written a verse, and painters who have never taken a palette in hand. To some only is given the power of expression as well as of feeling, and they become artists in the sight of the world as the others are in the sight of our semi-divine mistress, the Art universal.

It is at this point that I approach more closely to M. Coquelin. "The actor," he says in effect, "must carry self-restraint so far that where the creature he simulates would burn, he must be cold as ice. Like callous scientist, he must dissect each quivering nerve and lay bare each throbbing artery, all the time keeping himself impassive as one of the gods of old Greece, lest a rush of hot heart's blood

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Alexander Salvini and Horace Townsend.

come and spoil his work." I also say that the actor must have the gift of impassivity, but to a certain point only. He must feel, but he must guide and check his feeling as a skillful rider curbs and guides a fiery horse, for he has a double part to play: merely to feel himself is not enough; he has to make others feel, and this he cannot do without the exercise of restraint. Let me make use of an instance afforded me by M. Coquelin himself. Once, he says, he was tired before he came on the stage, and falling sound asleep when feigning sleep, he snored real snores instead of feigned ones. The result was, he tells us, that he never snored so badly. Naturally so, since he had lost control of the steed of feeling, by the fact of his sleeping, and so it ran away and carried him he knew not where; but had M. Coquelin at some time in his experience shed real tears, while at the same time in full possession of his waking faculties, and had he been able to guide those tears into the channel that his artistic sense told him to be the right one, then we should not have heard that the audience found those real tears less effective than tears wholly feigned and the product of intellect rather than of feeling.

Raphael, when he painted his Madonnas, shed real tears, not imitative ones, and the result we know. Michael Angelo in earnest threatened his statue because it did not breathe; but I do not think M. Gérôme or M. Bouguereau, the talented countrymen of M. Coquelin, admirable as their work is, feel any acute emotion as they produce their pictures so brimful of astonishing technique, and, may I be permitted to hint, so wanting in soul and feeling.

It is difficult for me to write on a subject such as this without incurring, or running the risk of incurring, the reproach of being egotistical. I cannot, however, refrain from referring to my own experience and my own methods in some degree, especially as by so doing I can, I doubt not, make more clear the theory I hold than by any other means; for I shall be able, as it were, to show not only how I put my theory into practice, but what the visible results have been. That I am chiefly guided by feeling is probably the reason that I have never been able to play with satisfaction, either to my audience or to myself, any part with which I have not full sympathy, and of late years I have not even attempted any such part. This attitude of mine towards his creations should, I conceive, be assumed in a greater or less degree by every actor who has a part to play, and not be confined simply to those who, like myself, have identified themselves more closely with what, for want of a better term, I may call "heroic" rôles. One may sympathize even with a villain and yet

remain an honest man, so that in counseling a student first of all to put himself in sympathy with his character I am by no means urging on him the acquirement of even the remotest obliquity of moral vision. After having satisfied myself that the character I was about to attempt was one with whom I could put myself in full sympathy, I have next set myself laboriously to study its inner nature, concerning myself not one particle with the outward characteristics or the points wherein the supposititious being might differ in his figure, bearing, or speech from the rest of his fellow-men. These are trifles, the simulation of which is, or ought to be, within the scope of any actor who has learned his trade and is skilled in the mechanics of his art. What is of supreme importance, though, is the mental and spiritual differentiation of the character from those around him. As to how I actually attain this object I can speak in no way that could be clearly understood by my readers, for I do not clearly understand the process myself. It is perhaps at this point that what we are wont to call inspiration comes to our assistance, and helps to elevate the artist above the artisan. Now, having got in touch with inner workings of my character's nature, by this process of spiritual dissection, which I find it so difficult to classify, I proceed by slow degrees to an understanding of how he would speak and act in the various situations in which he has been placed by the dramatist, and here I am on surer ground, so far as giving some comprehension of the means I adopt towards the end is concerned. I simply try to be the character I am playing; to think with his brain, to feel with his feelings, to cry with him and to laugh with him, to let my breast be anguished by his emotions, to love with his love and to hate with his hate. Then having thus hewn my creation out of the block of marble provided me by the dramatist, I clothe him with his proper clothes and endue him with his proper voice, his tricks of gesture, his walk — in short, his outward and bodily appearance, as distinct from, though doubtless depending upon, his inward and spiritual fashioning. When this is completed to my satisfaction, when I have my man shaped, both in his inner and outer being, as I would have him, I am ready to place him before my public, and they help me to his further completion. M. Coquelin, doubtless, if he adheres with fidelity to his admirably expressed theories, could play a part as successfully and artistically in an empty room as in a crowded theater. I must confess that I could not. I cannot live my mimic life save in the glare of the footlights; for it is only the sympathy and feeling of my audience which react upon me and allow me, on my part, to

cause my audience to sympathize and feel with me. But what I particularly wish to impress upon my readers is, that while I am acting I am living a dual life, crying or laughing on the one hand, and simultaneously so dissecting my tears and laughter that they may appeal most forcibly to those whose hearts I wish to reach. And what is my experience has been the experience of all the greatest artists I have known. Ristori shed actual tears night after night, as she herself has told me; while one of the most gifted of comedians it has ever been my pleasure to know has assured me that he entered so fully into the spirit of the character he was playing that he became to all intents and purposes one with him, enjoying his humor as though he himself had fathered it.

That this susceptibility of the emotions tends to uneven or unequal impersonations of the same character by the same actor on different occasions, I absolutely deny. That the jealously conscientious soul of the artist is at times troubled by the consciousness that on some certain occasion he has not equaled his own best work is doubtless true; though, as I conceive it, the conscience of the devotee of the mechanical system must be equally touched at times, for even the most skillful wood-turner cannot every day turn his rings of exactly equal size and shape. But if this difference is due to the emotional nature gaining too great control and taking the mental bit into its mouth instead of being guided by it, then art is lacking, and knowledge and skill of craft also. There are actors, it is true, who allow themselves to be guided by the emotion of the moment; there is one who by her genius has added lus-

ter to the American stage; but, genius notwithstanding, they are not artists in the truest sense of the word. This is the Scylla of unrestrained, untrained, and disproportionate emotion, akin almost to hysteria, which we must avoid, while at the same time keeping clear from the Charybdis of cold, deliberate mechanical artificiality, which leads indubitably to monotony of method and treatment, and to consequent lack of the art which conceals the art and its mechanism from the most keen-eyed of watchful spectators.

I gather that M. Coquelin deplors the tendency of the day to subordinate the actor to the costumer and scene-painter—a tendency which will, in my judgment, after working an infinity of harm to art, end by being swept away by a reaction which will carry us back to something akin to the archaic simplicity of the days of Shakspeare, Molière, and Alfieri, or, to go even farther along the corridors of time, to those of Sophocles and Euripides. I deplore it, I say, and yet I fail to see that it is more dangerous to the art we both love than would be the general adoption of the views he has so eloquently, and in a manner so much more graceful than my own, espoused; views which would degrade the art of acting to the level of mere mimicry and make of the actor but a cleverly articulated piece of mechanism, informed by no breath of that Promethean fire we call genius; views which would inevitably make of the stage a means but to amuse, and would rob it of all claim to be considered as a channel of as ennobling an art in its highest aspect as can be claimed by poet, sculptor, or painter.

*Tommaso Salvini.*

## TO A FRIEND ACROSS THE SEA.

(w. c.)

BUT once or twice we met, touched hands.  
To-day between us both expands  
A waste of tumbling waters wide,  
A waste by me as yet untried,  
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

Time like a despot speeds his sands:  
A year he blots, a day he brands;  
We walked, we talked by Thamís' side  
But once or twice.

What makes a friend? What filmy strands  
Are these that turn to iron bands?  
What knot is this so firmly tied  
That naught but fate can now divide?—  
Ah, these are things one understands  
But once or twice!

*Austin Dobson.*

## FRANKLIN IN ALLEGORY.



THE Frenchman's American is Benjamin Franklin. It was so when they first began to know him, when he went in and out among them a living man, and it is so to-day, when an even century has closed around his simple tomb. There is something grand in the personality of this man who was able to inspire such deep admiration and such sinister hatred by the same act. Benjamin Franklin was, without doubt, a strong man—a man of strong and positive character, whose friends and enemies were equally strong in their feelings of like and dislike. The men who were ranged as his enemies have been relegated to a second place on the page of history, while those who were his friends stand out boldly in the front rank of the notable characters of the past. If we were asked to say what was the characteristic in Franklin that made him an idol among the French nation, we should answer his versatility. He was the adroit diplomat and the simple bourgeois, the learned philosopher and scientist, and the gay *bon vivant* and *bonhomme*. He could write a despatch or an epigram with equal facility, and he could control the electric fluid and a smoky chimney with equal success. He at turns could be the chivalric courtier or the simple representative of the infant republic, and whatever he did or whatever pose he assumed he was the same peerless Franklin; and now that he has been at rest these hundred years he stands forth on the page of history as the first American—not even second to Washington himself.

It was a sarcasm of Rufus Choate that Pennsylvania's two most distinguished citizens were Benjamin Franklin, a native of Massachusetts, and Robert Morris, a native of Great Britain; and while the slur is perhaps unfortunately true, Pennsylvania's native sons should be none the less proud of these two first citizens. Yet it would seem from the way she places herself upon record that she rather accepts and emphasizes the slur, and, instead of rising above the prejudice of birth, endeavors to elevate to the foremost place those of lesser rank. If one looks around the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, at the statues intended to commemorate the first

citizens of the several States, in vain will search be made for the statue of Benjamin Franklin as the first citizen of the Keystone State. Unfortunately kissing goes by favor and not by right, or Peter Muhlenberg and Robert Fulton would not look down from the pedestals that should bear Franklin and Morris, or Penn, or Logan, or Rush, or Ritzenhouse, or Wayne, or Mifflin, or McKean.

This digression has taken us some little distance away from our text, but it is suitable matter for introduction.

The French have ever been ready to sanctify their heroes in allegory. It has been a favorite method with them to show how much above ordinary mortals every one of their favorites is; and so it came to be Franklin's turn during his sojourn in France to be embalmed in this way. These historical works of art are not common, and are not familiar to many, even among students of art and history, and it seems as if the present was a proper occasion to bring these allegories to public notice and attention.

It was on the night of Saturday, the seventeenth day of April, 1790, that Benjamin Franklin died, at the advanced age of eighty-four years and three months, and on the following Wednesday the Boston printer-boy, the Pennsylvania lawgiver, the American diplomat, and the world's philosopher was laid to rest in Christ Church burying-ground, at Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

He had provided for his resting-place by a codicil to his will, dated June 23, 1789:

I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription,

BENJAMIN	}	FRANKLIN,
AND		
DEBORAH		
178-		

to be placed over us both.

Unostentatious in life, he desired to preserve the same character after death, and his wishes have been obeyed.

So much has lately been written upon "Franklin in France" that were it not that the theme chosen for this commemorative paper necessitates some reference to his career there, it would be studiously avoided. At the same

time it must be admitted that it was the most important service of his life and until recently the least understood.

Franklin visited Paris first in 1767, and again in 1769, when he was welcomed for his scientific writings and his dissertations on economics. This introduction formed the entering wedge for his greater popularity when he returned, some years later, as commissioner with Arthur Lee and Silas Deane, for it must be remembered that it was not until after the Treaty of Alliance was made that the joint commission was abolished and Franklin chosen minister plenipotentiary. His commission, which was carried to him by Lafayette, is not known to be in print, and we copy it from a duplicate original in the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.



INDEPENDENT AMERICA.

TO OUR GREAT, FAITHFUL, AND BELOVED FRIEND AND ALLY, LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

Great, faithful, and beloved Friend and Ally: The principles of Equality and Reciprocity on which you have entered into Treaties with us give you an additional security for that good faith with which we have observed them from motives of Honor and of Affection to your Majesty. The distinguished part you have taken in the support of the Liberties and Independence of these States cannot but inspire them with the most ardent wishes for the Interest and the glory of France.

We have nominated Benjamin Franklin, Esq., to reside at your Court in quality of our Minister Plenipotentiary that he may give you more particular assurances of the grateful sentiments which you have excited in us and in each of the United States. We beseech you to give entire Credit to everything which he shall deliver on our Part, especially when he shall assure you of the Permanency of our Friendship, and we pray God that He will keep your

Majesty, our great, faithful, and beloved Friend and Ally, in his most holy Protection.

Done at Philadelphia the twenty-first day of October, 1778, by the Congress of the United States of North America, your good Friends and Allies.

HENRY LAURENS, *Presd.*

Attest: CHAS. THOMSON, *Secy.*

In announcing this appointment to his cousin, Jonathan Williams, Franklin writes from Passy, February 13, 1779:

I have the pleasure of acquainting you that the Congress have been pleased to honor me with a sole appointment to be their Minister Plenipotentiary at this Court, and I have just received my credentials. This mark of public confidence is more agreeable to me as it was not obtained by any solicitation or intrigue on my part, nor have I ever written a syllable to any person in or out of Congress magnifying my own services or diminishing those of others.

It was the combination of fortuitous circumstances that made Franklin's reception in

France so cordial and enthusiastic. The French people were permeated with the doctrines of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, and they saw in the struggling colonies an attempt to put these doctrines into practice: therefore they saw in Franklin the living representative of these ideas. He was immediately received by that brilliant coterie of philosophers, the Encyclopedists, into their circle. D'Alembert, Diderot, Morellet, and Condorcet were his companions, and Turgot and Beaumarchais his friends. By his manners and ways of life he became the most popular man in France, so that when he gained his presentation to the king his future was assured. As he passed through the streets of Paris he was followed by admiring eyes and cheered loudly by enthusiastic voices. A contemporary writes: "A friend of mine paid something for a place at a two-pair-of-stairs window to see him pass by in his coach, but the crowd was so great that he could but barely say he saw him." He was the Frenchman's embodiment of the ideal citizen, republican, philosopher, and friend. He completely captivated and captured the people of France, whom he perfectly understood, and he well knew "that a popular man becomes soon more powerful than power itself." Condorcet said: "It was an honor to have seen him. People repeated what they had heard him say. Every fête which he consented to receive, every house where he consented to go, spread in society new admirers, *who became so many partisans of the American Revolution.*"

There are plenty of proofs that both the king and the queen individually were opposed to the cause of America, but the will of the people was beginning already to be felt and here gained its first control. In snatching the scepter from the tyrant, as Turgot wrote, Franklin gave a lesson to France which made Marie Antoinette later exclaim, "To-day we pay dear on account of our infatuation and enthusiasm for the American war." In the midst of the commotion of the French Revolution Franklin died, and France halted and went into mourning for Franklin; while Mirabeau pronounced his eulogy before the National Assembly, in which he said, "Antiquity would have raised altars to the powerful genius who for the good of man, embracing in his thoughts heaven and earth, could subdue lightning and tyrants."

The origin and authorship of this most appropriate inscription for Franklin, "*Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*," has from time to time been discussed and questioned and generally ascribed to some classic writer of antiquity. There seems, however, to be no reasonable doubt that we owe it to the classic pen of Turgot. These beautiful words

are closely connected with the recognition of American Independence, and have always excited both interest and curiosity. Franklin was asked for his opinion upon a translation into French of this verse, which, he being the subject of, he declined to give, "except that it ascribes too much to me, specially in what relates to the tyrant, the Revolution having been the work of many able and fair men, wherein it is sufficient honor for me if I am allowed a small share." It was especially composed for an "Inscription for a portrait of Benjamin Franklin" soon after the doctor reached Paris on his mission for our recognition, and was very generally so used. This same Turgot, a quarter of a century before American independence, when a mere youth of twenty-three, in a prize essay had foreshadowed that event. He said: "Colonies are like fruits, which do not hold to the tree after their maturity. Having become sufficient in themselves, they do that which Carthage did, *that which America will one day do.*"

Franklin's portrait was everywhere, in painting, in sculpture, and in engraving, until it was said by a gossip of the day "to be found at the hearth of the poor and in the boudoir of the beautiful." It was especially engraved in a circle an inch and a half in diameter for the purpose of being worn in the case of a watch, and an ode was written upon seeing a watch thus embellished. His bust during the festival of Liberty was elevated with those of Rousseau and Voltaire. Writing to his daughter in 1779, upon a certain medallion portrait she had referred to, he said:

A variety of others have been made since of different sizes; some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes and some so small as to be worn in rings; and the numbers sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints (of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere), have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon, so that he durst not do anything that would oblige him to run away, as his phiz would discover him wherever he would venture to show it. It is said by learned etymologists that the name *doll* for the images children play with is derived from the word *idol*. From the number of *dolls* now made of him he may be truly said in that sense to be *i-doll-ified* in this country.

These are the playful words of the man of whom a distinguished French historian said: "Men imagined they saw in Franklin a sage of antiquity come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns. They personified in him the republic of which he was the representative and the legislator. They regarded his virtues as those of his countrymen, and even judged of their physiognomy by the imposing and serene traits of his own. Happy was he who could gain admittance to

see him in the house which he occupied. This venerable old man, it was said, joined to the demeanor of Phocion the spirit of Socrates."

His closing days were filled with apprehensions for his old friends in France. The Revolution, which was the natural outgrowth of the infatuation and enthusiasm felt for our Revolution, had assumed its terrific aspect. Upon astonishment being expressed to him at the course of events in France, he is related to have said:

Why, I see nothing irregular in all this, but, on the contrary, what might naturally be expected. The French have served an apprenticeship to liberty in this country, and now that they are out of their time they have set up for themselves.

"*L'Amérique Indépendante*."—This is the title of the illustration on page 198, which was designed by A. Borel, 1778, and engraved in line by J. C. Levasseur. The plate is dedicated to the Congress of the United States by its author, and as near as the dates can be fixed it is the earliest effort at apotheosizing Franklin in this pictorial manner, as it is also the most elaborate in design and execution. Franklin is of course the central figure, and appears in the severe classical costume of a Roman senator—bare legs and sandals, toga and tunic, and a wreath of oak leaves upon his head. His right hand rests upon the shoulder of America, represented by a female wearing a crown of chicken feathers, kneeling at the base of a statue of Liberty, whence a tortoise is creeping away. To the right, Mercury with the caduceus and Ceres with her foot on a plowshare are intently watching the tortoise making its way over to Britannia, who has fallen beneath the club of Hercules upon the prostrate body of Neptune, whose trident is snapped in twain. Over Franklin and America hovers Victory. The engraved surface is 14 x 19, and what nowadays would probably be called the *remarque* are thirteen rings linked together around a harp entwined with the legend "*Majora minorib, Consonat*." Each ring is inscribed with the name of one of the original States. On each side are emblems of peace and plenty.

"*Le Docteur Franklin couronné par la Liberté*."—The "Pennsylvania Gazette" for March 31, 1779, gives the following description of this plate, then lately engraved in Paris:

The principal figure is the Genius of Liberty descending—one foot on the earth, both arms fully extended, and a wreath of laurel in each hand. She is surrounded with light, while clouds, representing Ignorance and Slavery, are driven back by her presence. Before her is a bust of the doctor, which she is in the act of crowning with laurels; and the cause of her doing so is expressed by a globe on his

right hand, America in view, with an olive branch bearing fruit running up it. Behind, and leaning on the globe, is the genius of the doctor, with the sword of justice and other emblems in its right hand; in its left is a scroll, falling upon the globe, on which is inscribed, "Constitution of the Government of Pennsylvania." In front of the globe is a bundle of fasces bound with olive branches, also bearing fruit, representing future union, peace, and plenty. The crowning of the bust expresses the honors which will be paid to his memory. Under the whole is inscribed, "Dr. Franklin crowned by Liberty."

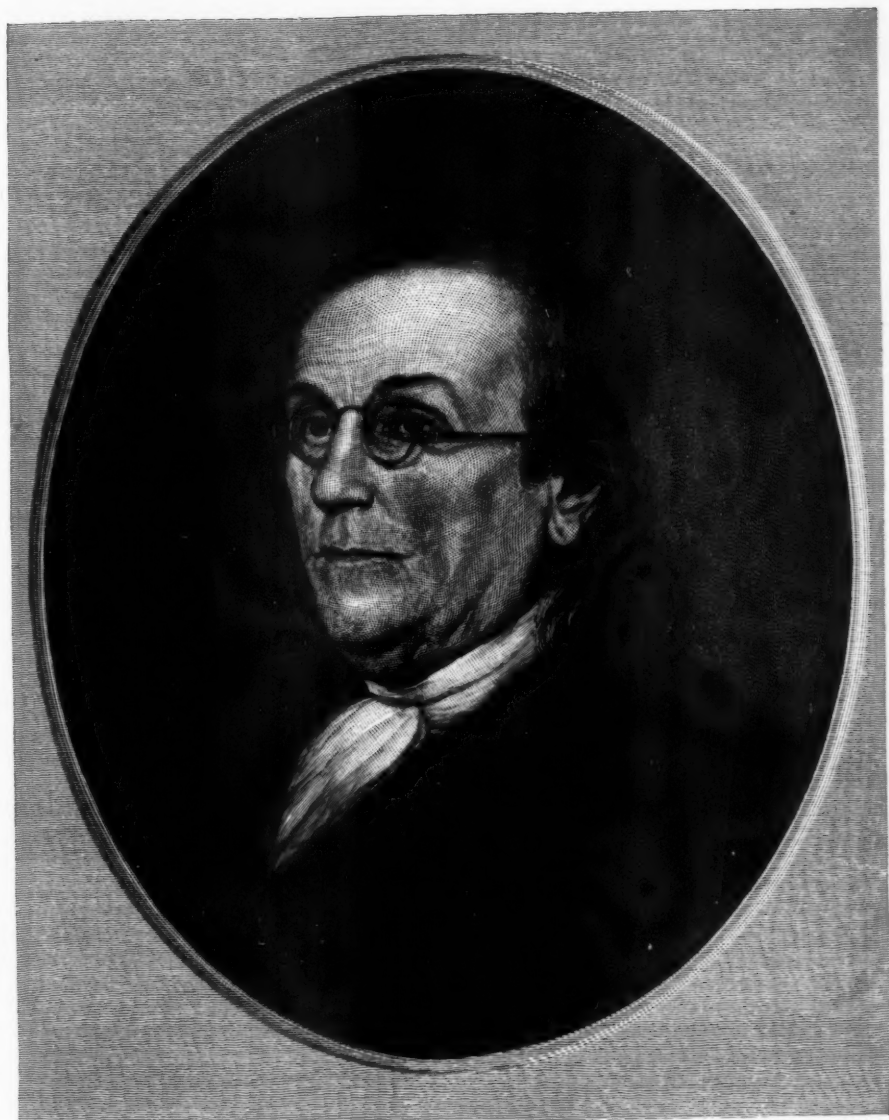
The description of the engraving in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" is not quite correct, as will be seen by the illustration. The bust of the doctor is placed on the globe which has America in view, and not to "his [the doctor's] right hand." The figure representing the genius of the doctor is leaning against the globe with his left arm around the pedestal of the bust, etc. This plate, 7 x 9, is aqua-tinted, giving the appearance of an India-ink drawing.

"*Au Génie de Franklin*."—In the "Pennsylvania Packet," June 3, 1780, we read:

The love and attachment of the French nation for America is carried at this time to such a degree of enthusiasm as is difficult to be conceived. There are few personages that have borne an interesting part in this contest but have employed the hands of the most famous artists, and the pens of the brightest geniuses of that nation. But among so many illustrious characters the celebrated Dr. Franklin is distinguished in a particular manner; and of the several homages that are incessantly offered to his merit none must ever have been more flattering to him than the provinces of France contending with each other for having given birth to some of his ancestors, and endeavoring to prove by similarity of names that this great man derives his descent from among them—an honor of which, since the days of Homer, who exciting a like dispute among seven of the most flourishing cities of Greece, nobody has even been thought worthy.

The following extract from the "Gazette of Amiens," the capital of Picardy, in France, is the most convincing proof of what has been just now advanced: "Mr. Fragonard, the king's painter at Paris, has lately displayed the utmost efforts of his genius in an elegant picture dedicated to the genius of Franklin. Mr. Franklin is represented in it opposing with one hand the agis of Minerva to the thunderbolt, which he first knew how to fix by his conductors, and with the other commanding the god of war to fight against avarice and tyranny; whilst America, nobly reclining upon him, and holding in her hand the fasces, a true emblem of the union of the American States, looks down with tranquillity on her defeated enemies. The painter, in this picture, most beautifully expressed the idea of the Latin verse, which has been so justly applied to Mr. Franklin:

Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.  
(He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the scepter from the hands of tyrants.)



PRINTED BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE.

ENGRAVED BY H. VETTER.

*B. Franklin*



"HE SNATCHED THE THUNDERBOLT FROM HEAVEN AND THE SCEPTER FROM TYRANTS."

"The name of Franklin is sufficiently celebrated that one may glory in bearing it; and a nation prides herself in having given birth to the ancestors of a man who has rendered that name so famous. We think ourselves entitled to dispute with the English nation an honor of which they have rendered themselves so unworthy. Franklin appears rather to be of a French than of an English origin. It is certain that the name of Franklin, or Franquelin, is very common in Picardy, especially in the district of Vimeu and Ponthieu. It is very probable that one of the doctor's ancestors has been an inhabitant of this country, and has gone over to England with the fleet of Jean de Biencourt, or that which was fitted out by the nobility of this province. In genealogical matters there are bolder conjectures than this. There was at Abbeville, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a family of the name of Franklin. We see in the public records of the town one John and Thomas Franquelin, woolen drapers, in 1521. This family remained at Abbeville till the year 1600; they have since been dispersed through the country, and there are still some of their descendants so far as Auz le Château. These observations are a new homage which we offer to the genius of Franklin."

The picture of which we have the above contemporary description, 15 x 19, was etched as well as designed by Fragonard, and is full of spirit and artistic sentiment.

"*Le Tombeau de Voltaire.*"—Voltaire returned to Paris in February, 1778, after an exile of twenty-eight years, and three months later he was dead. The story of the meeting of Franklin and Voltaire, and the benediction of "God and liberty," which the latter pronounced upon the little grandson of the for-

mer, and how, upon their first joint appearance in public, the people clamored for the two philosophers to embrace according to the custom of the country, calling forth the exclamation that "Solon embraced Sophocles," are too trite to bear repeating here; but the way the people of France joined the two men in their thoughts is noticeable and aptly shown by this illustration. The incident represented was suggested, most probably, by an account of the meeting of the Masonic Lodge of the Nine Sisters to commemorate Voltaire, when "a huge sepulchral pyramid reminded the audience for what purpose they were gathered." When the eulogy had been pronounced "the pyramid vanished, and in its place stood a huge picture of the apotheosis of Voltaire." This was followed by placing a crown upon the head of Franklin and others, which they, in turn, laid before the apotheosis as a tribute to the dead sage of Ferney. It doubtless was as a reminiscence of this occasion that the print under consideration was produced which is "Dédié à Madame la Marquise de Villette, Dame de Ferney."

The following is a translation of the description that appears upon the print:

Near a cloistered Gothic portal is seen a tomb and a pyramid raised to the manes of the singer of Henri. The four quarters of the globe are personified—Europe by the illustrious D'Alembert; Asia by Catharine II., Empress of the Russians; Africa by the sovereign and learned Prince Oronoco; and America by the erudite and liberator, Franklin. These sovereigns and genii, after having shed their tears upon the tomb of the father of the fine arts, are making ready to ornament it with crowns and palms, when suddenly they find themselves repulsed by the foolhardy and pitiless prejudice of Ignorance, who, armed with rods and supported by infernal wings, rushes from his cavern and endeavors



DR. FRANKLIN CROWNED BY LIBERTY



MIRABEAU CROWNED BY FRANKLIN.

to oppose himself to the homage about to be rendered from the four quarters of the earth. Another monument is disclosed in the distance—that of the philosopher of Geneva, who reposes in "Pisle des Peupliers," consecrated to him by kind friends. Many persons of all ages are expressing by their actions the philosophy of his "Émile."

Franklin here again appears in the severe garb of the ancients, excepting the headdress, which this time is nothing less than the old fur cap handed down in Cochin's portrait of him; and the big bone glasses, too, are upon his nose. In his outstretched hand he carries a palm branch. The ludicrous combination of bare legs, sandals, toga, fur cap, and spectacles is hardly what one would expect from a Frenchman treating so serious a subject. There are two plates of this picture, both the same size, 8 x 12, which would indicate that it was considerably in demand by the many admirers of Voltaire.

"*Mirabeau arrive aux Champs Élysées.*"—This is the title of a plate, 9 x 13, designed by J. M. Moreau and engraved by L. J. Masquelier.

The Genius of Liberty, represented by a winged cherub, is floating above Mirabeau, bearing a banner with the inscription "*La France libre*," Mirabeau advances towards Rousseau and presents him with a "*charte constitutionnelle*." Genii follow him laden down with his works. Franklin is placing a crown of evergreen oak on his head. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Mably, and Fénelon are coming forward to receive him. In the background Demosthenes and Cicero are conversing about the French orator while they look intently upon him.

The five plates here described,

from the writer's collection, are the only ones known devoted to the title subject of this article. There is, however, an engraving of Franklin in an oval frame after the portrait ascribed to Madame le Filleul, which, while not strictly coming under our title, yet is so near akin to it that it should be mentioned. Diogenes is leaning over the portrait holding his lantern in the right hand while with the left he points to the portrait of the honest man. Beneath is the inscription, "*Stupete Gentes Reperit vivum Diogenes.*" A large plate, entitled "*L'Apôtre de la Liberté Immortalisé*," was published after Franklin's death by one Barincou Monbrun, but it is so absurd as to be little better than a vulgar caricature. It, with most of the others mentioned, can be found in the important collection of Washington and Franklin iconography given to the Metropolitan Museum by the late William H. Huntington of Paris.

The portrait of Franklin which accompanies this article is from the last known to have been painted from life, and seems to express the individuality and character of the man, as shown by his life, more satisfactorily than any other we know. It was done by Charles Willson Peale in Philadelphia during the sittings of the convention to frame a constitution for the United States. Peale's ability as a portrait painter is very much underestimated, and for the reason that his work is familiar chiefly through his inferior productions, those made for his museum gallery. But any one who saw the examples from his easel in the exhibition of historical portraits in Philadelphia, two years ago, will be very sure to have a marked

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THE TOMB OF VOLTAIRE.

respect for the man who painted them. The picture from which our engraving is made is one which will do him no discredit. From this painting he made a mezzotinto with the following inscription: "His Excellency B. Franklin, LL. D., F. R. S., President of Pennsylvania and late Minister of the United States of America at the Court of France. C. W. Peale pinxt. et fecit, 1787." This mezzotinto is exceedingly scarce and valuable, but some impressions doubtless found their way to France, for two of the few located came thence, and a French print in colors by P. M. Alix, published towards the close of the last century and purporting to be after a picture by Vanloo, is evidently a copy, by an awkward and inferior hand, of Peale's picture, and not, as Mr. Hale in his late book thinks, Peale's copy of this French picture. The original painting from which this portrait has been engraved belongs to Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, and a replica of the head, with accessories, hangs

in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Benjamin Franklin was what is vulgarly called a self-made man, but he was in truth a God-made man, for he was born with the spark of genius in his blood which developed him into the *Vir* he finally became. His strongest characteristic was quick perception, that most valuable quality of mind, that can as readily grasp the salient points of a question as it can disregard those of minor importance, to which in him was united a sound, agile judgment. With all his transcendent abilities he has not left a single monument that alone can be pointed to as proof of his power. His career, stamped as it was with great successes, and left as it has an imperishable mark upon the page of history, is much like the career of a great lawyer whose powers and abilities have contributed largely to build up the body of laws we call government; yet the finger can point to no one great controlling act—his was the rounded whole.

Charles Henry Hart.

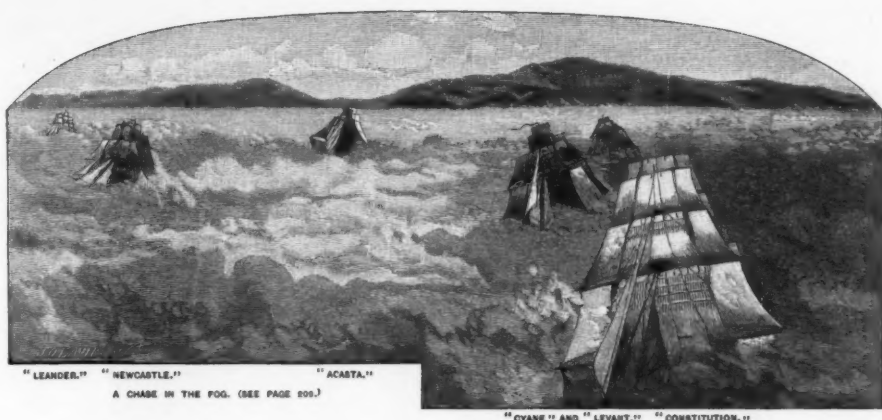
## MY HOLLYHOCK.

AH me, my scarlet hollyhock,  
Whose stately head the breezes rock,  
How sad, that in one night of frost  
Thy radiant beauty shall be lost,  
And all thy glory overthrown  
Ere half thy ruby buds have blown!  
All day across my window low  
Thy flowery stalk sways to and fro  
Against a background of blue sea.  
On the south wind, to visit thee,  
Come airy shapes in sumptuous dyes—  
Rich golden, black-edged butterflies,  
And humming-birds in emerald coats,  
With flecks of fire upon their throats,  
That in the sunshine whirl and glance,  
And probe the flowers with slender lance;  
And many a drunken, drowsy bee,  
Singing his song hilariously.  
About the garden fluttering yet,  
In amber plumage freaked with jet,  
The goldfinches charm all the air  
With sweet, sad crying everywhere.  
To the dry sunflower stalks they cling,  
And on the ripened disks they swing,  
With delicate delight they feed  
On the rich store of milky seed.

Autumn goes loitering through the land,  
A torch of fire within her hand.

Soft sleeps the bloomy haze that broods  
O'er distant hills and mellowing woods;  
Rustle the cornfields far and near,  
And nuts are ripe, and pastures sere,  
And lovely odors haunt the breeze,  
Borne o'er the sea and through the trees.  
Belated beauty, lingering still  
So near the edge of winter's chill,  
The deadly daggers of the cold  
Approach thee, and the year grows old.  
Is it because I love thee so  
Thou waitest, waving to and fro  
Thy flowery spike, to gladden me,  
Against the background of blue sea?  
I wonder—hast thou not some sense,  
Some measure of intelligence  
Responding to my joy in thee?  
Almost I dream that it may be,  
Such subtleties are Nature's, hid  
Her most well-trodden paths amid;  
Such sympathies along her nerves;  
Such sweetness in her fine reserves.  
Howe'er it be, I thank the powers  
That gave me such enchanted hours  
This late October, watching thee  
Wave thy bright flowers against the sea.

Celia Thaxter.



## LAURELS OF THE AMERICAN TAR IN 1812.

NOTES ON AMERICAN SEAMANSHIP AND GUNNERY, THE OVERWEIGHT OF ENGLISH-FRENCH METAL, AND THE UNTRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE ENGLISH REPORT OF THE "SHANNON'S" VICTORY OVER THE "CHESAPEAKE."

**I**T was during the war of 1812 that the advantage of building our cruisers so that "separately [they] would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions" <sup>1</sup> was demonstrated. In the three years of that war the British navy met with disasters which were unique in its annals. Before the close of the war the British Admiralty were compelled to build in imitation of the American cruisers. On the 17th of March, 1814, the following notice appeared in the London "Times": "Sir G. Collier was to sail yesterday from Portsmouth for the American station in the *Leander*, 54. This ship has been built and fitted out exactly upon the plan of the large American frigates."

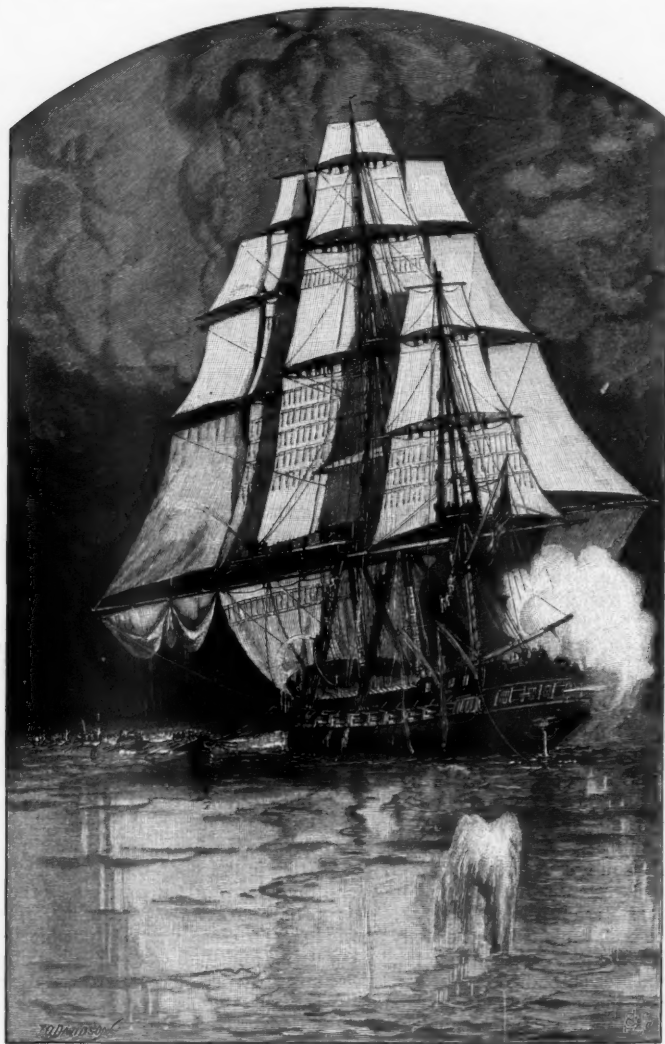
The second idea embodied in the Secretary's report of 1794, in regard to building American cruisers, was "that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead." At the very threshold of the war of 1812 the *Constitution* owed her escape from Captain Broke's squadron, in a large degree, to this very forethought in her construction. For three nights and two days, beginning on July 17, off New York, she was in imminent danger of capture, part of which time she was almost within gunshot of their leading ships. To this same

provision in her construction the *President* owed her remarkable career and numerous escapes from British squadrons and ships of the line while she was scouring all corners of the navigable globe in her daring essays against the enemy's commerce. Such was her success in this particular that the origin of the common sea phrase "By the jumping John Rodgers" is attributable to her exploits, Commodore John Rodgers being her commander during the greater part of this war.

Again, in April, 1815, while in the Southern Atlantic the sloop-of-war *Hornet* was chased three days and three nights by the British ship of the line *Cornwallis*, Admiral Sir George Burleton. So close was the pursuit that at times "shot and shell were whistling about our ears and not a person on board had the most distant idea that there was a possibility of escape. We all packed our things and waited until the enemy's shot would compel us to heave to and surrender. Captain Biddle mustered the crew and told them he was pleased with their conduct during the chase, and looked still to perceive that propriety of conduct which had already marked their character and that of the American tar generally; that we might soon expect to be captured, etc. Not a dry eye was to be seen at the mention of the capture of

<sup>1</sup> From the report of the Secretary of War, made April 1, 1794, in which he said that the six frigates authorized by the law of the previous March "separately would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead; that

they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavier weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships." These six frigates were the *Constitution*, *President*, *United States*, *Chesapeake*, *Congress*, and *Constellation*.—EDITOR.



THE "CONSTITUTION" CHASED BY CAPTAIN BROKE'S SQUADRON.

The ports on the upper deck aft were roughly cut to meet the emergency. The sailors in the rigging threw water from buckets upon the sails to make them hold better the faint breeze, and below hose pipe was used to the same purpose. During the three days' chase boats were sent out to tow, and kedge anchors were used to warp the ship forward.

the poor little *Hornet*."<sup>1</sup> But notwithstanding the closeness of the chase the *Hornet* finally effected her escape through her sailing qualities.

In no instance up to the close of the war of 1812 was an American cruiser overtaken by a vessel of her own class when she was desirous of making her escape. The case of the *President* when pursued by Captain Hayes's squad-

ron on the 15th of January, 1815, cannot be noted as an exception, for the reason that while endeavoring to get out of New York harbor, the night before the chase, she grounded on the bar, where for two hours she thumped violently and became so "hogged" or "broken-backed" as to impair seriously her seaworthiness. A portion of her false keel was displaced, several rudder braces broken, and the frigate otherwise so injured as to render a

<sup>1</sup> Private journal of one of the *Hornet's* officers.

return to port imperative. This, however, owing to the strength and direction of the wind, was impossible, so she was forced over the bar and put to sea in a crippled condition. After dismantling the *Endymion*—during which action Commodore Decatur was wounded by a splinter—the *President* was attacked by the *Tenedos* and *Pomona* before her rigging could be repaired, and was forced to surrender.

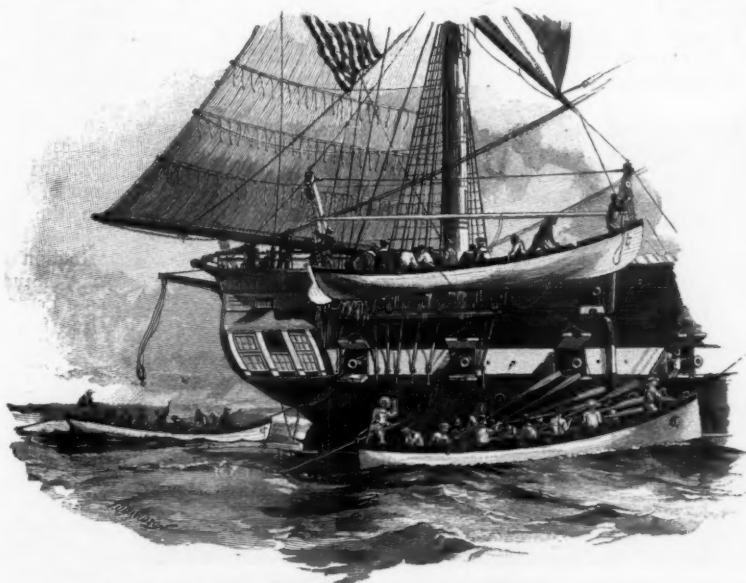
The American system of officering, manning, and carrying on discipline was superior to that of the English. Impressment was rarely, if ever, resorted to; the men enlisted of their own free will, and tempted by generous wages the finest seamen flocked to our service. Many of the petty officers had been mates and even masters in merchantmen before the war of 1812, and contributed not a little by their skill and experience to the results of that conflict. While English press-gangs were descending on quiet towns, and hurrying men into service without giving them time to arrange their affairs for the change, American frigates were having their complements filled with picked seamen by merely announcing vacancies. The superiority of most American crews during this war was so obvious as to need little discussion. William James concedes the point, and while speaking of the 44-gun frigate *United States* further adds:

The crew of the *United States* were the finest set of men ever seen collected on shipboard. Had Captain

Decatur and his five lieutenants been below in the hold, there were officers enough among the ship's company to have brought the action to the same successful issue.<sup>1</sup>

But it was in the matter of officering the ship that the American system had the greatest advantage. Favoritism and family influence, which elevated men to high rank over the heads of older and more deserving officers, cost the British navy many bitter humiliations during the war of 1812. The battle of Lake Champlain affords a good illustration of the manner in which British commanders were outmaneuvered and outwitted. The forces engaged on this occasion were nearly equal, that of the Americans being 86 guns of 1904 pounds of metal and 850 men, while the English force was 92 guns of 1900 pounds of metal and 1000 men. After the battle had lasted two hours without either side being able to turn the tide, Captain Macdonough in the *Saratoga* found himself in a most critical condition. The *Linnet* had secured a very advantageous position off the *Eagle's* starboard quarter where the latter could bring but few guns to bear. Finding his springs shot away, Captain Henly of the *Eagle* sheeted home his topsails, stood about, ran down the western side of the American line, and anchored between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga*. This brought the *Eagle's* fresh (port) broadside in full play on the *Confiance*, Captain

<sup>1</sup> James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. V., p. 401.



HOISTING IN THE "CONSTITUTION'S" BOATS AT THE END OF THE THREE DAYS' CHASE.

Downie's flagship, but it also enabled the *Linnet* to turn the American line. Captain Pring of the *Linnet* immediately availed himself of this advantage and soon was athwart the *Saratoga's* forefoot, raking her from stem to stern with great effect.

As gun after gun was disabled the firing between the flagships gradually diminished until only a few cannon were in use. Aboard the *Saratoga* nearly all the carronades had been rendered useless by overcharging. Now that the *Linnet* was raking her with impunity, the situation of the American flagship was desperate in the extreme. To add to her accumulating disasters the bolt of the last carronade on the engaged side broke; the gun, flying off its carriage, tumbled down the main hatch. This left her with nearly every gun in her starboard battery dismounted, while the *Confiance* and *Linnet* were still keeping up an effective fire.

It was in this extremity, when by all human calculations the day was lost, that the forethought of the American commander came into play. When arranging his line of battle he took the precaution to anchor his vessels far enough apart so that should the starboard battery of any ship become disabled her commander, by tripping his bow anchor and then dropping a stern anchor, could swing his vessel around in the northerly breeze and bring a fresh broadside to bear on the enemy without breaking the line of battle or overlapping the ship astern.

The time had now come when the *Saratoga* must either surrender or bring more guns to bear. Accordingly Captain Macdonough manned his capstan and tripped the bower anchor, at the same time letting go his stream

anchor over the stern. But unfortunately the wind had abated so that the ship remained motionless. A line, which had been made fast to the stream anchor, was then carried forward and hauled on. This slowly brought the vessel around, but during all of this time the *Linnet* was pouring in broadside after broadside, and now as the *Saratoga* exposed her stern the *Confiance* raked her with great effect. After several minutes of this fearful exposure Captain Macdonough succeeded in bringing his port battery into full play. The Americans then rushed to their guns and worked with vigor. Being subjected to the fire of this fresh broadside, the *Confiance* soon had the few remaining guns of her port battery disabled. Seeing the success of the *Saratoga's* maneuver, the British commander attempted it also. He hove in his bow cables until he tripped anchor. But further than this his ship would not move for want of wind, and lacking the quick expedients of the American officers, he saw his ship become a wreck without being able to strike a blow in return, so after a conflict of two hours and a half he surrendered.

Another conspicuous illustration of the readiness of an American officer was afforded in the fourth cruise of the *Constitution*. Captain Charles Stewart, born of poor parents in the city of Philadelphia in 1778, entered upon the profession of the sea in his thirteenth year as cabin boy in a merchantman, and rose step by step through personal merit to the command of the favorite frigate of the American navy.

After his extraordinary action with the corvette *Cyane* and sloop *Levant* sixty leagues from Madeira in February, 1815 (both after a gallant resistance being captured), Captain

Stewart dropped anchor with his prizes in Port Praya, in the island of St. Jago, on the 10th of March. It was his intention to employ the merchant ship captured on the 18th of the preceding month as a cartel in which to send all prisoners to England, preparatory to which they were collected in groups on the *Constitution's* main deck. While the Americans were busily engaged



THE WOUNDING OF DECATUR DURING THE CHASE OF THE "PRESIDENT"  
BY THE BRITISH SQUADRON.



"PREBLE," "TICONDEROGA," "EAGLE," "SARATOGA," "LINNET," "CONFIDANCE,"  
"CHUBB," "FINCH,"  
BRITISH GALLEYS.

BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The *Saratoga* and *Eagle* are represented in their second position; the *Chubb* has been captured and is being carried within the American line, and the *Confiance* is being raked by the *Saratoga*.

the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Shubrick, was attracted by an exclamation from one of the British midshipmen. Noticing that an English lieutenant reprimanded him in an undertone, Lieutenant Shubrick became suspicious of foul play or some conspiracy, and was about to communicate his fears to Captain Stewart, when a quartermaster called his attention to the sails of a large vessel just discernible through the fog in the offing. The sea at the entrance of the harbor was covered with a heavy mist, but in the lighter haze above the sails of a large ship making its way to port were visible.

This apparition, evidently the cause of the midshipman's exclamation, was brought to the attention of Captain Stewart. As the fog shifted a little the sails of two more vessels, apparently heavy men-of-war, were discovered by the sharp-eyed quartermaster standing into the roads. After the experience of the *Essex* at Valparaiso, Captain Stewart well knew that English commanders could not be trusted to respect the rights of neutral ports that were not sufficiently fortified to enforce them. The defenses of Port Praya were impotent against a first-rate frigate, and should the sails descried in the offing prove to be those of English men-of-war, as five chances to one they were, the position of the *Constitution* and her prizes was critical in the extreme.

Captain Stewart instantly sent his crew to  
VOL. XLI.—28.

quarters, prisoners were hurried below, the cables cut, topsails set, and in seven minutes from the time of the first alarm the frigate was under way. Signals were made to the *Cyane* and *Levant* to follow, Lieutenants Hoffman and Ballard precipitately obeyed, and in an incredibly short time the three ships were speeding pell-mell down the harbor. A number of prisoners who had been landed were left behind, and observing the strange sails in the offing and surmising them to be English, they rushed to a battery and began firing so as to warn the approaching strangers of the presence of enemies.

The wind was fresh from the northeast, while the strangers were approaching the harbor from the south. Captain Stewart therefore hugged the north shore, hoping to get to sea to the windward of them. Just as the American vessels were clearing East Point the strangers came within long range. At this instant they discovered the Americans and crowded on all sail to intercept them. It now became a question of sailing. The *Constitution* crossed her topgallant yards, set foresail, mainsail, spanker, flying-jib, and her topgallant sails, while the two boats towing astern were cut adrift. The *Cyane* and *Levant* followed in quick succession, while the enemy luffed up, close-hauled their tacks, and settled down for a long and determined chase.

The strangers proved to be the English 50-



THE "CONSTITUTION" IN ACTION WITH THE "LEVANT" AND "CYANE."

On the right is seen the upper deck gangway carrying carronades.

gun frigate *Leander*, Sir George Collier, which we noticed as having "been built and fitted out exactly upon the plan of the large American frigates"; the 50-gun frigate *Newcastle*, Captain Lord George Stuart; and the 40-gun frigate *Acasta*, Captain Kerr. This powerful squadron had followed the *Constitution* across the Atlantic into this obscure quarter and now had her under their guns.

Although the American vessels had gained an offing it was still so foggy that the hulls of the enemy were concealed, so that Captain Stewart was unable to make out their force or nationality. All the ships, however, had every stitch of canvas set from royal studding-sails down, and were rushing through the water at ten knots. The *Acasta*, by laying her head close to the wind, succeeded in weathering the *Cyane* and *Levant*, but the splendid sailing qualities of the *Constitution* enabled Captain Stewart to hold his own. Observing that he was drawing away from his prizes and that the enemy must soon close on them, he, at ten minutes past one o'clock, signaled the *Cyane*, the sternmost vessel, to tack to the northwest, hoping thereby to divide the enemy's force. Lieutenant Hoffman tacked as ordered, but, to the surprise of all, none of the pursuing ships were detailed after her. Taking advantage of this blunder, the *Cyane* continued on this course until she had run the enemy out of sight, when she made for

America, arriving in New York on the 10th of April.

By 2.30 P. M. the *Newcastle* had gained a position off the *Constitution's* lee quarter and commenced firing by divisions. The shot splashed the water within a hundred yards of the ship, but did not reach her. At 3 P. M. the *Levant* was in the same danger from which the *Cyane* had so strangely been allowed to escape. Captain Stewart now signaled the *Levant* to head northwest also, hoping that this would draw off one of his pursuers at least. But, to the astonishment of every man in the American frigate, all the pursuing ships tacked after the *Levant*, whereupon Lieutenant Ballard changed his course to due west so as to regain the port, where he succeeded in anchoring under the guns of the fort.

The conduct of Sir George Collier in allowing the *Constitution* and her prizes to escape his powerful squadron has given rise to many conflicting explanations on the part of English writers. Some claim that he did not give the order for all the ships to tack after the *Levant*, others that the signal was misinterpreted, while many maintain that the flags became entangled.

It was in gunnery, however, that Americans attained their most conspicuous success. Long before the war of 1812 firing at targets was a regular order of routine, so that it has well been said that for each shot fired in earnest ten had been fired in practice. The "London

Times" for October 22, 1813, while speaking of the action between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, said:

What we regret to perceive stated, and trust will be found much exaggerated, is, that the *Boxer* was literally cut to pieces in sails, rigging, spars, and hull; whilst the *Enterprise* (her antagonist) was in a situation to commence a similar action immediately afterwards. The fact seems to be but too clearly established, that the Americans have some superior mode of firing; and we cannot be too anxiously employed in discovering to what circumstances that superiority is owing.

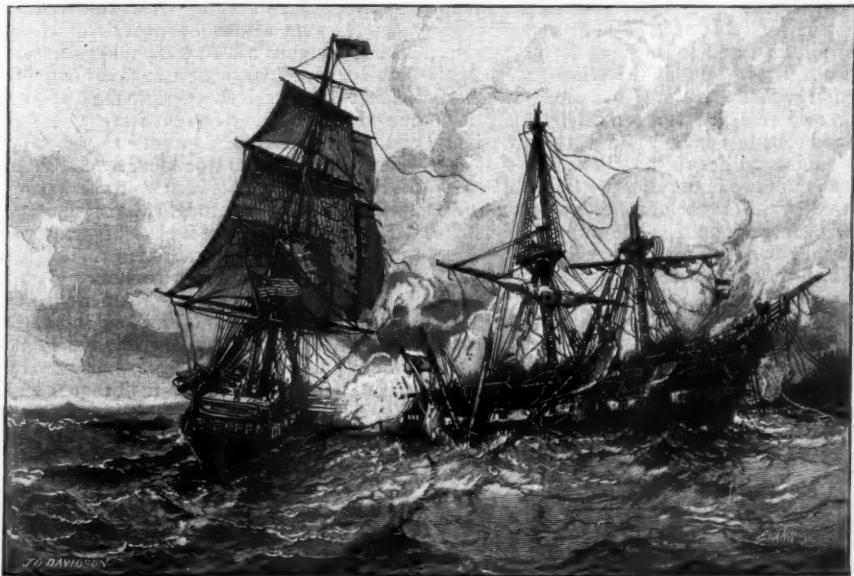
Sir Edward Codrington, in writing to Lady Codrington in reference to the *Peacock-Épervier* fight, states: "It seems that the *Peacock*, American sloop-of-war, has taken our *Épervier*. But the worst part of our story is, that our sloop was cut to pieces and the other scarcely scratched!"

The firing of the 44-gun frigate *United States*, Captain Decatur, during her action on October 25, 1812, with the 38-gun frigate *Macedonian*, Captain Carden, is described as wonderful. "The firing of the American gunners was so rapid that in a few minutes their ship was enveloped in a dense volume of smoke,

illuminated by lurid flashes of lightning and emitting a continuous roar of thunder." When the *Macedonian* came to close quarters with the idea of boarding, "the American carronades opened and added their fire to that of the long guns, so that by the time she was at close quarters the broadside of the *United States* appeared like a continuous line of flame, and at one time the enemy believed her to be on fire."

On the 18th of October, 1812, the American sloop *Wasp*, 18 guns, had a remarkable encounter in a heavy sea with the British sloop *Frolic*, 19 guns. In forty-three minutes the *Wasp* reduced her adversary to a wreck, and killed or wounded 90 out of a crew of 110 men; her own loss in a crew of 135 being only ten. At the end of the engagement the British ship *Pictiers*, 74 guns, hove in sight, and running down on the *Wasp* captured her and her prize.

In an action, of only twenty minutes, between the new sloop *Wasp* (namesake of the foregoing) and the *Reindeer* on June 28, 1814, in the English Channel, we are informed that the hull of the *Reindeer* was literally cut to pieces.<sup>1</sup> Another English writer observes: "In a line with her ports the *Reindeer* was liter-



THE "UNITED STATES" CAPTURES THE "MACEDONIAN."

which from the enemy's deck appeared like a huge thunder-cloud rolling along the water,

<sup>1</sup> Allen's "Battles of the British Navy," Vol. II., p. 463.

ally cut to pieces; her upper works, boats, and spare spars were one complete wreck. Her masts were both badly wounded; particularly her foremast, which was left in a tottering



THE "FROLIC" REDUCED TO A WRECK BY THE FIRST "WASP."

state,"<sup>1</sup> and on the following day, in spite of all efforts, it went by the board. Finding his prize too shattered to keep afloat, Captain Blakely blew her up. The *Wasp* received six round shot in her hull, and 24-pound shot through her foremast and some injury to her rigging. Two months after this the *Wasp* had a night action with the *Avon*, also a sloop-of-war of her own rate, the *Wasp* receiving only four round shot in her hull and some inconsiderable injury to her rigging. The fact that the *Avon* sank two hours after the *Wasp* was compelled by the approach of her consorts to leave her plainly shows that she was terribly shattered by the American's gunnery.

The proficiency of American gunnery in this war is perhaps best illustrated by the *Constitution's* first action, with the *Guerrière*, in which she was hulled but three times, while her antagonist, to use the words of her commander, was reduced to a "perfect wreck"<sup>2</sup> within forty minutes from the time the *Constitution* began to fire. This battle occurred on August 19, 1812. In her action with the *Java*, December 29, 1812, off the coast of Brazil, the *Constitution* was hulled but four times, and with the exception of her maintopsail yard she did not lose a spar.<sup>3</sup> The *Java*, on the other hand, was "totally dismantled,"<sup>4</sup> while her hull was so shattered and pierced with shot-

holes that it was impossible to get her to the harbor of San Salvador, which was only a few hours' sail. In her action with the *Cyane* and *Levant* the forces opposed were: *Constitution*, 51 guns with 1287 pounds of metal; British, 55 guns with 1508 pounds of metal. In this extraordinary action the *Constitution* was hulled only thirteen times, while the *Cyane* had every brace and bow-line cut away, "her main and mizzen masts left in a tottering state, and other principal spars wounded, several shot in the hull, nine or ten between wind and water."<sup>5</sup> The *Levant* also was roughly handled.

Before dismissing the subject of gunnery we should take into consideration: 1. The inferior quality of American cannon and shot. 2. The deficiency in weight of American shot. 3. The fact that in two of the four actions between single frigates the English used French cannon and shot, which were eight per cent. heavier than their nominal English equivalents.

The first of these considerations has been mentioned in a general way, while the second, the deficiency in weight of American metal, has been touched upon by Cooper in an appendix to his "Naval History," but he has not brought it into the discussion of the battles. The third consideration, that of the use of French cannon and shot in at least two of the frigate actions, seems to have been overlooked.

<sup>1</sup> James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. VI., p. 163.

<sup>2</sup> Official report of Captain Decres.

<sup>3</sup> Cooper's "United States Naval History," Vol. II., p. 70.

<sup>4</sup> Allen's "Battles of the British Navy," Vol. II., p. 414.

<sup>5</sup> James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. VI., p. 249.

As to the first of these points we have indisputable testimony from both American and English sources. In some instances, owing to imperfect casting, shot flew to pieces even before reaching the mark. In a private letter published in a London paper of the year 1812, written by an officer in the British 36-gun frigate *Belvidera*, Captain Richard Byron, which was chased June 22, 1812, by Commodore Rodgers's squadron, we have proof of the inferiority of American shot as used in that chase. Speaking of one of the shot that came aboard the *Belvidera* from the *President* he says: "This shot being of bad quality, it split into about fifty pieces." The cannon also were dangerously defective. In chasing the *Belvidera*, the *President* lost sixteen men by the bursting of her bow chaser and only six from the enemy's fire. This catastrophe so disconcerted her crew that the remaining bow chaser was not used for some time after. In the action between the new 44-gun frigate *Guerrière* and the Algerine frigate *Mashouda* in 1816, one of the guns in the former burst, killing or wounding seven men. In arriving at an equitable comparison of the forces engaged in the war of 1812, therefore, this inferior quality of American cannon and shot must be constantly kept in mind.

In regard to the underweight of American shot, an English historian finds it "not worth inquiring whether or not this alleged trifling variation in weight between American and British shot does exist,"<sup>1</sup> though no point in favor of the other side is too infinitesimal for his consideration.

Owing to the primitive condition of American manufactures this discrepancy in the nominal weight of shot is exceedingly probable, and needs only the confirmation of a few specific instances for proof. In the action between the American sloop-of-war *Wasp* and the British sloop *Avon*, Captain Blakely officially reported to the Secretary of the Navy that "the four shot which struck [us] are all thirty-two pounds in weight, being a pound and three-quarters heavier than any belonging to this vessel." Cooper records that an American officer, after the engagement between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, actually weighed the shot of both frigates and found that the *Constitution's* 24-pound shot weighed but 22½ pounds; and in the appendix to his "Naval History" he says:

In the course of the war I personally weighed a quantity of shot, both English and American, and made a note of the result. It was found that the old shot, or those with which the ships were supplied at the commencement of the war of 1812,

<sup>1</sup> James's "Naval Occurrences between the United States and Great Britain," p. 10.

were comparatively lighter than those which had been cast at a later day; but in no instance was an American shot even then [that is, at the close of the war] found of full weight. On the other hand, the English shot were uniformly of accurate weight. Some of the American 32-pound shot weighed thirty pounds. The average of the 18-pound shot was about seventeen pounds; but it was understood, as this examination occurred several years after the peace, that the shot, as well as the guns, were then materially better than they had been previously to and during the war.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Naval War of 1812," states that the deficiency in weight averaged seven per cent. Thus a 32-pound shot weighed about thirty pounds, a 24-pound shot but 22½ pounds, and so on throughout all the grades of metal.

The importance of the third point, that in two of the four actions between single frigates the English used French cannon and shot, lies in the fact that a French 12-pound shot weighed thirteen pounds in English measurement, a French 18-pound shot weighed 19½ English pounds, and a French 24-pound shot twenty-six English pounds. In the action between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, and again between the *Constitution* and *Java*, the Americans were opposed to French-built frigates retaining their French guns and shot. The *Guerrière* was captured in 1806 by H. B. M. ship *Blanche*, and "on being transferred to the British navy became a valuable acquisition to the class of large thirty-eights."<sup>2</sup> The *Java*, formerly the *Renommée*, was captured from the French in the latter part of February, 1811.

During the thirty-four years prior to the close of this war, 1780-1814, the English had captured between one hundred and fifty to two hundred French vessels of war whose armaments aggregated from six thousand to eight thousand cannon, together with hundreds of thousands of very valuable shot. It is not reasonable to suppose that, when so many captured French vessels of war were taken into the British navy, this great quantity of expensive cannon was thrown aside for old iron. On the contrary, it is more than probable that the French cannon were retained in the ships in which they were captured, and which had been built expressly to accommodate these bulky engines of death.

It is still more probable that these captured French ships were supplied solely with captured French shot, for a 13-pound shot (French twelve pounds) was not cast to fit a 12-pound muzzle nor a 26-pound shot to fit a 24-pound muzzle, and so on throughout the list. Although it is quite possible to fire a 12-pound shot from

<sup>2</sup> James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. IV., p. 162.



THE "GUERRIÈRE" IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.

a 13-pound gun, and a 24-pound shot from a 26-pound bore, yet it cannot be presumed that the Admiralty supplied their frigates mounting 26-pound cannon with 24-pound shot when they had an enormous quantity of 26-pound shot cast expressly for their 26-pound guns; especially when they could not use this captured shot for English cannon.

In several instances James, as well as other English writers, speaks of the French cannon carried by English commanders, although not in connection with the actions mentioned above.

In the case of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, Mr. Cooper informs us in a note<sup>1</sup>—with no reference to the employment of French cannon in English ships, however—that an "officer of the *Constitution*, of experience and great respectability, who is now dead, assured the writer that he actually weighed the shot of both ships, and found that the *Constitution's* twenty-fours were only three pounds heavier than the *Guerrière's* eighteens, and that there was nearly the same difference in favor of the latter's thirty-twos." If the *Guerrière's* "eighteens" were English 18-pounders, this would make a deficiency of three pounds, or fourteen per cent., in the *Constitution's* shot, or just twice as much as was claimed to exist under any circumstances or was ever found to exist.

<sup>1</sup> Cooper's "United States Naval History," Vol. II., p. 58.

These irreconcilable discrepancies in figures can only be explained by calculating the *Guerrière's* eighteens as French, eighteens, which makes everything clear. Her 18-pound shot weighed 19½ English pounds, which was the scale used by the officer in question. He found the *Constitution's* twenty-fours were only "three pounds heavier," which would bring her shot down, not to twenty-one pounds, as would have been the case had the *Guerrière's* 18-pounders been English, but to 22½ pounds, which, allowing for the discrepancy of seven per cent. that was found to exist in American metal, would be in strict keeping with all the figures given. There can be no doubt then, from the above evidence, that the *Guerrière* on the occasion of her engagement with the *Constitution* carried her original French armament and shot.

With the above conditions kept in view, namely, the inferior quality of American castings, the deficiency in weight of their shot, and the superior weight of French guns, we have a far more intelligent understanding of these two actions of the *Constitution* and the other engagements of this war.

In accounting for their naval disasters of 1812-15, English historians rightly state that in the first three frigate actions the Americans carried heavier metal; that where the English ship was armed with 18-pounders on the main deck the American carried 24-pound-

ers, and where the Englishman had 32-pounders on the fore-castle and quarter-deck the American had 42-pounders. But it was just this heavy metal which the English commanders declared would detract from the frigate's efficiency. British naval experts insisted that 24 and 42 pounders were too heavy. Experience had taught them that 18 and 32 pound calibers were the medium weights from which the highest possible effectiveness could be derived, and when 24 and 42 pounders were introduced in American frigates they pronounced them innovations, contrary to all established rules, highly characteristic of American assurance, and bound to end in disaster.

During the several years preceding the declaration of war American and British officers frequently interchanged visits, in which the heavy calibers of American frigates were criticized. Captain Carden of the *Macedonian*, whose exceptional delicacy in carrying out the inimical instructions of his government against American merchantmen had placed him on an intimate footing with American officers, often met Decatur in the *United States*, and on one of these occasions, while at the latter's table, "particularly pointed out the inefficiency of the 24-pounders on the main deck of the *United States*"; he said that they could not be handled with ease and rapidity in battle, and that long eighteens would do as much execution, and were as heavy as experience had proved a frigate ought to carry. 'Besides, Decatur,' said Carden, 'though your ships may be good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows, what practice have you had in war? There is the rub!'<sup>1</sup> That Captain Carden held to the opinion that 18 and 32 pounders were superior to 24 and 42 pounders in point of effectiveness, long after his ship had been captured by the *United States*, is seen both in his official report of that action and in his address before his court-martial.

Such, then, was the opinion in reference to 24 and 42 pounders among British officers and naval experts before the war. After the war, however, they raise the cry of "heavier metal," "superior calibers," "it could never have been otherwise," "result of sheer superiority of the American frigate," etc., though this was not, as a rule, the cry raised by the English commanders involved in these actions.

In order to test the relative value of ships, as ships, let us suppose that in the fight between the *United States* and *Macedonian* the two crews and their officers had exchanged frigates: 1 — then we should have Captain Decatur, according to James, in "one of the finest frigates in the British Navy"; 2 — with "the finest set

of men ever seen collected on shipboard"; 3 — his ship carrying precisely the same number of long range guns as his opponent and of a caliber, according to English views and experience, more effective than that carried by his enemy; 4 — he has the all-important weather gage; 5 — his frigate has the "superiority of sailing," which together with the weather gage would enable him to keep at long range where he knew he had the advantage. It is very evident, then, that it is not so much a question of ships.

Although American frigates in point of effectiveness were superior to those of the English, yet I am persuaded that their victories were due not so much to the vessels as to the men who maneuvered and fought them. We have just seen in our supposititious exchange of frigates that Captain Decatur's position was bettered twofold by his command of the *Macedonian*. Yet, as it was, he gained a hard-fought battle with a marvelously small amount of damage to his own ship, while that of his antagonist could not have been more expeditiously wrecked had she for the same length of time been opposed by a ship of the line.

This action and the engagements between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* and the *Constitution* and *Java* stand unsurpassed for the wonderful difference in damage sustained by two frigates that mutually sought an engagement. I would not for a moment suggest that the British tar, in all these actions, did not fully maintain his well-deserved reputation for pluck. Captains Dacres, Carden, and Lambert and their several crews fought with a persevering heroism which must call forth eulogies from friend and foe alike. But the time had arrived when pluck was not sufficient. Naval warfare had reached that stage of development where brute strength and animal courage had become secondary considerations. Success now depended more on the higher discipline of the men, better training at the guns, the intelligent use of improved weapons, the skillful manipulations of the sails, and the thousand and one little improvements in, about, and all over a ship, which only a cultivated intellect would suggest. The superiority of American gunnery and seamanship of this war, their better arrangement and construction of their frigates, have been shown in this paper. These improvements, together with that indomitable pluck and quick perception which have ever characterized the American seaman, overwhelmed the British navy with disaster and consternation. This was the mainspring of our brilliant successes, and it was just in this particular, namely, the supremacy of the mind over matter, that our naval officers achieved their highest triumph.

<sup>1</sup> Mackenzie's "Life of Decatur," p. 157.



THE "SHANNON'S" CREW BOARDING THE "CHESAPEAKE."

It will prove a matter of interest, at this late day, to observe with what effect the news of the first three frigate actions with the United States was received in England. The capture of their first frigate, the *Guerrière*, was taken with philosophical surprise. The news of the loss of the *Macedonian* was discredited at first in London, and the "Times" for December 26, 1812, says:

There is a report that another English frigate, the *Macedonian*, has been captured by an American. We shall certainly be very backward in believing a second recurrence of such a national disgrace. . . . We have heard that the statement is discredited at the Admiralty; but we know not on what precise grounds. Certainly there was a time when it would not have been believed that the American navy could have appeared upon the seas after six months' war with England; much less that it could, within

that period, have been twice victorious: *sed tempora mutantur*.

The news of the loss of the *Java*, which arrived in London, March 19, 1813, seems to have drawn the following resigned soliloquy from the "Times":

The public will learn with sentiments which we shall not presume to anticipate that a third British frigate has struck to an American. . . . This is an occurrence that calls for serious reflection — this and the fact stated in our paper of yesterday, that Lloyd's list contains notices of upwards of five hundred British vessels captured, in seven months, by the Americans. Five hundred merchantmen, and three frigates? Can these statements be true; and can the English people bear them unmoved? Any one who had predicted such a result of an American war this time last year would have been treated as a madman or a traitor. He would have been

told, if his opponents had condescended to argue with him, that long ere seven months had elapsed the American flag would be swept from the seas, the contemptible navy of the United States annihilated, and their maritime arsenals rendered a heap of ruins. Yet down to this moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag.

There has been a disposition among English writers to point to the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* as the one instance in which an American and English frigate met on equal terms, both equally prepared for battle and meeting in response to a challenge to single combat. A close investigation of the condition of the two frigates, however, will show that they met on very unequal terms, and not in response to a challenge to single combat.

Landing in New York in the latter part of March, 1813, after his brilliant victory in the *Hornet* over the *Peacock* on February 24, Captain Lawrence was received with great enthusiasm. Previous to his return he had been promoted to the rank of post captain and was now offered the command of the frigate *Constitution*, on the condition, however, that neither Captain Porter nor Captain Evans applied for her. This conditional offer, being distasteful to Lawrence, was declined, upon which the Secretary of the Navy gave him the unconditional command of that favorite ship. A few weeks after, however, Captain Lawrence was surprised by counter orders with instructions to repair immediately to Boston and take command of the *Chesapeake*, then nearly ready for sea.

From the time of her ignominious surrender to the *Leopard* in 1806, the *Chesapeake* had been stigmatized as an "unlucky ship."

After cruising among the West Indies for four months without success, Captain Evans headed the *Chesapeake* for the north, arriving at Boston on the 18th of April, 1813. While entering the harbor she lost a topmast, the men on it at the time being drowned. This accident was regarded among the sailors as an inauspicious omen for the next cruise, which, together with her previous reputation for bad luck and a tar's dread for such ships, rendered it exceedingly difficult to enlist another crew. The men made haste to leave, while her officers found employment in other vessels. Captain Evans, having lost the sight of one eye and being in imminent danger of losing that of the other, was granted a furlough while undergoing medical treatment.

Such was the condition of the *Chesapeake* after her last unsuccessful cruise. In the following letter to Captain Biddle of the *Wasp* Captain Lawrence shows a very evident disinclination to accept the command of the *Chesapeake*:

BOSTON, May 27, 1813.

DEAR SIR: In hopes of being relieved by Captain Stewart, I neglected writing agreeably to promise; but as I have given over all hopes of seeing him, and the *Chesapeake* is almost ready, I shall sail on Sunday, provided I have a chance of getting out clear of the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*, who are on the lookout. My intention is to pass out by Cape Sable, then run out west [east?] until I get into the stream, then haul in for the Cape Canso and run for Cape Breton, where I expect the pleasure of seeing you; I think your best chance of getting out is through the Sound. In haste, yours sincerely,

CAPTAIN BIDDLE.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

So strong was this aversion for the *Chesapeake* that we have it upon the authority of Washington Irving that Lawrence even requested to be retained in command of the sloop-of-war *Hornet* rather than accept the command of the frigate *Chesapeake*. He wrote "four letters successively to the Secretary" requesting some change in his last instructions, but receiving no answer he was constrained to obey.

Arriving in Boston, Captain Lawrence found the *Chesapeake* nearly ready for sea, wanting only an adequate complement. She had been provisioned for a long cruise to the northwest with a view of breaking up the enemy's whale fisheries off the coast of Greenland. On the morning of June 1, while the *Chesapeake* was at anchor in President Roads, the British 38-gun frigate *Shannon*, Captain Broke, appeared in the offing and by her maneuvers seemed to invite the American to come out and engage. Captain Lawrence had arrived in Boston but a few days before and was unacquainted with his officers, men, or ship. The first lieutenant, O. A. Page, an officer of experience, was confined on shore by a serious illness of which he soon after died. His place was supplied by Lieutenant Ludlow of the marines, who, though an officer of merit, was "scarcely twenty-one years of age,"<sup>1</sup> and was in a strange position where experience was indispensable. The second lieutenant, Mr. Budd, was the only commissioned sea officer of experience in the ship. The positions of third and fourth lieutenants were also vacant and were filled by Midshipmen Cox and Ballard, who now served in these capacities for the first time. This most unfortunate inexperience among the lieutenants, even with a well-trained crew, would have much embarrassed the working and fighting of a frigate. But it will be interesting to discover what kind of men these young officers had to manage.

The *Chesapeake's* crew, as finally brought together, was composed in a large measure of landsmen, foreigners,—the boatswain's

<sup>1</sup> Ludlow's monument, Trinity churchyard, New York City.

mate being a Portuguese,—and the least desirable sailors in port, the better seamen naturally preferring a better ship. So ignorant were the officers of the *Chesapeake* of their own men that one of her lieutenants joined a party of British boarders supposing them to be Americans. The ship's company had not been together on blue water a single day. The captain, just arrived, took charge of a strange ship with a green crew, with only one lieutenant who had ever served in that capacity before, while the crew was largely composed of landsmen who did not know the mainbrace from a marlinspike. Besides all this there was the by no means fanciful disadvantage of an "unlucky ship."

Such being the condition of the *Chesapeake* it is surprising that Captain Lawrence did not postpone the meeting until he could bring his men under better training. It afterwards appeared that Captain Broke had sent a written challenge to Lawrence, requesting the latter to select some time and place "at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal of St. George's Banks, so that the two frigates might engage in single action, both equally prepared." This challenge did not arrive in Boston until after the *Chesapeake's* departure;<sup>1</sup> so when Captain Lawrence observed the British frigate in the offing apparently daring him to give battle he understood it as a challenge to immediate action, and, obeying the impulse of a brave but impetuous nature, he made sail to engage. The *Chesapeake* went out to meet the *Shannon*, not prepared for single combat, not in response to Captain Broke's challenge, but as if the two vessels had met casually before the harbor.

We will now turn to English records and investigate the condition of the *Shannon* and the causes which led Captain Broke so earnestly to desire an action with the *Chesapeake*. According to Mr. Young, the naval historian, "From the time that Captain Broke took command of her [the *Shannon*] he had carefully trained her crew in gunnery and in every other exercise calculated to make them really efficient in the day of trial." Turning to other records, we find that Captain Broke assumed command of the *Shannon* on the 14th of September, 1806, so that up to this date he had commanded her over six years, and developed her efficiency in speed and in battle.

It further appears that Captain Broke had not only been in continuous command of the *Shannon* over six years, but that his present crew had served under him five years, for Mr. Allen informs us that "The crew of the *Shannon* had been five years together commanded

by the same captain." So we find that Captain Broke was thoroughly acquainted with his crew. That he had trained them to the highest possible degree of efficiency, and that he was regarded as an unusually able disciplinarian for the British navy of that period, is seen in the following from Mr. James:

Previously to our dismissing the action of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* we shall confer a service on the profession by stating as much as we know of the means taken by Captain Broke to endow his men with that proficiency the effects of which were so decisive and astonishing. Every day for about an hour and a half in the forenoon, when not prevented by chase or the state of the weather, the men were exercised at training the guns, and for the same time in the afternoon in the use of the broadsword, pike, musket, etc. Twice a week the crew fired at targets, both with the great guns and musketry, and Captain Broke, as an additional stimulus beyond the emulation excited, gave a pound of tobacco to every man that put a shot through the bull's-eye.

Captain Brenton in his "Naval History of Great Britain" says: "The British navy, depressed by repeated mortifications, had in some measure lost its spirits, and the dissatisfaction expressed in the public journals of the empire produced a feeling of discontent and disgust in the bosom of our seamen." During the eighteen years preceding the war of 1812 the British navy had matched its strength against the strongest marine powers of the world, and in some one hundred and fifty actions between single ships it was defeated but five times, and on those five occasions the British vessel was inferior in force to her antagonist. But in the short space of six months this same navy had suffered five consecutive defeats, in one of which its vessel was acknowledged to be of superior force, and had gained not one corresponding success! And this too from what the "London Times" called "the contemptible navy of the United States."

Thus it was that the *Shannon*, the best frigate on the North American station, appeared before Boston harbor with a perfect crew, augmented by seamen taken from a recaptured merchantman, and burning with a desire to avenge these "repeated mortifications" and in some degree mitigate the humiliation of their recent disasters. Mr. James virtually admits that the *Shannon* on this occasion had been so thoroughly prepared for battle as to be nearly or quite able to give battle successfully to the *Constitution*—it being borne in mind that the *Constitution* was a much heavier frigate than the *Chesapeake*, one rating as a 44-gun and the other as a 36-gun ship.

Even while the *Chesapeake* was sailing out

<sup>1</sup> Washington Irving.

of Boston harbor Captain Lawrence had a foretaste of the quality of his crew. Having cleared the land he called them together and gave them a short harangue. In the midst of his speech he was interrupted by their loud murmurs and mutinous attitude.<sup>1</sup> When allowed to finish his remarks "a scoundrel Portuguese, who was boatswain's mate,"<sup>2</sup> spoke up and demanded in an insolent manner prize money which had been due to some of the crew for several weeks past. Here was an awakening for Captain Lawrence! An enemy in the poor quality and dangerous disposition of his crew, and a powerful foe awaiting his oncoming.

Sir Provo Wallis, senior admiral of the British navy, and in 1813 second lieutenant of the *Shannon*, describes the approach of the frigate as a beautiful sight. He says "Lawrence displayed great skill and tactics when closing with us, to prevent our fire, which, however, we did not attempt, for Broke had given orders not to fire whilst the gallant fellow keeps his head towards us."<sup>3</sup> Just before the action opened Sir Provo handed his watch to a seaman who was stationed below decks in the magazine, remarking, "You will be safe; should anything happen to me, give this to my father." By this watch the seaman timed the firing, and "by it we know the cannonading lasted for only eleven minutes."<sup>4</sup>

The *Chesapeake's* armament as given by Sir Provo Wallis, who took command of her immediately upon her surrender and remained in her for a week after, was: "Main deck, 28 long 18-pounders; quarter-deck, 16 short 32-pounders; fore-castle, 4 short 32-pounders and 1 long 18-pounder — 49 guns in all";<sup>5</sup> giving a total weight, when allowing for deficiency in weight in American shot, of 1081 pounds. Out of her complement of 340 she lost 47 killed and 99 wounded, making in all 146.<sup>6</sup> The fact which reflects most credit is that the loss in the *Chesapeake* was confined to the American portion of the crew, the foreigners skulking about the ship, seeking to escape their own officers as well as the enemy. The *Chesapeake* was not surrendered until every officer in the ship was either killed or wounded.

The *Shannon*, according to English accounts, carried 28 long 18-pounders, 4 long 9-pounders, 1 long 6-pounder, 16 short 32-pounders, and 3 short 12-pounders; in all 52 guns with 1094 pounds of metal. Her com-

plement is given at 330, out of which she lost 23 killed and 56 wounded; total, 79.

## COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
<i>Chesapeake</i> .....	49	1081	340	47	99	146
<i>Shannon</i> .....	52	1094	330	23	56	79

Time, 15 m.

In connection with this battle Mr. James makes this statement: "Out of a crew including eight recaptured seamen and twenty-two Irish laborers, two days in the ship," Captain Broke increased his force, etc. The impression derived from this wording is that twenty-two out of the thirty men taken into the *Shannon* just before the action were landsmen, more in the way than of use. Inquiring of Admiral Wallis in reference to this point the writer was authorized to state that "the 'twenty-two Irish laborers' on board the *Shannon* were a part of the thirty as stated in Broke's challenge to Lawrence," where they are distinctly described as "thirty seamen, boys, and passengers."

The *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, as compilations of wood, iron, and guns, were as equally matched as any two frigates possibly could be. In point of preparation, however, which is of vital importance, the *Shannon* had an overwhelming superiority, as seen in the results. Had the *Chesapeake* been a 44-gun frigate, or even a 60-gun razee, and had come into this action under the same conditions, the issue hardly could have been different.

It has frequently been stated by students of history, and inscribed by at least one historian, that it was doubtful if Captain Lawrence ever gave expression to the words, "Don't give up the ship." In reference to this point the writer was authorized by Sir Provo Wallis to publish the following statement: "We [officers of the *Shannon*] heard that when they were carrying Captain Lawrence below, mortally wounded, he uttered the words, 'Don't give up the ship.'" It hardly seems possible that such a myth could be started during the great excitement of battle and the confusion consequent on its termination and immediately after have reached the ears of the British officers.

Furthermore an officer of the *Chesapeake*, writing in a private letter of the voyage of the two ships from Boston to Halifax after the battle, remarks: "Captain Broke and Captain Lawrence were both delirious from their wounds. . . . When Captain Lawrence could speak, he would say, 'Don't give up the ship.'" This clearly shows that these words were strongly impressed upon his mind when he received his mortal wound.

Perhaps no naval encounter of this war called from contemporary writers and newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic so much

<sup>1</sup> Washington Irving; also Brighton's "Memoir of Admiral Sir P. B. V. Broke."

<sup>2</sup> Washington Irving.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Provo to the writer.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> Official report of Lieutenant Budd.

misrepresentation and exaggeration as the battle between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. The Americans were filled with the profoundest gloom and an unreasonable loss of confidence in their navy, while the English gave vent to most extravagant rejoicings; simply because an English frigate had captured an American of the same force. The published official report of Captain Broke contains the following episode: "Mr. Smyth, who commanded in our foretop, stormed the enemy's foretop from the foreyard arm, and destroyed all the Americans remaining in it." Sir Provo Wallis, however, who was present on that occasion, gives a somewhat different rendering. The "storming" he flatly contradicts. "It was mere invention 'Smith's having stormed her foretop'; but he did board her from our foreyard and slid down on one of her backstays." The same published official report observes: "The Lieutenants Johns and Law, of the marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions." To this Sir Provo replies: "Neither did the officers of the marines board, for when I took command of the quarter-deck I found them there." The report furthermore goes on to say: "Both ships came out of the action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had been only exchanging a salute." Admiral Wallis thought otherwise, for he says: "It was equally erroneous to say that the ships came out of action as perfect as if they had been only exchanging a salute; the fact being that our lower rigging was all cut through, and the masts, consequently, unsupported, so that had any sea been on they would have gone over the side." Finally, the report states: "I [Broke] was only capable of giving command till assured our conquest was complete; and then directing Second Lieutenant Wallis to take charge of the *Shannon* and secure the prisoners, I left the third lieutenant, Mr. Falkner (who had headed the main-deck boarders), in charge of the prize." In reference to this Admiral Wallis states: "Finally, the story of Broke having given me the orders to take charge of the *Shannon*, and Falkner the *Chesapeake*, was fabulous."

The English official report as published is dated "*Shannon*, Halifax, June 6, 1813," and is signed "P. B. V. Broke." The following medical certificate, however, proves that Captain Broke on the 6th of June, 1813, and for

six days before and several weeks after, was absolutely unable "to dictate or write" any account of the action whatever.

These are to certify that I, the undersigned, David Rowlands, M. D., F. R. S., late surgeon of H. B. M. Naval Hospital at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, was there when H. M. S. *Shannon* arrived with her prize, the American frigate *Chesapeake*, on Sunday, the 6th of June, 1813. The former was commanded by the present Captain Wallis, owing to the dreadful wound which Captain Broke had received in the action with the enemy a few days previous. On the 7th of June I was requested by Mr. Alexander Jack, the surgeon of the *Shannon*, to visit Captain Broke, confined to bed at the Commissioner's house in the dockyard, and found him in a very weak state, with an extensive saber wound on the side of the head, the brain exposed to view for three inches or more; he was unable to converse, save in monosyllables, and, I am sure, totally unable to dictate or write an account of the action for some time afterwards, owing to his severe wounds, loss of blood, and the shock his whole frame must have experienced by the blow on the head. . . . I grant this certificate to Captain Wallis, being called to do so by the death of Mr. Jack, the surgeon.

[Signed]

D. ROWLANDS, M. D.

Thus it appears that this published official report signed "P. B. V. Broke" was neither dictated nor authorized by that gallant officer, but was "a concoction of Commissioner Woodhouse and Captains Capel and Byron." Even had the gentleman who drew up the letter submitted it to the inspection of those personally engaged in the battle, said Admiral Wallis, "I would have corrected the errors."

It is such a disclosure as this that justifies American historians in hesitating to accept the official reports of the British commanders, as given to the public, as accurate copies of the originals when these originals are so jealously withheld from the scrutiny of impartial eyes; especially when English historians themselves repeatedly depart from the figures given in these published reports. The writer made every endeavor and brought every influence to bear in order personally to inspect and copy the original reports of all British commanders concerned in the war of 1812. But all to no purpose, the answer being, "Their Lordships express to you their regret at not being able to comply with this request, as the regulations in force preclude all public inspection of Admiralty records after the year 1800."

Edgar S. Maclay.



## THE CYNICAL MISS CATHERWAIGHT.



MISS CATHERWAIGHT'S collection of orders and decorations and medals was her chief offense in the eyes of those of her dear friends who thought her clever but cynical.

All of them were willing to admit that she was clever, but some of them said she was clever only to be unkind.

Young Van Bibber had said that if Miss Catherwaight did not like dances and days and teas she had only to stop going to them instead of making unpleasant remarks about those who did. So many people repeated this that young Van Bibber believed finally that he had said something good, and was somewhat pleased in consequence, as he was not much given to that sort of thing.

Mrs. Catherwaight, while she was alive, lived solely for society, and, so some people said, not only lived but died for it. She certainly did go about a great deal, and she used to carry her husband away from his library every night of every season and left him standing in the doorways of drawing-rooms, outwardly courteous and distinguished looking, but inwardly somnolent and unhappy. She was a born and trained social leader, and her daughter's coming out was to have been the greatest effort of her life. She regarded it as an event in the dear child's lifetime second only in importance to her birth; equally important with her probable marriage, and of much more poignant interest than her possible death. But the great effort proved too much for the mother, and she died, fondly remembered by her peers and tenderly referred to by a great many people who could not even show a card for her Thursdays. Her husband and her daughter were not going out, of necessity, for more than a year after her death, and then felt no inclination to begin over again, but lived very much together and showed themselves only occasionally.

They entertained, though, a great deal in the way of dinners, and an invitation to one of these dinners soon became a diploma for intellectual as well as social qualifications of a very high order.

One was always sure of meeting some one of consideration there, which was pleasant in itself, and also rendered it easy to let one's friends know where one had been dining. It

sounded so flat to boast abruptly, "I dined at the Catherwaights' last night"; while it seemed only natural to remark, "That reminds me of a story that novelist, what's his name, told at Mr. Catherwaight's," or "That English chap, who's been in Africa, was at the Catherwaights' the other night, and told me —"

After one of these dinners people always asked to be allowed to look over Miss Catherwaight's collection, of which — almost everybody had heard. It consisted of over a hundred medals and decorations which Miss Catherwaight had purchased while on the long tours she made with her father in all parts of the world. Each of them had been given as a reward for some public service; as a recognition of some virtue of the highest order — for personal bravery, for statesmanship, for great genius in the arts; and each had been pawned by the recipient or sold outright. Miss Catherwaight referred to them as her collection of dishonored honors, and called them variously her Orders of the Knights of the Almighty Dollar, pledges to patriotism and the pawnshops, and honors at second hand.

It was her particular fad to get as many of these together as she could and to know the story of each. The less creditable the story the more highly she valued the medal. People might think it was not a pretty hobby for a young girl, but they could not help smiling at the stories and at the scorn with which she told them.

"These," she would say, "are crosses of the Legion of Honor; they are of the lowest degree, that of chevalier. I keep them in this cigar box to show how cheaply I got them and how cheaply I hold them. I think you can get them here in New York for six dollars; they cost more than that, about forty francs, in Paris. At second-hand, of course. The French government can imprison you, you know, for ten years, if you wear one without the right to do so, but they have no punishment for those who choose to part with them for a mess of pottage.

"All these," she would run on, "are English war medals. See, on this one is 'Tel-el-Kebir,' 'Assonsan,' and 'Aboul-Keala.' He was quite a veteran, was he not? Well, he sold this to a dealer on Wardour street, London, for five and six. You can get any number of them on the Bowery for their weight in sil-

ver. I tried very hard to get a Victoria Cross when I was in England, and I only succeeded in getting this one after a great deal of trouble. They value the cross so highly, you know, that it is the only other decoration in the case which holds the Order of the Garter in the Jewel Room at the Tower. It is made of copper so that its intrinsic value won't have any weight with the man who gets it, but I bought this nevertheless for one pound six. The soldier to whom it belonged had loaded and fired a cannon all alone when the rest of the men about the battery had run away. He was captured by the enemy, but retaken immediately afterward by reinforcements from his own side, and the general in command recommended him to the Queen for decoration. He sold his cross to the proprietor of a curiosity shop and drank himself to death. I felt rather meanly about keeping it and hunted up his widow to return it to her, but she said I could have it for a pound.

"This gold medal was given, as you see, to 'Hiram J. Stillman, of the sloop *Annie Barker*, for saving the crew of the steamship *Olivia*, June 18, 1888,' by the President of the United States and both Houses of Congress. I found it on Baxter street in a pawnshop. The gallant Hiram J. had pawned it for sixteen dollars and never came back to claim it."

"But, Miss Catherwright," some optimist would object, "these men undoubtedly did do something brave and noble once. You can't get back of that; and they did n't do it for a medal either, but because it was their duty. And so the medal meant nothing to them: their conscience told them they had done the right thing; they did n't need a stamped coin to remind them of it, or of their wounds either, perhaps."

"Quite right; that's quite true," Miss Catherwright would say. "But how about this? Look at this gold medal with the diamonds: 'Presented to Colonel James F. Placerl by the men of his regiment in camp before Richmond.' Every soldier in the regiment gave something towards that, and yet the brave gentleman put it up at a game of poker one night, and the officer who won it sold it to the man who gave it to me. Can you defend that?"

Miss Catherwright was well known to the proprietors of the pawnshops and loan offices on the Bowery and Park Row. They learned to look for her once a month, and saved what medals they received for her and tried to learn their stories from the people who pawned them, or else invented some story which they hoped would answer just as well.

Though her brougham produced a sensation in the unfashionable streets into which she directed it, she was never annoyed. Her maid went with her into the shops, and one of

the grooms always stood at the door within call, to the intense delight of the neighborhood. And one day she found what, from her point of view, was a perfect gem. It was a poor, cheap-looking, tarnished silver medal, a half-dollar once, undoubtedly, beaten out roughly into the shape of a heart and engraved in script by the jeweler of some country town. On one side were two clasped hands with a wreath around them, and on the reverse was this inscription: "From Henry Burgoyne to his beloved friend Lewis L. Lockwood"; and below, "Through all prosperity and adversity." That was all. And here it was among razors and pistols and family Bibles in a pawnbroker's window. What a story there was in that! These two boy friends, and their boyish friendship that was to withstand adversity and prosperity, and all that remained of it was this inscription to its memory like the wording on a tomb!

"He could n't have got so much on it any way," said the pawnbroker, entering into her humor. "I did n't lend him more 'n a quarter of a dollar at the most."

Miss Catherwright stood wondering if the Lewis L. Lockwood could be Lewis L. Lockwood, the lawyer, one read so much about. Then she remembered his middle name was Lyman, and said quickly, "I'll take it, please."

She stepped into the carriage, and told the man to go find a directory and look for Lewis Lyman Lockwood. The groom returned in a few minutes and said there was such a name down in the book as a lawyer, and that his office was such a number on Broadway; it must be near Liberty. "Go there," said Miss Catherwright.

Her determination was made so quickly that they had stopped in front of a huge pile of offices, sandwiched in, one above the other, until they towered mountains high, before she had quite settled in her mind what she wanted to know or had appreciated how strange her errand might appear. Mr. Lockwood was out, one of the young men in the outer office said, but the junior partner, Mr. Latimer, was in and would see her. She had only time to remember that the junior partner was a dancing acquaintance of hers, before young Mr. Latimer stood before her smiling, and with her card in his hand.

"Mr. Lockwood is out just at present, Miss Catherwright," he said, "but he will be back in a moment. Won't you come into the other room and wait? I am sure he won't be away over five minutes. Or is it something I could do?"

She saw that he was surprised to see her, and a little ill at ease as to just how to take her visit. He tried to make it appear that he con-

sidered it the most natural thing in the world, but he overdid it, and she saw that her presence was something quite out of the common. This did not tend to set her any more at her ease. She already regretted the step she had taken. What if it should prove to be the same Lockwood, she thought, and what would they think of her?

"Perhaps you will do better than Mr. Lockwood," she said as she followed him into the inner office. "I fear I have come upon a very foolish errand, and one that has nothing at all to do with the law."

"Not a breach of promise suit, then?" said young Latimer with a smile. "Perhaps it is only an innocent subscription to a most worthy charity. I was afraid at first," he went on lightly, "that it was legal redress you wanted, and I was hoping that the way I led the Courdret's cotillion had made you think I could conduct you through the mazes of the law as well."

"No," returned Miss Catherwright with a nervous laugh; "it has to do with my unfortunate collection. This is what brought me here," she said, holding out the silver medal. "I came across it just now in the Bowery. The name was the same, and I thought it just possible Mr. Lockwood would like to have it; or, to tell you the truth, that he might tell me what had become of the Henry Burgoyne who gave it to him."

Young Latimer had the medal in his hand before she had finished speaking, and was examining it carefully. He looked up with just a touch of color in his cheeks and straightened himself visibly.

"Please don't be offended," said the fair collector; "I know what you think. You've heard of my stupid collection, and I know you think I meant to add this to it. But, indeed, now that I have had time to think—you see I came here immediately from the pawnshop, and I was so interested, like all collectors, you know, that I did n't stop to consider. That's the worst of a hobby; it carries one roughshod over other people's feelings, and runs away with one. I beg of you, if you do know anything about the coin, just to keep it and don't tell me, and I assure you what little I know I will keep quite to myself."

Young Latimer bowed, and stood looking at her curiously with the medal in his hand.

"I hardly know what to say," he began slowly. "It really has a story. You say you found this on the Bowery, in a pawnshop. Indeed! Well, of course, you know Mr. Lockwood could not have left it there."

Miss Catherwright shook her head vehemently and smiled in deprecation.

"This medal was in his safe when he lived

on Thirty-fifth street at the time he was robbed, and the burglars took this with the rest of the silver and pawned it, I suppose. Mr. Lockwood would have given more for it than any one else could have afforded to pay." He paused a moment, and then continued more rapidly: "Henry Burgoyne is Judge Burgoyne. Ah! you did n't guess that? Yes, Mr. Lockwood and he were friends when they were boys. They went to school in Westchester County. They were Damon and Pythias and that sort of thing. They roomed together at the State college and started to practise law in Tuckahoe as a firm, but they made nothing of it, and came on to New York and began reading law again with Fuller & Mowbray. It was while they were at school that they had these medals made. There was a mate to this, you know; Judge Burgoyne had it. Well, they continued to live and work together. They were both orphans and dependent on themselves. I suppose that was one of the strongest bonds between them; and they knew no one in New York, and always spent their spare time together. They were pretty poor, I fancy, from all Mr. Lockwood has told me, but they were very ambitious. They were—I'm telling you this, you understand, because it concerns you somewhat: well, more or less. They were great sportsmen, and whenever they could get away from the law office they would go off shooting. I think they were fonder of each other than brothers even. I've heard Mr. Lockwood tell of the days they lay in the rushes along the Chesapeake Bay waiting for duck. He has said often that they were the happiest hours of his life. That was their greatest pleasure, going off together after duck or snipe along the Maryland waters. Well, they grew rich and began to know people; and then they met a girl. It seems they both thought a great deal of her, as half the New York men did, I am told; and she was the reigning belle and toast, and had other admirers, and neither met with that favor she showed—well, the man she married, for instance. But for a while each thought, for some reason or other, that he was especially favored. I don't know anything about it. Mr. Lockwood never spoke of it to me. But they both fell very deeply in love with her, and each thought the other disloyal, and so they quarreled; and—and then, though the woman married, the two men kept apart. It was the one great passion of their lives, and both were proud, and each thought the other in the wrong, and so they have kept apart ever since. And—well, I believe that is all."

Miss Catherwright had listened in silence and with one little gloved hand tightly clasping the other.

"Indeed, Mr. Latimer, indeed," she began tremulously, "I am terribly ashamed of myself. I seem to have rushed in where angels fear to tread. I would n't meet Mr. Lockwood *now* for worlds. Of course I might have known there was a woman in the case, it adds so much to the story. But I suppose I must give up my medal. I never could tell that story, could I?"

"No," said young Latimer, dryly; "I would n't if I were you."

Something in his tone, and something in the fact that he seemed to avoid her eyes, made her drop the lighter vein in which she had been speaking, and rise to go. There was much that he had not told her, she suspected, and when she bade him good-by it was with a reserve which she had not shown at any other time during their interview.

"I wonder who that woman was?" she murmured as young Latimer turned from the brougham door and said "Home," to the driver. She thought about it a great deal that afternoon; at times she repented that she had given up the medal, and at times she blushed that she should have been carried in her zeal into such an unwarranted intimacy with another's story.

She determined finally to ask her father about it. He would be sure to know, she thought, as he and Mr. Lockwood were contemporaries. Then she decided finally not to say anything about it at all, for Mr. Catherwaight did not approve of the collection of dishonored honors as it was, and she had no desire to prejudice him still further by a recital of her afternoon's adventure, of which she had no doubt but he would also disapprove. So she was more than usually silent during the dinner, which was a tête-à-tête family dinner that night, and she allowed her father to doze after it in his great chair without disturbing him with either questions or confessions.

They had been sitting there some time, he with his hands folded on the evening paper and with his eyes closed, when the servant brought in a card and offered it to Mr. Catherwaight. Mr. Catherwaight fumbled over his glasses, and read the name on the card aloud: "Mr. Lewis L. Lockwood." Dear me!" he said; "what can Mr. Lockwood be calling upon me about?"

Miss Catherwaight sat upright, and reached out for the card with a nervous, gasping little laugh.

"Oh, I think it must be for me," she said; "I'm quite sure it is intended for me. I was at his office to-day, you see, to return him some keepsake of his that I found in an old curiosity shop. Something with his name on it that had been stolen from him and pawned.

It was just a trifle. You need n't go down, dear; I'll see him. It was I he asked for, I'm sure; was it not, Morris?"

Morris was not quite sure; being such an old gentleman, he thought it must be for Mr. Catherwaight he'd come.

Mr. Catherwaight was not greatly interested. He did not like to disturb his after-dinner nap, and he settled back in his chair again and refolded his hands.

"I hardly thought he could have come to see me," he murmured drowsily; "though I used to see enough and more than enough of Lewis Lockwood once, my dear," he added with a smile, as he opened his eyes and nodded before he shut them again. "That was before your mother and I were engaged, and people did say that young Lockwood's chances at that time were as good as mine. But they were n't, it seems. He was very attentive, though; *very* attentive."

Miss Catherwaight stood startled and motionless at the door from which she had turned.

"Attentive—to whom?" she asked quickly and in a very low voice. "To my mother?"

Mr. Catherwaight did not deign to open his eyes this time, but moved his head uneasily as if he wished to be let alone.

"To your mother, of course, my child," he answered; "of whom else was I speaking?"

Miss Catherwaight went down the stairs to the drawing-room slowly, and paused half way to allow this new suggestion to settle in her mind. There was something distasteful to her, something that seemed not altogether unblamable, in a woman's having two men quarrel about her, neither of whom was the woman's husband. And yet this girl of whom Latimer had spoken must be her mother, and she, of course, could do no wrong. It was very disquieting, and she went on down the rest of the way with one hand resting heavily on the railing and with the other pressed against her cheeks. She was greatly troubled. It now seemed to her very sad indeed that these two one-time friends should live in the same city and meet, as they must meet, and not recognize each other. She argued that her mother must have been very young when it happened, or she would have brought two such men together again. Her mother could not have known, she told herself; she was not to blame. For she felt sure that had she herself known of such an accident she would have done something, said something, to make it right. And she was not half the woman her mother had been, she was sure of that.

There was something very likable in the old gentleman who came forward to greet her as she entered the drawing-room; something courtly and of the old school, of which she was



"WHAT CAN MR. LOCKWOOD BE CALLING UPON ME ABOUT?"

so tired of hearing, but of which she wished she could have seen more in the men she met. Young Mr. Latimer had accompanied his guardian, exactly why she did not see, but she recognized his presence slightly. He seemed quite content to remain in the background. Mr. Lockwood, as she had expected, explained that he had called to thank her for the return of the medal. He had it in his hand as he spoke, and touched it gently with the tips of his fingers as though caressing it.

"I knew your father very well," said the lawyer, "and I at one time had the honor of being one of your mother's younger friends. That was before she was married, many years ago." He stopped and regarded the girl gravely and with a touch of tenderness. "You will pardon an old man, old enough to be your father, if he says," he went on, "that you are greatly like your mother, my dear young lady—greatly like. Your mother was very kind to me, and I

fear I abused her kindness; abused it by misunderstanding it. There was a great deal of misunderstanding; and I was proud and my friend was proud, and so the misunderstanding continued, until now it has become irretrievable."

He had forgotten her presence apparently, and was speaking more to himself than to her as he stood looking down at the medal in his hand.

"You were very thoughtful to give me this," he continued; "it was very good of you. I don't know why I should keep it though, now, although I was distressed enough when I lost it. But now it is only a reminder of a time that is past and put away, but which was very, very dear to me. Perhaps I should tell you that I had a misunderstanding with the friend who gave it to me, and since then we have never met; have ceased to know each other. But I have always followed his life as a judge and as a lawyer, and respected him

for his own sake as a man. I cannot tell — I do not know how he feels towards me."

The old lawyer turned the medal over in his hand and stood looking down at it wistfully.

The cynical Miss Catherwaight could not stand it any longer.

"Mr. Lockwood," she said impulsively, "Mr. Latimer has told me why you and your friend separated, and I cannot bear to think that it was she — my mother — should have been the cause. She could not have understood; she must have been innocent of any knowledge of the trouble she had brought to men who were such good friends of hers and to each other. It seems to me as though my finding that coin is more than a coincidence. I somehow think that the daughter is to help undo the harm that her mother has caused — unwittingly caused. Keep the medal and don't give it back to me, for I am sure your friend has kept his, and I am sure he is still your friend at heart. Don't think I am speaking hastily or that I am thoughtless in what I am saying, but it seems to me as if friends — good, true friends — were so few that one cannot let them go without a word to bring them back. But though I am only a girl, and a very light and unfeeling girl, some people think, I feel this very much, and I do wish I could bring your old friend back to you again as I brought back his pledge."

"It has been many years since Henry Burgoyne and I have met," said the old man, slowly, "and it would be quite absurd to think that he still holds any trace of that foolish, boyish feeling of loyalty that we once had for each other. Yet I will keep this, if you will let me, and I thank you, my dear young lady, for what you have said. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You are as good and as kind as your mother was, and — I can say nothing, believe me, in higher praise."

He rose slowly and made a movement as if to leave the room, and then, as if the excitement of this sudden return into the past could not be shaken off so readily, he started forward with a move of sudden determination.

"I think," he said, "I will go to Henry Burgoyne's house at once, to-night. I will act on what you have suggested. I will see if this has or has not been one long, unprofitable mistake. If my visit should be fruitless I will send you this coin to add to your collection of dishonored honors, but if it should result as I hope it may, it will be your doing, Miss Catherwaight, and two old men will have much to thank you for. Good-night," he said as he bowed above her hand, "and — God bless you!"

Miss Catherwaight flushed slightly at what

he had said, and sat looking down at the floor for a moment after the door had closed behind him.

Young Mr. Latimer moved uneasily in his chair. The routine of the office had been strangely disturbed that day, and he now failed to recognize in the girl before him with reddened cheeks and trembling eyelashes the cold, self-possessed young woman of society whom he had formerly known.

"You have done very well, if you will let me say so," he began gently. "I hope you are right in what you said, and that Mr. Lockwood will not meet with a rebuff or an ungracious answer. Why," he went on quickly, "I have seen him take out his gun now every spring and every fall for the last ten years and clean and polish it and tell what great shots he and Henry, as he calls him, used to be. And then he would say he would take a holiday and get off for a little shooting. But he never went. He would put the gun back into its case again and mope in his library for days afterward. You see, he never married, and though he adopted me, in a manner, and is fond of me in a certain way, no one ever took the place in his heart his old friend had held."

"You will let me know, will you not, at once, — to-night, even, — whether he succeeds or not?" said the cynical Miss Catherwaight. "You can understand why I am so deeply interested. I see now why you said I would not tell the story of that medal. But, after all, it may be the prettiest story, the only pretty story I have to tell."

Mr. Lockwood had not returned, the man said, when young Latimer reached the home the lawyer had made for them both. He did not know what to argue from this, but determined to sit up and wait, and so sat smoking before the fire and listening with his sense of hearing on a strain for the first movement at the door.

He had not long to wait. The front door shut with a clash, and he heard Mr. Lockwood crossing the hall quickly to the library, in which he waited. Then the inner door was swung back, and Mr. Lockwood came in with his head high and his eyes smiling brightly.

There was something in his step that had not been there before, something light and vigorous, and he looked ten years younger. He crossed the room to his writing-table without speaking and began tossing the papers about on his desk. Then he closed the rolling-top lid with a snap and looked up smiling.

"I shall have to ask you to look after things at the office for a little while," he said. "Judge Burgoyne and I are going to Maryland for a few weeks' shooting."

*Richard Harding Davis.*

## COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—II.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT.



THE colonel's front yard, while as quaint and old fashioned as his house, was not — if I may be allowed — quite so well bred.

This came partly from the outdoor life it had always led and from its close association with other yards that had lost all semblance of respectability, and partly from the fact

that it had never felt the refining influences of the friends of the house; for nobody ever lingered in the front yard who by any possibility could get into the front door — nobody, except perhaps now and then a stray tramp, who felt at home at once and went to sleep on the steps.

That all this told upon its character and appearance was shown in the remains of the whitewash on the high wall, scaling off in discolored patches; in the stagger of the tall fence opposite, drooping like a drunkard between two policemen of posts; and in the unkempt, bulging rear of the third wall, — the front house, — stuffed with rags and tied up with clothes-lines.

If in the purity of its youth it had ever seen better days as a garden — but then no possible stretch of imagination, however brilliant, could ever convert this miserable quadrangle into a garden.

It contains, of course, as all such yards do, one lone plant, — this time a honeysuckle, — which in the innocence of its youth had clambered over the front door and there rested as if content to stay; but which later on, frightened at the surroundings, had with one great spring cleared the slippery wall between, reached the rain-spout above, and by its helping arm thus escaped to the roof and the sunlight.

It is also true that high up on this same wall there still clings the remains of a criss-cross wooden trellis supporting the shivering branches of a vine of some kind which had

spent its whole life, only to die in the attempt, in trying to grow high enough to look over the tall fence into the yard beyond; but this was so long ago that not even the landlord remembers the color of its blossoms.

Then there is an old-fashioned hydrant, with a half-spiral crank of a handle on its top and the curved end of a lead pipe always aleak thrust through its rotten side, with its little statues of ice all winter and its spattering slop all summer.

Besides all this there are some broken flower-pots in a heap in one corner, — suicides from the window-sills above, — and some sagging clothes-lines, and a battered watering-pot, and a box or two that might once have held flowers; and yet with all this circumstantial evidence against me I still cannot conscientiously believe that this forlorn courtyard ever could have risen to the dignity of a garden.

But of course nothing of all this can be seen at night. At night one sees only the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market with its one blazing eye glaring high up over the fence, the little lantern hung in the tunnel, and the glow through the curtains shading the old-fashioned windows of the house itself, telling of the warmth and comfort within.

To-night when I push open the swinging door — the door of the tunnel entering from the street — the lantern is gone, and in its stead I see only the glimmer of a mysterious light moving around the yard — a light that comes and goes, falling now on the bare wall, then on the front steps, making threads of gold of the twisted iron railings, on the posts of the leaning fence, against which hang three feathery objects, grotesque and curious in the changing shadows, and again on some barrels and boxes surrounded by loose straw.

Following this light — in fact, guiding it — is a noiseless, crouching figure that peers under the open steps, gropes around the front door, creeps beneath the windows, moving uneasily with a burglar-like tread.

I grasp my umbrella, advance to the edge of the tunnel, and call out:

"Who 's that?"

The figure stops, straightens up, holds a lantern high over his head, and peers into the darkness.

There is no mistaking that face.

"Oh, that 's you, Chad, is it? What the devil are you doing?"



"WHO 'S THAT?"

"Lookin' for one ob dese yer tar'pins Miss Nancy sent de colonel. Dey was seben ob 'em in dis box, an' now dey ain't but six. Hole dis light, Major, an' lemme fumble round dis rain-spout."

Chad handed me the lantern, fell on his knees, and began crawling around the small yard like an old dog hunting for a possum, feeling in among the roots of the honeysuckle, between the barrels in which the colonel's china came from Carter Hall, under the steps, way back where Chad kept his wood ashes—but no "brer tar'pin."

"Well, if dat don't beat de lan'! Dey was two ba'els—one had dat wild turkey an' de pair o' geese you see hangin' on de fence dar, an' de udder ba'el I jes ca'ed down de cellar full er oishters. De tar'pins was in dis box—seben ob 'em. Spec' dat rapsallion crawled ober de fence?" And Chad picked up the basket with the remaining half-dozen and descended the basement steps on his way through the kitchen to the front door above. Before he reached the bottom step I heard him break out with:

"Oh, yer you is, you black debbil! Tryin' to git in de door, is ye? De pot is whar you 'll git!"

At the foot of the short steps, flat on his back, head and legs wriggling like an overturned roach, lay the missing terrapin. It had

crawled to the edge of the opening and had fallen down in the darkness.

Chad picked him up and kept on grumbling, shaking his finger at the motionless terrapin, whose head and legs were now tight drawn between its shells.

"Gre't mine to squish ye! Wearin' out my old knees lookin' for ye. Nebber mine, I 'm gwine to bile ye fust an' de longest—hear dat?—de longest!" Then looking up at me, he said, "I got him, Major—try dat do'. Spec' it 's open. Colonel ain't yer yit. Reckon some ob dem moonshiners is keepin' him down town. 'Fo' I forgit it, dar 's a letter for ye hangin' to de mantelpiece."

The door and the letter were both opened, the latter being half a sheet of paper impaled by a pin, which alone saved it from the roaring fire that Chad had just replenished.

I held it to the light and learned, to my disappointment, that business of enormous importance to the C. & W. A. L. R. R. might preclude the possibility of the colonel's leaving his office until late. If such a calamity overtook him, would I forgive him and take possession of his house and cellar and make myself as comfortable as I could with my best friend away? This postscript followed:

"Open the new Madeira; Chad has the key."

Chad wreaked his vengeance upon the absconding terrapin by plunging him with all his sins upon him headlong into the boiling pot, and half an hour later was engaged at a side table in removing, with the help of an iron fork, the upper shell of the steaming vagabond, for my special comfort and sustenance.

"Tar'pin jes like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. But you got to know 'em fust to eat 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate, an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it," said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the impromptu dish.

"Now, Major, take yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid eberv mou'ful take one o' dem little yaller eggs. Dat 's de way we eat tar'pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dat 's tar'pin."

I followed Chad's directions to the word, picking the terrapin as I would a crab and smothering the dainty bits in the hot sauce, until only two empty shells and a heap of little bones were left to tell the tale of my appetite.

"Gwine to crawl ober de fence, was ye?" I heard him say with a chuckle as he bore away the debris. "What I tell ye? Whar am ye now?"

"Did Miss Nancy send those terrapin?" I

asked, watching the old darky drawing the cork of the new Madeira referred to in the colonel's note.

"Ob co'se, Major; Miss Nancy gibs de colonel eberythin'. Did n't ye know dat? She's de on'y one what 's got anythin' to gib, an' she would n't hab dat on'y frough de war her money was in de bank in Baltimo'. I know, 'cause I went dar once to git some for her. De Yankee soldiers searched me; but some possums got two holes."

"And did she send him the Madeira too?"

"No, sah; Mister Groceman gib him dat."

For some time he kept silent, brushing the crumbs away, replacing a plate or two, or filling my wine-glass, until at last he took his place behind my chair as was his custom with his master.

It was easy to see that Chad had something on his mind.

Every now and then a sigh escaped him, which he tried to conceal by some irrelevant remark, as if his sorrow was his own and not to be shared with a stranger. Finally he gave an uneasy glance around, and, looking into my face with an expression of positive pain, said:

"Don't tell de colonel I axed, but when is dis yer railroad gwinter fotch some money in?"

"Why?" said I, wondering what extravagance the old man had fallen into.

"Nuffin', sah; but if it don't putty quick, dar's gwinter be trouble. Dese yer gemmen on de av'nue is gittin' ugly. When I got dat Madary de udder day de tall one war n't gwine to gib it to me, pass-book or no pass-book. On'y de young one say he 'd seen de colonel, an' he was a gemmen an' all right, I would n't 'a' got it at all. De tall gemmen was comin' right around hisself—what he wanted to see, he said, was de color ob de colonel's money. Been mo' den two months, an' not a cent.

"Co'se I tole same as I been tellin' him, dat de colonel's folks is quality folks; but he say dat don't pay de bills."

"Did you tell the colonel?"

"No, sah; ain't no use tellin' de colonel; on'y worry him. He's got de pass-book, but I ain't yerd him say nuffin' yit 'bout payin' him. I been spectin' Miss Nancy up here, an' de colonel says she's comin' putty soon. She'll fix 'em; but dey ain't no time to waste."

While he spoke there came a sharp knock at the door, and Chad returned trembling all over with excitement and fear, with a face the very picture of despair.

"Dat 's de tall man hisself, sah, an' his dander 's up. I knowed dese Yankees in de war, an' I don't like 'em when dey 's ris'. When I tole him de colonel ain't home he look at me pizen-like, same as I was a-lyin'; an' den

he stop an' listen an' say he come back to-night. Trouble comin'; old coon smells de dog. Wish we was home an' out ob dis!"

I tried to divert his attention into other channels and calm his fears, assuring him that the colonel would come out all right; that these enterprises were slow, etc.; but the old man only shook his head.

"You know, Major, de colonel ain't nuffin' but a chile, an' about his bills he 's wuss. But I 'm yer, an' I 'm 'sponsible. 'Chad,' he says, 'go out an' git six mo' bottles of dat old Madary'; an' 'Chad, don't forgit de sweet ile'; an' 'Chad, is we got claret enough to last ober Sunday?'—an' not a cent in de house. I ain't slep' none for two nights, worritin' ober dis business, an' I 'm mos' crazy."

I laid down my knife and fork and looked up. The old man's lip was quivering, and something very like a tear stood in each eye.

"I can't hab nuffin' happen to de fambly, Major. You know our folks is quality, an' always was, an' I dassent look my mistress in de face if anythin' teches Marsa George." Then bending down he said in a hoarse whisper: "See dat old clock out dar wid his eye



"MISTER GROCEMAN."

always open? Know what 's down below dat in de cellar? De jail!" And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

It was some time before I could quiet the old darky's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, Marsa John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young

lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch an' de little piccanninies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den such a breakfast an' such dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-brilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey 'll all git an' away dey 'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa,"—and his eyes glistened,—  
"my Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

"'Chad,' he use' ter say,—you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant,—'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head'; an' den when I come he 'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat 's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 't wa'n't no birds about his voice den—mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckel member a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad,—an' some niggers is dat way,—den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He would n't had 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take me a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—

dat 's one ob 'em ye is drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' than fo' on 'em left. Ole marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to oun.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid ole Marsa John was ober Henny. She was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen once where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat 's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat 's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a carvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is here; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes an' marsa says, lookin' up:

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I 'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd ole marsa a-hollerin':

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose.'

"'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'Is we got a goose? Did n't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in just as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says ole marsa, pickin' up his carvin' knife.

"What 'll you take for dinner, miss?" says I. "Baked ham?"

"No," she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; "I think I 'll take a leg ob dat goose"—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

"What 'll you take for dinner, sah?" says I. "Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?"



"CHAD, DID YOU FIND ANY MONEY ON THE FLO' WHEN YOU BRUSHED MY CLOTHES?" (SEE PAGE 235.)

"No; I think I 'll take a leg of dat goose."

"I did n't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa' n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for de udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled carvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:

"Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?"

"It did n't hab none," says I.

"You mean to say, Chad, dat de geese on my plantation on'y got one leg?"

"Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little hurried to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust."

"Well," said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I 'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I 'm gwine to show dis nigger dat all de geese on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de geese sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself on my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"Dar, marsa," says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat 's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"Stop, you black scoundrel!" Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. "Shoo!"

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob 'em geese did n't put down de udder leg!"

"Now, you lyin' nigger," he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I 'll show you—'

"Stop, Marsa John! I hollered; 't ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"Why ain't it fair?" says he.

"'Cause," says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"<sup>1</sup>

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:

"Chad, where did dat leg go?" An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:

"Dat 's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?"

"Yes, marsa," says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held de stirrup for him to

<sup>1</sup> This story, and the story of the "Postmaster" in the November part, I have told for so many years and to so many people, and with such varied amplifications, that I have long since persuaded myself that they are

creations of my own. I surmise, however, that the basis of the "Postmaster" could be found in the corner of some forgotten newspaper, and I know that the "One-Legged Goose" is as old as the "Decameron."

git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation an' did n't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me the reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis artemnoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she 's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

A SHARP knock at the outer door, and the next moment the colonel was stamping his feet on the hall mat, his first word to Chad an inquiry after my comfort, and his second an apology to me for what he called his brutal want of hospitality.

"But I could n't help it, Major. I had some letters, suh, that could not be postponed. Has Chad taken good care of you? No dinner, Chad; I dined downtown. How is the Madeira, Major?"

I expressed my entire approbation of the wine and was about to fill the colonel's glass when Chad leaned over with the same anxious look in his face.

"De groceman was here, Colonel, an' lef' word dat he was comin' again later."

"You don't say so, Chad, and I was out: most unfortunate occurrence! When he calls again show him in at once. It will give me great pleasure to see him."

Then turning to me, his mind on the pass-book and its empty pages — "I'll lay a wager that man's father was a gentleman. The fact is, Major, I have not treated him with proper respect. He has shown me every courtesy since I have been here, and I am ashamed to say that I have not entered his doors once. His calling twice in one evening touches me deeply. I did not expect to find yo' tradespeople so polite."

Chad's face was a study while his master spoke, but he was too well trained, and still too anxious over the outcome of the expected interview, to do more than bow obsequiously to the colonel — his invariable custom when receiving an order — and close the door behind him.

"That old servant," continued the colonel, watching Chad leave the room, and drawing his chair nearer the fire, "has been in my fam'ly ever since he was bawn. But for him and his old wife, Mammy Henny, I would be homeless to-night." And then the colonel, with that soft cadence in his voice which I always noticed when he was speaking of something that touched his heart, told me with evident feeling how, in every crisis of fire, pillage, and raid through which the old house had passed, these two faithful souls had kept un-



"THE COLONEL WAS STANDING ON THE MAT."

ceasing watch about the place; refastening the wrenched doors, replacing the shattered shutters, or extinguishing the embers of abandoned bivouac fires. Indeed, for months at a time they were its only occupants, outside of strolling marauders and bands of foragers, and but for their untiring devotion its tall chimneys would long since have stood like tombstones over the grave of its ashes. Then he added, with a break in his voice that told how deeply he felt it:

"Do you know, Major, that when I was a prisoner at City Point that nigger tramped a hundred miles through the coast swamps to reach me, crossed both lines twice, hung around for three months for his chance, and has carried in his leg ever since the ball intended for me the night I escaped in his clothes and he was shot in mine.

"I tell you, suh, the color of a man's skin don't make much difference sometimes. Chad was bawn a gentleman, and he'll never get over it."

As he was speaking the object of his eulogy opened the hall door, and the next instant a tall, red-headed man with closely trimmed side whiskers, and wearing a brown check suit and a blue necktie, ran the gantlet of Chad's profound but anxious bow, and advanced towards the colonel, hat in hand. The colonel arose gracefully.

"Which is Mr. Carter?"

"I am Colonel Caarter, suh, and I presume you are the gentleman to whom I am indebted

for so many courtesies. My servant tells me that you called earlier in the evenin'. I regret, suh, that I was detained so late at my office, and I have to thank you for perseve'in' the second time. I assure you, suh, that I esteem it a special honor."

The tall gentleman with the auburn whiskers wiped his face with his handkerchief, which he took from his hat, and stated with some timidity that he hoped he did not intrude at that late hour. He had sent his pass-book, and—

"I have looked it over, suh, repeatedly, with the greatest pleasure. It is a custom new to us in my county, but it meets with my hearty approval. Give yo' hat to my servant, suh, and take this seat by the fire."

The proprietor of the hat after some protestations suffered Chad to bear away that protection to his slightly bald head,—retaining his handkerchief, which he finally rolled up into a little wad and held tightly clenched in the perspiring palm of his left hand,—and then threw out the additional hope that everything was satisfactory.

"Delicious, suh; I have not tasted such Madeira since the wah. In my cellar at home, suh, I once had some old Madeira of '28 that was given to my father, the late General John Caarter, by old Judge Thornton. You, of course, know that wine, suh. Ah! I see that you do."

And then followed one of the colonel's delightful monologues descriptive of all the vintages of that year, the colonel constantly appealing to the dazed and delighted groceryman to be set right in minor technical matters,—of which the grocer knew as much as he did about the Aztec dialects,—the colonel supplying the needed data himself, and then thanking the auburn gentleman for the information so charmingly that for the moment that worthy tradesman began to wonder why he had not long before risen from the commonplace level of canned vegetables to the more sublime plane of wines in the wood.

"Now the Madeira you sent me this mornin', suh, is a trifle too fruity for my taste. Chad, open a fresh bottle."

The owner of the pass-book instantly detected a very decided fruity flavor, but thought he had another wine, which he would send in the morning, that might suit the colonel's palate better.

The colonel thanked him, and then drifted into the wider field of domestic delicacies,—the preserving of fruits, the making of pickles as practised on the plantations by the old Virginia cooks,—the colonel waxing eloquent over each production, and the future wine merchant becoming more and more enchanted as the colonel flowed on.

When he rose to go the grocer had a mental list of the things he would send the colonel in the morning all arranged in his commercial head, and so great was his delight that after shaking hands with me once and with the colonel three times, he would have extended that courtesy also to Chad had not that perfectly trained servant checkmated him by filling his extended palm with the rim of his own hat.

When Chad returned from bowing him through the tunnel, the lines in his face a tangle of emotions, the colonel was standing on the mat—back to the fire, coat thrown open, thumbs in his armholes, and his outstretched fingers beating woodpecker tattoos on his vest.

Somehow the visit of the grocer had lifted him out of the cares of the day. How, he could not tell. Perhaps it was the fragrance of the Madeira; perhaps the respectful, over-awed bow,—the bow of the tradesman the world over to the landed proprietor,—restoring to him for one brief moment that old feudal supremacy which above all else his soul loved; perhaps it was only the warmth and cheer and comfort of it all.

Whatever it was, it buoyed and strengthened him. He was again in the old dining-hall at home: the servants moving noiselessly about; the cut-glass decanters reflected in the polished mahogany; the candles lighted; his old, white-haired father, in his high-backed chair, sipping his wine from the slender glass.

Ah, the proud estate of the old plantation days! Would they ever be his again?

#### THE ARRIVAL OF A TRUE SOUTHERN LADY.

"MISTRESS yer, sah! Come yistidd'y maw-nin'."

How Chad beams all over when this simple statement falls from his lips!

I have not seen him since the night when he stood behind my chair and with bated breath whispered his anxieties lest the second advent of "de grocerman" should bring dire destruction to the colonel's household.

To-day he looks ten years younger. His kinky gray hair, generally knotted into little wads, is now divided by a well-defined path starting from the great wrinkle in his forehead and ending in a dense tangle of underbrush that no comb dare penetrate. His face glistens all over. His mouth is wide open, showing a great cavity in which each tooth seems to dance with delight. His jacket is as white and stiff as soap and starch can make it, while a cast-off cravat of the colonel's—double starched to suit Chad's own ideas of propriety—is tied in a single knot, the two ends reaching to the

very edge of each ear. To crown all, a red carnation flames away on the lapel of his jacket, just above an outside pocket, which holds in check a pair of white cotton gloves bulging with importance and eager for use. Every time he bows he touches with a sweep both sides of the narrow hall.

It was the first time I had seen the interior of the colonel's cozy dining-room by daylight. Heretofore my visits had always been after dark, with lighted candles, roaring wood fires, and drawn curtains. But this time it was in the morning,—and a bright, sunny, lovely spring morning at that,—with one window open in the L and the curtains drawn back from the other; with the honeysuckle beginning to bud, its long runners twisting themselves inquiringly through the half-closed shutters as if anxious to discover what all this bustle inside was about.

It was easy to see that some other touch besides that of the colonel and his faithful man-of-all-work had left its impress in the bachelor apartment. There was a general air of order apparent. The irregular line of foot gear which decorated the wash-board of one wall, beginning with a pair of worsted slippers and ending with a wooden bootjack, was gone. Whisk-brooms and dusters that had never known a restful nail since they entered the colonel's service were now suspended peacefully on convenient hooks. Dainty white curtains gathered like a child's frock flapped lazily against the broken green blinds, and some sprays of arbutus plucked by Miss Nancy on her way to the station drooped about a tall glass on the mantel.

Chad had solved the mystery—Aunt Nancy came yesterday.

I found the table set for four, its chief feature being a tray bearing a heap of egg-shell cups and saucers I had not seen before, and an old-fashioned tea-urn humming a tune all to itself.

"The colonel is out, but will return in a few minutes," Chad said eagerly, all out of breath with excitement. Mr. Fitzpatrick was coming to breakfast, and he was to tell Miss Nancy the moment we arrived. He then reduced the bulge in his outside pocket by thrusting his big hands into his white gloves, gave a sidelong glance at the flower in his button-hole, and bore my card aloft with the air of a cupbearer serving a princess.

A soft step on the stair, the rustle of silk, a warning word outside: "Look out for dat lower step, mistress—dat 's it"; and Miss Nancy entered the room.

No, I am wrong. She became a part of it; as much so as the old andirons and the easy chairs and the old-fashioned mantelpieces, the

snowy curtains and the trailing vine. More so when she gave me the slightest dip of a courtesy and laid her dainty, wrinkled little hand in mine, and said in the sweetest possible voice how glad she was to see me after so many years, and how grateful she felt for all my kindness to the dear colonel. Then she sank into a quaint rocking-chair that Chad had brought down behind her, rested her feet on a low stool that mysteriously appeared from under the table, and took her knitting from her reticule.

She had changed somewhat since I last saw her, but only as would an old bit of precious stuff that as it grew the older grew only the more mellow and harmonious in tone. She had the same silky gray hair—a trifle whiter, perhaps; the same frank, tender mouth, winning wherever she smiled; the same slight, graceful figure; and the same manner—its very simplicity a reflex of that refined and quiet life she had always led.

It had been an isolated life, buried since her girlhood in a great house far away from the broadening influences of a city, and saddened by the daily witness of a slow decay of all she had been taught to revere; but it had been a life so filled with the largeness of generous deeds that its returns had brought her only the love and reverence of every living soul she knew.

While she sat and talked to me of her journey I had time to enjoy again the quaintness of her dress—the quaintness of forty years ago. There was the same old-fashioned, soft gray silk with up-and-down stripes spotted with sprigs of flowers, the lace cap with its frill of narrow pink ribbons and two wide pink strings that fell over the shoulders, and the handkerchief of India mull folded across the breast and fastened with an amethyst pin. Her little bits of feet—they were literally so—were incased in white stockings and heelless morocco slippers bound with braid.

Her dress was not somber. It never was. She always seemed to remember even in her bright ribbons and silks the days of her girlhood, when half the young men in the county were wild about her. When she moved she wafted towards you a perfume of sweet lavender—the very smell that you remember came from your own mother's old-fashioned bureau drawer when she let you stand on tiptoe to see her pretty things. When you kissed her—and once I did—her cheek was as soft as a child's and fragrant with rose-water.

But I hear the colonel's voice outside, laughing with Fitz.

"Come in, suh, and see the dearest woman in the world."

The next instant he burst in dressed in his

gala combination — white vest and cravat, the old coat thrown wide open as if to welcome the world, and a bunch of red roses in his hands.

"Nancy, here 's my dear friend Fitz whom I have told you about — the most extraordinary man of modern times. Ah, Major! you here? Came in early, did you, so as to have Aunt Nancy all to yo'self? Sit down, Fitz, right alongside of her." He kissed her hand gallantly. "Is n't she the most delightful bit of old porcelain you ever saw in all yo' bawn days?"

Miss Nancy rose, made another of her graceful courtesies, and begged that neither of us would mind the colonel's raillery — she never could keep him in order; and she laughed softly as she gave her hand to Fitz, who touched it very much as if he quite believed the colonel's reference to the porcelain to be true.

"There you go, Nancy, 'busin' me like a dog, and here I have been a-trampin' the streets for a' hour lookin' for flowers for you! You are breakin' my heart, Miss Caarter, with yo' coldness and contempt. Another word and you shall not have a single bud." And the colonel gaily tucked a rose under her chin with a loving stroke of his hand, and threw the others in a heap into her lap.

"Breakfast sarved, mistress," said Chad in a low voice.

The colonel gave his arm to his aunt with the air of a courtier; Fitz and I disposed ourselves on each side; Chad with reverential mien screwed his eyes up tight; and the colonel said grace with an increased fervor in his voice, no doubt remembering in his heart the blessing of the last arrival.

THROUGHOUT the entire repast the colonel was in his gayest mood, brimming over with anecdotes and personal reminiscences and full of his rose-colored plans for the future.

Many things had combined to produce this happy frame of mind. First, there was the scheme, which had languished for weeks owing to the vise-like condition of the money market, — another of Fitz's mendacious excuses, — and which had now been suddenly galvanized into temporary life by an inquiry made by certain bankers who were seeking an outlet for English capital, and who had expressed a desire to investigate the "Garden Spot of Virginia." Only an "inquiry," but to the colonel the papers were already signed. Then there was the arrival of his distinguished guest, whom he loved devotedly with a certain old-school gallantry and tenderness as picturesque as it was interesting, and last of all there was that important episode of the bills. For Miss Nancy, the night she arrived, had collected all the

household accounts, — they were all of the one kind, unpaid, — including the highly esteemed pass-book, and had despatched Chad early in the morning to the several creditors with his pocket full of crisp bank notes.

When the colonel had grasped the full meaning of Chad's mission — which he did on his return from this liquidating tour — he buttoned his coat tightly over his chest, straightened himself up, sought out his aunt, and said with some dignity and a slightly injured air:

"Nancy, yo' interfere in my household affairs this mornin' was vely creditable to yo' heart and deeply touches me; but if I thought you regarded it in any other light except as a short temporary loan, it would offend me keenly. Within a few days, however, I shall receive a vely large amount of secu'ities from an English syndicate that is investigatin' my railroad. I shall then return the amount to you with interest, together with that other sum which you loaned me when I left Caarter Hall."

The little lady's only reply was to slip her hand into his and kiss him on the forehead.

And yet that very morning he had turned his pockets inside out for the remains of the last dollar of the money she had given him when he left home. When it had all been raked together and its pitiable insufficiency become apparent, this dialogue took place:

"Chad, did you find any money on the flo' when you brushed my clothes?"

"No, Colonel."

"Look round on the mantelpiece; perhaps I left some bills under the clock."

"Ain't none dar, sah."

Then with that anxious look suddenly revived in his face Chad went below into the kitchen, mounted a chair, took down an old broken tea-cup from the top shelf, and poured out into his wrinkled palm a handful of small silver coin — his entire collection of tips, and all the money he had. Then he went back to the colonel with a lie in his mouth that the recording angel blotted out the moment it fell from his lips.

"Here 's some change, Marsa George, I forgot to gib ye; been left ober from de marketin'."

And the colonel gathered it all in, and went out and spent every penny of it on roses for "dear Nancy."

All of these things had acted like a tonic on the colonel, bracing him up to renewed efforts, and reacting on his guests, who in return did their best to make the breakfast a merry one.

Fitz, always delightful, was more brilliant than ever; his native wit, expressed in a brogue with verbal shadings so slight that it is hardly possible to give it in print, kept the table in a roar, while Miss Nancy, encouraged by the

ease and freedom of everybody about her, forgot for a time her quiet reserve, and was charming in the way she turned over the leaves of her own youthful experiences.

And so the talk went on until with a smile to everybody the little lady rose, called Chad, who stood ready with a shawl and a cushion, and, saying she would retire to her room until the gentlemen had finished smoking, disappeared through the doorway.

The talk had evidently aroused some memory long buried in the colonel's mind; for when Fitz had gone the dear old fellow picked up the glass holding the roses which he had given his aunt in the morning and, repeating her name softly to himself, buried his face in their fragrance. Something perhaps in their perfume stirred that haunting memory the deeper; for he suddenly raised his head and burst out:

"Ah, Major, you ought to have seen that woman forty years ago! Why, suh, she was just a rose herself!"

Then followed in disconnected scraps, as if he were recalling it to himself, with long pauses between, that story which I had heard hinted at before—a story never told the children, and never even whispered in Aunt Nancy's presence.

They had grown up together—he a tall, brown-eyed young fellow just out of the university, and she a fair-haired, joyous girl with half the county at her feet. She had not loved him at first, nor ever did until the day he had saved her life in that wild dash across country when her horse took fright, and he, riding neck and neck, had lifted her clear of her saddle. After that there had been but one pair of eyes and arms for her in the wide world. All of that spring and summer, as the colonel put it, she was like a bird pouring out her soul in one continuous song. Then there had come a night in Richmond,—the night of the ball,—followed by her sudden return home, hollow-eyed and white, and the mysterious postponement of the wedding for a year.

Everybody wondered, but no one knew, and only as the months went by did her spirits gain a little and she begin to sing once more.

It was at a great party on a neighboring estate, amid the swim of the music and the whirl of soft lace. Suddenly loud voices and threats, a shower of cards flung at a man's face, an uplifted arm caught by the host. Then a hall door thrust open and a half-frenzied man with disordered dress staggering out. Then the startled face of a young girl all in white and a cry no one ever forgot:

"O Robert! Not again?"

The long ride home in the dead of the night, Nancy alone in the coach, the escort.—a distant cousin—on horseback behind.

Then the pursuit. The steady rise and fall of the hoof-beats back in the forest; the reining in of the panting horse covered with foam; the command to halt; a flash, and then that pale face stretched out in the road in the moonlight by the side of the overturned coach, the cousin bending over her with a bullet hole in his hat, and Robert, ghastly white and sobered, with the smoking pistol in his hand.

Then the long, halting procession homeward in the gray dawn.

It was not easy after this to keep the secret shut away; so one day with her arms about her uncle's neck the whole story came out. It was of that other night there in Richmond, with Robert reeling and half crazed; of his promise of reform and the postponement of the wedding while she waited and trusted: so sad a story and so hopeless that the old uncle forgot all the traditions that bound Southern families, and sustained her in her determination never to see him again.

For days the broken-hearted lover haunted the place, while an out-bound ship waited in the harbor.

Even his father, crushed and humiliated by it all, had made no intercession. But now would she see him for the last time, only that he might touch her hand and say good-by?

That last good-by took an hour, Chad walking his horse all the while before the porch door, until that tottering figure, holding to the railings and steadying itself, came down the steps.

A shutter thrown back, and Nancy at the open window watching him mount.

As he wheels he raises his hat. She pushes aside the climbing roses.

In an instant he has cleared the garden beds, and has reined in his horse just below her window-sill. Looking up into her face:

"Nancy, for the last time, shall I stay?"

She only shakes her head.

"Then look, Nancy; look! This is your work!"

There is the gleam of steel in a clenched hand, a burst of smoke, and before Chad can reach him Nancy's lover lies dead in the flowers at her feet.

It had not been an easy story for the colonel. When he ceased he passed his hand across his forehead as if the air of the room stifled him. Then laying down his pipe, he bent once more over the slender vase, his face in the roses.

"MAY I come in?"

In an instant the colonel's old manner returned.

"May you come in, Nancy? Why, you dear woman, if you had staid away five minutes longer I should have gone for you myself. What! Another skein of yarn?"

"Yes," she said, seating herself. "Hold out your hands."

The loop slipped so easily over the colonel's arms that it was quite evident that the rôle was not new to him.

"Befo' I forget it, Nancy, Mr. Fitzpatrick was called suddenly away to attend to some business connected with my railroad, and left his vely kindest regards for you, and his apologies for not seein' you befo' he left."

Fitz had said nothing that resembled this, so far as my memory served me, but it was what he ought to have done, and the colonel always corrected such little slips of courtesy by supplying them himself.

"Politeness," he would sometimes say, "is becomin' rarer every day. I tell you, suh, the disease of bad manners is mo' contagious than the small-pox."

So the deception was quite natural for him.

"And what does Mr. Fitzpatrick think of the success of your enterprise, George?"

The colonel sailed away as usual with all his balloon topsails set, his elbow-room limited only by the skein, while his aunt wound her yarn silently and listened with a face expressive at once of deep interest and hope, mingled with a certain undefined doubt.

As the ball grew in size she turned to me, and, with a penetration and practical insight into affairs I had not given her credit for, began to dissect the scheme in detail. She had heard that there was lack of connecting lines and consequent absence of freight, as well as insufficient harbor facilities at Warrentown.

I parried the questions as well as I could, begging off on the plea that I was only a poor devil of a painter with a minimum knowledge of such matters, and ended by referring her to Fitz.

The colonel, much to my surprise, listened to every word without opening his lips—a silence encouraged at first by his pride that she could talk so well, and maintained thereafter because she had really awakened in his mind his first misgivings as to the ultimate success of his pet enterprise.

When she had punctured the last of his little balloons he laid his hand on her shoulder, and, looking into her face, said:

"Nancy, you really don't mean that my railroad will never be built?"

"No, George; but what will you do if it is not?"

Her thoughts were new to the colonel. Nobody except a few foolish people in the Street, anxious to sell less valuable securities and utterly unable to grasp the great merits of the

Cartersville and Warrentown Air Line Railroad plan, had ever before advanced any such ideas in his presence.

He loosened his hands from the yarn and took a seat by the window. His aunt's practical ideas had evidently so thoroughly disturbed him that for an instant I could see traces of a certain offended dignity, coupled with a nervous anxiety lest her inquiries had shaken my own confidence in his scheme. He began at once to reassure me. There was nothing to be uneasy about. Look at the bonds! Note the perfect safety of the plan of finance—the earlier coupons omitted, the subsequent peace of the investor! The peculiar location of the road, with the ancestral estates dotted along its line! The dignity of the several stations! He could hear them in his mind called out as they whistled down brakes: "Carter Hall! Barboursville! Talcott!" No; there was nothing about the road that should disturb his aunt. Then an anxious look came into his face. He began pacing the floor, buried in deep thought, with thumbs hooked behind his back. He stopped and took her hand.

"Dear Nancy, if anythin' should happen to you it would break my heart. Don't be angry, it is only the major; but yo' talk with him has so disturbed me that I am determined to secure you against personal loss."

Miss Nancy raised her eyes wonderingly. She evidently did not catch his meaning.

"You have been good enough, my dear, to advance me certain sums of money which I still owe. I want to pay these now."

"But, George, you—"

"My dearest Nancy,"—and he stooped down and kissed her cheek,— "I will have my way. Of co'se you don't mean anythin', only I cannot let another hour pass with these accounts unsettled. Think, Nancy; it is my right. The delay affects my honor."

The little lady dropped her knitting on the floor and looked at me in a helpless way.

The colonel opened the table drawer and handed me pen and ink.

"Now, Major, take this sheet of paper and draw a note-of hand."

I looked at his aunt inquiringly. She nodded her head in assent.

"Yes, if it pleases George."

I began with the usual form, entering the words "I promise to pay," and stopped for instructions.

"When payable, Colonel?" I asked.

"As soon as I get the money, suh."

"But you will do that anyhow, George."

"Yes, I know, Nancy; but I want to do it now."

Then he gazed at the ceiling in deep thought.

"I have it, Major!" And the colonel seized the pen. The note read as follows:

On demand I promise to pay Ann Carter the sum of six hundred dollars, value received, with interest at the rate of six per cent. from January 1st.  
Payable as soon as possible.

GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER.

I looked to see what effect this unexpected

influx of wealth would produce on the dear lady; but the trustful smile never wavered.

She read to the very end the modest scrap of paper suddenly enriched by the colonel's signature, repeated in a whisper to herself "Payable as soon as possible," folded it with as much care as if it had been a Bank of England note, then thanked the colonel graciously, and tucked it into her reticule.

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

## THE RECORD OF VIRTUE:

### AN EXPERIMENT IN MORAL CHEMISTRY.

*Those who were  
kid gloves and  
put on airs have  
not a heart half  
so big as a poor  
rough sailor*

A BRIGHT woman, full of loving-kindness and gifted with what George Herbert called "holy wit," devised not long ago a new scheme of education in the humanities. It was to establish in a newspaper in which she was interested, and which was especially devoted to philanthropic work, a department to be called the "Record of Virtue." This was intended to offset the record of crime which is so large a part of the daily newspaper, and to make another channel for curiosity higher than that which now prevails among the majority of readers, young and old. "If," says the originator of this scheme, "the newspapers, which really means, of course, the readers of news, took one-tenth part of the interest in virtue which they take in crime, our estimate of the human race would be quite different from what it now is. For it is natural, it is indeed inevitable, for us to generalize on the facts brought most prominently and constantly before our minds. If a column in our favorite paper is devoted to the description of a murder or a swindle, and two or three lines without comment to an act of heroism, the former is almost sure to make the larger figure in our average."

This first distinctive and intentional effort in journalism to let the light make prominent the good in human nature and hold the evil in shadow deserves wide mention as a hint to all who sketch human doings for the pano-

rama of the daily press. But the idea it embodies has already received unique attention in another field of social influence which should be told abroad.

Another bright woman, full of original ideas in humanitarian work, and possessed of that quick intellectual responsiveness which catches thought and passes it on in flashes of insight and sympathy, was much impressed by the "Record of Virtue." How she helped its underlying principle to further development can best be told by her own words, written to the originator of the idea:

DEAR MRS. GRANT: I write, hoping that it will give you pleasure to hear of one result of your beautiful thought in having a "Record of Virtue" in the "Journal of Women's Work." An Episcopal minister, a friend of mine, has a Sunday class of one hundred bad boys; at least they were so rough and rude that the regular Sunday-school teachers would not tolerate them and turned them out of the Sunday school. This minister, whom I will call Mr. White, told me about them and some of his original methods of civilizing them. I was much interested in the account, and it occurred to me that he might set his boys to work collecting records of praiseworthy deeds, and so I sent him a copy of your paper with the "Record of Virtue" marked, and I wrote: "How would it do to interest your one hundred bad boys in that pursuit, and offer prizes for those who could report a certain number of good, or kind, or noble deeds which they had themselves witnessed, or heard, or read about, either at the present time or in past history? . . . I feel so strongly that the right way to help is to present examples of goodness instead of picturing wickedness and vice, that I think this experiment might be worth trying. The daily papers, I believe, do much harm by their detailed and sensational reports of crimes."

Mr. White at once accepted the suggestion, and I will quote from his letters showing what he has done. He says: "I thought of your idea to-day when I saw three little fellows holding on by their toes and fingers to reach their heads above the window-sill of a school-sutler's shop to study the red police gazettes."

"Now, I will buy a valuable prize and exhibit it

next Sunday to the boys, and I will buy fifty little pass-books to be given to the larger boys, in which they may write down the ten best and noblest acts they have seen or read in the papers during the past year. Christmas week I will give a grand banquet. The boys shall sit down to a feast and at its close a song or two—some ballad of brave and noble deeds—shall be sung, followed by a reading of some noble act, after which the prize shall be brought out and awarded to the successful competitor. What do you think of my plan? I hope it will set some people thinking in a good way. I am sure you will be interested, and I will send the prize list to you. I know you are right. Last Sunday I took a big ugly fellow by the collar and dragged him out. I thought it was necessary, he was very unruly; but the look he gave me as I thrust him away set me thinking, What can I do to quicken the good in these dull boys; to overcome the evil? I am illustrating 'Pilgrim's Progress' for them now."

He goes on to say that what the neighborhood is pleased to call his "Bad Boys' School" he means to name the "Banner School."

In the next letter he says: "I inclose two slips which are pasted on the books; I have distributed fifty, but must increase the number to seventy-five. The boys take eagerly to the scheme, and I think it will be a success."

He goes on to say that the boys are very rough and rude; but he was surprised that day when one of the roughest came quietly into his study and said he would go to work if Mr. White could obtain him a place to learn a trade, for he did not wish to grow up to be like a neighbor whose name he mentioned, a man of bad character.

The slips to which he referred were as follows, on pink paper:

"ST. JAMES'  
BANNER SUNDAY SCHOOL  
Three Grand Prizes,  
1888.

"Write in this book the ten kindest, noblest, or best acts you have read or been told. Write plainly on one side of the paper, and as short as possible, and return Christmas.

"THE PRIZES.

"First. Every holder of a book will be entitled to a ticket to the grand banquet when the prizes will be awarded.

"Second. A Waterbury watch.

"Third. Watch with chain.

"Fourth. 'St. Nicholas' for one year.

"Fifth. 'Wide Awake' for one year."

In the same letter he says: "It is a dreadful community in which my lot is cast; but I have one advantage: I have been here so long that I understand the ways through which the young are led astray; and if my schemes are somewhat unusual, it is because they have originated in the attempt to meet the peculiar needs of my work."

He says: "You must remember that these are not nice little boys, but outcasts from Sunday schools, and very rough and rude, and I watch the outcome of our scheme with great interest."

I will quote from one letter that I sent to Mr. White about this time: "It will be interesting to see what ideas your boys have as to what consti-

tutes a truly brave and noble action. If you can train them not to find it in warlike or showy deeds, but in acts of loving self-sacrifice often never known or recognized, in little ways of kindness and self-denial, you will do a good work. My idea is that they should be taught to love peace and all that is beautiful."

After a while he wrote: "The books are coming in. I have twenty-two now. The boys evidently have done the best they could, but some of them did not understand the requirements of the competition. But these books will be very interesting, exhibiting the idea these boys have of what is kind, noble, and good. A considerable amount of valuable discussion has been raised in the neighborhood over this novel competition. I am sure it will pay.

"It has been a great pleasure to me, and I think I am learning a lesson myself, that there is a better vantage ground for me than I have yet gained in my efforts to teach these wild boys; that it is love and kindness they need more than facts.

"As I read over these strange collections of crude ideas that these boys have brought me, I am gaining a valuable knowledge of boy life and boys' needs that I never dreamed of before. I thought I knew these boys, but I did not."

After the banquet and the awarding of the prizes Mr. White wrote me:

"I am sure you will be anxious to learn how our banquet succeeded. Miss H. sent the oysters and Mrs. P. sent the turkey. I contrived to have the boys set the long table the whole length of the hall. The fifty boys who have taken books were promptly on hand. I had a magic lantern, some music and singing for them. Miss H. was present when they all sat down to the table. They had a royal feast—oysters, turkey, and ice-cream. After dinner I called them to order, and spoke to them at some length on the subject of kindness to all, but especially to the weak. I read the books that obtained the prizes, and explained the value of the brave, kind acts in each. As once I stopped a moment I was struck with the picture. I stood on a bench at the light. Most of the boys had crowded round my feet, some had climbed into the braces and timbers above me. All were deeply intent. Even the man with the concertina I had hired to play for them stood before me, both hands still in the straps, but with his mouth wide open. I was intensely pleased that they should be so deeply interested. The first prize fell to a little boy only six years old, and when he stepped up to take his watch after his book was read he was loudly applauded. The second watch fell to a boy who had a black eye from a dreadful fight in which he had engaged. I painted it over for him with glycerin and light red. He came to see me to-night and my mother has been talking to him, and I have given him some books to read. He told me he dreamed all night that some one had stolen his watch. The books show that I was not plain and simple enough in my printed explanation.

"The plan has been received by many people with great favor, and the boys have set many of their friends searching for them to find kind and brave deeds. It has taught me invaluable knowledge and opened my eyes to lines of work I had not discovered before. I intend to go on and try the plan again, but in a different way. I will have a free entertainment for the boys, a magic lantern and a

little comedy; that night I will lecture on kindness and explain thoroughly what I want them to write, and I will distribute a great many books, and after two weeks I will have another meeting of boys, and have some more music, and read the prize books and deliver the prizes, and then try and organize a legion of boys pledged to be kind, noble, and brave."

Of his second starting of the boys on the hunt for virtues Mr. White wrote: "I read your letter to the boys, and they cheered well. And they are hard at work gathering incidents and facts for another contest. I ruled that the boys who had won the other prizes should write up the books, but were not eligible for the prizes this time. I have decided also to increase the number of prizes, and will give a small gift to every boy who completes the ten items. The banquet I hope to improve also. I am deeply interested in this work. A boy sixteen years of age was hanged in our jail for murder last summer, and now there is another of the same age who is guilty of the murder of an old woman. I deplore the result of our present educational systems. I wish I could give my whole time to humane education. I have prepared some books for a lady who teaches in the 'House of Refuge,' and she will make a trial of this scheme of getting those whom we want to make better to record virtuous and kind deeds."

Later Mr. White wrote: "I hope it will please you to know that we have held our second banquet, and that the boys cheered in their rough way for the lady who had so generously provided a treat and prizes for them. The banquet was a fine affair. We had a dinner, with ice-cream, etc., for fifty boys. After dinner I cleared the floor and let them have a good time. The prizes were awarded, and every boy was presented with a 'Band of Mercy' badge. To my surprise the first prize, a good watch, fell to a boy who last year was taken by my sexton by the scruff of the neck—a ragged, bare-footed boy—and landed off the church grounds, and bade never to come back again, he was so troublesome. I learned that his father gave him a beating when he heard of it, and so I hunted him up when I gathered these banished boys at another hour. I am studying these boys: I think when the proper time comes I will draw the net and organize my 'Legion of Honor.'"

"I will say that these experiments with the 'Record of Virtue' books in addition to the Sunday-school work have so gratified and encouraged me that I wish I could confine myself entirely to educational work among neglected children. I have been educated also, and have forbidden the use of coarse songs and rough quotations and slang in the little exhibitions with which I amuse my people. You must know that these are not destitute boys I labor amongst, for the most part. Their people work hard for their daily bread; but they are neglected. They are very wild and rude, and if they grow up as they are they will make very brutal husbands, and coarse, vicious fathers—just like their own fathers and grandfathers, who work almost like brute cattle. I cannot interest many even among philanthropic people in them. Some even think the boys deceive me, and I do them little real good. Perhaps even you, Miss Maxwell, will not encourage me to go on if you should hear and see them. But they come to me so confidentially and

confide in me in so many tender ways, I cannot feel about them as others do. I see in them two natures, two personalities, and even the most skeptical must admit there has been a great improvement in them. I will go on. I will organize the boys, beginning with thirty of the largest. If I could learn the best way of working with them I would make much sacrifice to try it."

That Mr. White is discovering some very good ways of working with neglected children is proved by the testimony of a leading paper in his city, which, in giving an account of a novel entertainment, an originally illustrated lecture of travel, which the clergyman gave them, says, "Already the lads, most of whom are waifs from the street, show signs of decided improvement in demeanor under the influence of the training to which they voluntarily subject themselves."

I hope, dear Mrs. Grant, you will be interested to learn how far your little candle throws its beams, and to read this long letter, and also some of the boys' books which I inclose.

Yours cordially,  
HELEN MAXWELL.

Now what can be said of the books which the hands of these rude boys have inscribed with their crude ideals of virtue and kindness? They lie before this faithful chronicler, a curious testimony to the most wonderful and encouraging fact in human nature—the fact that some of the highest qualities of character can be seen and appreciated by those habituated to the lowest social conditions. The gallery gamins applaud the hero of virtue at the theater. The neglected waifs, thrust from sacred places "by the scruff of the neck," know what is meant when kindly bade to speak of noble and generous deeds. And if the eye be so keen to see the good when evil so clogs the growth towards goodness, who shall dare say that with better conditions about them these neglected children could not walk in the light they discern? If a tender, hopeful patience like Mr. White's could oftener "make channels for the streams of love" and sweeten the currents of social influence for these rude boys, perhaps even the coarse and brutal fathers would not hold them always to vicious ways. It may seem odd that a boy fresh from a street fight, with black eye painted over for the occasion, should take a prize for the recital of kind acts; but that such a boy should be able to tell so well what virtue is shows a misguided or undeveloped moral power which witnesses more strongly to the divinity of human nature than all the perfections of the better born and bred.

Two of the boys did mistake utterly the meaning of Mr. White's directions respecting the record-books, and offered a list of murders, thefts, fires, and calamities copied from the crimes and casualty column of the daily press; and several gave a collection of remarkable

facts and quotations of no moral significance in the line required. Quite a number of boys seemed to think nothing sacred enough for the books but Scripture texts and narratives of Bible heroes. One devoted to scriptural subjects evidently believed that "brevity is the soul of wit," and summed up his required items in the following single sentence: "The ten commandments." One biblical book is sufficiently remarkable for partial quotation; quotations in this case, as in all others, being verbatim as to spelling and punctuation, or the lack of it.

Jacob was very kind his brothers sold him and when his brothers wer in neede he took them in his home.

David was a brave man he killed Goliath whit a sling

Simson killed 1000 people with a mule jaw boon and he pulled a lion jaw into

*Simeon Killed 1000  
people with a  
mule jaw boon  
and he pulled a  
lion jaw into*

Daniel was a brave man he was in by 7 lion.

The seven jews brothers was brave and there mother the were killed be thy would not eat pork.

Several boys made collections of poetry, some of which was quite irrelevant in character, ranging from "Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild" to "Little Boy Blue" and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and some of which was of a stately and sentimental order; in a few cases a poetic version of some heroic deed. One boy, in a curious medley of verse and prose, quotes two stanzas of what is evidently a stirring ballad of brave action as follows:

(1) A sea faces upward turn, one fear by every heart inured by ruddy light is clearly read in every brow the anxious dread a mother mid the bright light stands her necktie clasped by baby hands.

(2) Mid the lurid light for a moment loss then dimly seen as it gleams on the sight her curling wreath of smoke between up the ladder one rushes but three come down and the helm is a heroes crown.

The same boy has for his tenth item the following mixture of pertinent suggestion and reassuring sentiment:

Who misses or who wins the prize to lose or conquer as you can

But if you fail or if you rise be each pray God a gentleman.

VOL. XLI.—32.

Yet do not think I doubt thee I know thy truth remains I would not live without thee for all the words contains.

Several books are historical and political in tendency. Robinson Crusoe and Christopher Columbus divide honors as discoverers, and the latter receives one quite remarkable recognition in the following entry:

Christopher Columbus going on a voyage to discover unknown lands so as to spread the gospel to the heathens to save their immortal souls.

Arnold von Winkelried and other true heroes appear in the narratives; and Abraham Lincoln is mentioned by several of the boys for "his kind act the emancipation proclamation." George Washington is praised both for his devotion to his country in the revolutionary times, and for, as one boy puts it, "admitting that he did it with his little hatchet."

One boy proceeds in so orderly and accurate a manner that his book is very impressive with its array of dates and its dignified items of national and universal importance. His first item is "The Discovery of America"; his second, "The Landing of the Mayflower"; his third, "The motion in Congress that the American Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent"; his fourth, "The Emancipation Proclamation"; and his fifth, the surrender of Lee, "therby puttin an end to the great Rebellion." And then he takes up religious history, beginning with "Martin Luther," and ending his book with the following summary:

But the greatest and kindest act was when Jesus Christ died on the Cross so that our sins might be forgiven.

Another boy of apparently the same statistical and methodical order of mind puts in, between a recognition of the "Holy Martyrs" and of recent contributions by the citizens of his town for sufferers by a great fire, the following bit of home gratitude:

Our pastor giving his time and energy towards teaching and amusing our little ones.

Another boy of similar historic turn adds a dramatic touch to his recital of facts, and asks, *à la* Carlyle:

Who is the man in America that is not proud of the name of Bengimin Franklin who chained the lightning from the heaven and Franklin P. Morse that made the same subservan to man will.

One boy evidently thinks it is a prophecy of better things and a promise of better life which is wanted, rather than a record of facts,

and he begins with his suggestions of improvement as follows:

The first kind act I think would be if some of our rich people would take some of their spare money and give it to St. James Church.

It will be observed that this reformer starts in his scheme for bettering the world where so many others do, in an easy mental disposition of other people's surplus funds. This same boy closes his contribution with these reflections, in which the peculiar spelling emphatically points the moral:

We all must mind our pastor and teacher and be *yousfull* in this world. Merry Christmas to you all.

One boy has evidently been impressed with the rhythm of the Church service, and has unconsciously patterned his book upon its stately form. He enumerates important events, beginning with "The election of Harrison and Morton as President and Vice President of the United States"; and for his sixth item, following a formal statement of congressional action, makes this pathetic entry:

The loss by death of my little brother.

Death has, it is clear, impressed the little fellow as a stupendous thing, to be classed with great public events when he makes up a solemn book to show to a clergyman; and then he goes on to enumerate causes for thankfulness as follows:

For the great yield of our crops the past year  
For the health of our people of —

And to God for the preservation of my father and mother.

Another boy, apparently of the same mind respecting the sort of entry required by Mr. White, begins, "The first and best thing I have read is the Bible"; has for his eighth item, "The best for mankind was Christ dying to save us"; and closes with:

Both the last but not the least was the kind act of the lady who offered us boys the prizes if we should win.

A very good number fill the requirements as regards the topic better than those yet mentioned; and of these a fair proportion fill out the ten items. One curious difference appears in these records of virtue that are nearest the ideas of Miss Maxwell and Mr. White. Some boys start out ambitiously and with an evident desire to copy exactly something they have read, or give an elaborate recital of something they have heard in the required line; and a

few keep up the interest and energy long enough fully to accomplish their purpose. But of those who grow weary some come to an abrupt stop, with no attempt to condense the story to preserve its pith, while others make a very good synopsis, and so give the picture even if it is blurred. An instance of the former is the following item:

George Washington, who was the leader of the American armies wished very much to find out the positions of the American [English?] army and just how strong it was.

Here the account ends. The boy evidently began the story of the young man whom Washington sent as a spy into the English lines, and who was shot by the enemy, and whom Washington so mourned for his bravery and promise.

On the other hand, several of the boys show real ability in their brief and pithy sentences, as the following indicate:

There was an old woman who was sick and blind and a little girl read the Bible to her.

One cold night it happened that a bridge burned and a small girl managed to crawl over to save the train which was to cross the bridge that night she got over to build a fire around the bend the train came the engineer noticed the fire gave alarm to the people they got out of the car and kissed the girl for her braveness.

About 5 years ago there was a man who had a brave dog who saved 2 bodies from a fire when the firemen were afraid to go in but the dog was not the dog ran in got an old lady and dragged her out running in again looking all over and found a little baby he dragged her out and there were both saved by this brave dog. The dog is dead now he died about a year ago.

I heard of a brave engineer who was running a locomotive it happened one day when he was running the locomotive that a horse and carriage with two girls were near the track when the engineer jumped from the engine into the carriage and stopped the horse and saved them all.

There was a man standing by the gate and a boy passed and snapped a cherry stone into the man's eye and put his eye out the man planted the stone ten years passed and a hungry tramp came along and the man told him to go up in the cherry tree and eat some cherries it was the same boy who put his eye out.

One boy is of a strikingly dramatic turn. He dashes into the heart of his stories without a word of preliminary explanation, after the style of the bold novelist whose forte is plot and thrilling climax. One of his items is as follows:

Brave Toby! The house was on fire and no one thought of poor puss. All were too busy sav-

ing themselves. No one: yes: Toby, missing his companion actually ran into the burning house and presently came downstairs holding poor puss safe and sound in his mouth wasn't he brave and didn't he deserve the shout of

*Bravo!*

Another runs in this wise:

Will he succeed

The man has fallen over board and in his struggles caught hold of a great sea bird swimming on the water. The bird tries to escape and the man hopes, by its means, to raise himself above the waves. Will he succeed? we hope so for it is sad to be drowned.

I think the bird is an albatross.

And again this boy celebrates the good deeds of the dumb creatures by a striking tale which we quote:

A few years ago in the city of New York there was a brave polly who saved a man and woman in this way burgallars entry the house and stole the money and then one burgallars said to another we'll shot 'em! Now the Polly hearing this rang the alarm which woke his master up and then the burgallars escaped and a few years after the polly die and was mourn by many people and he was buried in a coffin cost three hundred dollar

Brave Polly!

Some of the boys who failed to complete the number of items seem to have had a very good idea of the sort of incident required. As, for instance, the following three narratives show that if the boy who wrote these in his book had only persevered he might have made an excellent record:

I read in a book a story of a girl who was very brave her father was General Schuyler and he was in the Revolutionary War. One day the Tories and Indians came to his house to capture him he went up stairs and took his family with him but when they were all together in a dark room the mother remembered that the little baby was asleep in its cradle down stairs she was going for it but the General said no I will go while they were talking their little girl ran down stairs and got the baby. The Indians tried to tomahawk at her but she ran so fast that it did not hit her, and she carried the baby to her mother.

There was a little boy scating on the ice in Toledo the ice broke and he fell in his dog was watching and jumped in and saved him this I call a brave act.

There was an engineer saw a little child sitting on the tracks and his engine was almost to her and he could not stop it so he walked out on the frond of engine and picked her up and by doing so saved her life.

Another boy who failed to complete his book showed an understanding of true nobil-

ity and kindness by his quotation of the following among other incidents:

Not long ago some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor boy on horse-back rode by. The horse became frightened and threw the boy injuring him severely. None of the boys followed but one that witnesses it did. He found that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose only support consisted in selling milk. The boy said to the old lady I can drive your cow. He also gave her some money he had saved for a pair of boots to buy medicine and wore a pair of boots that belonged to the sick boy.

A girl while going to school was abused by an older girl. Day and after day she would throw snow at her. So one day she told her mother and her mother told her to pick out the nicest apple she could find and the next day to give it to this girl. So she did and after that she never hurt her again.

Considering that we are quoting from the collections of "little outlaws," it is somewhat surprising to come upon a choice like this, with which one boy begins his book:

Like one who leaves the trampled street for some Cathedral cool and dim where he can hear in music beat the heart of prayer that beats for him.

One little boy only six years old had evidently received help in the preparation of his book, and was of different home surroundings and training from the others. His book is very interesting, both from the quaint and original incidents given, and also from one narrative which betrays the author's desire to include himself among his list of heroes. Like many an older chronicler he took pains that history should do him justice, but showed an adroit avoidance of direct self-praise worthy of imitation.

Some very bad boys tied an old tin can to a little black dog's tail, and he was afraid, but a little boy who was good caught the dog and got the can untied so the little dog did not cry any more. That little boy was brave. I am a little boy only six years old and I am afraid of *big bad* boys.

Another item given by this little boy leads us to exclaim, "Wonderful if true!"

A nice fat hen died one day, and her little chicks did not have any place to go: but a *big big* rooster walked up to them, and took them with him; and he scratched in the dirt for them, and let them sleep under his feathers at night, so they all lived to be fat hens. I think that was a *very* kind act.

One of the best collections contains the following incidents of self-sacrifice and devotion to others:

A true nobleman wounded on the field of Zutphen Sir Philip Sidney refused to quench his burning thirst till he had offered his canteen to a poor bleeding soldier.

When the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir they carried him on a litter on board of his ship and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. It's only a soldier's blanket they replied. Who's blanket is it asked Sir Ralph, I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is. It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second Sir Ralph. Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night. Even to ease his dying agony the general would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

#### A slaves revenge.

Some years ago a poor negro bought as a slave on the coast of Africa was carried to the West Indies. His master, a wealthy planter found him faithful and showed great confidence in him and employed him in affairs of importance. One day the planter wished to purchase twenty more slaves. He went to market with his faithful Peter and told him to choose those he thought would make the best workmen. To his surprise Peter chose among others a decrepid old man. On the plantation Peter took the greatest care of the old man. He was as careful of him as a good son could be of a beloved father. The master was surprised at Peter's conduct towards his fellow slave, and wished to know the reason for it. Is he your father? he asked. No master. Perhaps he is an older brother? No master he is not. He must be some relative. It cannot be that you should care so much for a total stranger. He is not a stranger to me master though not a relative, he is my enemy. It is he that sold me on the coast of Africa. But I must not hate him for that. A missionary taught me if thy enemy be hungry give him eat: if he thirst give him to drink. I try to follow that law of our master in heaven.

Another boy, whose collection of items is excellent, begins with one which shows he was able to discern the worth of little simple acts which any boy might do.

One cold morning last winter the streets were slippery with a thin coat of ice, partially covered with snow, and people who were going to their places of business were obliged to walk very carefully for fear of falling. As I was passing along with the rest I noticed a bright looking lad standing on the pavement, and steadily looking at a spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up at me and pointed to the place said, "please don't step there, I slipped there and fell." I thanked the kind and thoughtful little fellow and passed by the dangerous place.

Perhaps the most remarkable book in its indications of originality in quotations, and native intellectual power in the boy whose name it bears, is one beginning with the following significant moral reflections:

If you do not begin you will never come to the end the first weed pulled up in the garden the first seed put in the ground the first [dollar?] put in the bank the first mile braved on a journey are all important things they make a beginning and

give promes a hope an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor idle erring hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if instead of putting off his resolutions amendment and industry he had only made a

#### Begennning.

Two incidents given by this boy deserve full quotation.

A traveling jew by the name of Simon come into Germany and been very tired went to a tavern and began to sleep when a soapmake set fire to his beard Simon woke up and put it out and then he went to bed and slept when in the night he heard to fire bell ring he got and dress and went to the fire when he got there it was the same soapmakers house on fire and his wife and child in danger and no one ventured to rescue then Simon went in and safe the wife and child and the soapmake call on Simon next morning but he was gone but he left the soapmake enough money to build his house again.

On a small path at the right was a high mountain in on the left a deep and swift river went a wery wander [wanderer] as a tiger came bounding down the path towards him he was about to jump into the river but there was a crocodile he expected would kill him the tiger had but a few steps more and came leapen instead of on the man he leaped into the river in reach of the crocodile and traveler escaped do not get discouraged till the last moment it may turn out to

#### your good

It is time for this chronicler to finish with the sentence which one boy gives at the close of his book: "This ends my compositions."

But a little should be added concerning the books of the second competition. These had pasted on the cover the following printed announcement:

#### ST. JAMES' BANNER SUNDAY SCHOOL'S Second Grand Prize Banquet.

Write plainly in this book ten of the kindest, bravest, and noblest acts you have read, seen, or been told.

The design of this competition is to teach you to seek for and to love that which is kind, gentle, and brave, and to shun and hate those things which are base, ignoble, and wrong.

On the back of the book appeared the description of the

#### GRAND PRIZES.

*First.* A good watch and chain.

*Second.* A good watch.

*Third.* "St. Nicholas" for one year.

*Fourth.* "Wide Awake" for one year.

*Fifth.* For every boy who writes ten acts a Band of Mercy pin and a ticket to the grand banquet, when the prizes will be awarded.

The second set of books is an advance upon the first in understanding of the intention of Mr. White, in neatness, in accuracy, and in the proportion of those having the full number of items. In some instances the same boys tried again, and improved decidedly upon their original work, although knowing that they could not get a prize if they had before received one.

The far greater number of kind acts done by humble people in everyday fashion which are recorded in the second set of books show that the boys had at last understood that they were asked to note that which touched or might affect their own lives closely, and not merely to search history for sublime deeds of great men. One records the following:

One day as two boys were walking along they met a poor old woman carrying a large basket of apples she looked weak and ill so the lads carried the basket a long distance and they would not take an apple because it was their duty.

Another tells this:

A little boy named Arty said to a boy named Frank Green you're the rudest boy in this street I should think you be ashamed Frank had a new snowball all ready to strike the poor old woman who had just returned from a hard days work. But when Frank heard those words he drew back his hand. He look angry and Harry said I dont see how you dare to tell Frank that he pay you off for it. Well I'd rather he'd pay me off than do a rude thing. Dont you think Arty was brave? I do and I think some day he will be a true gentleman.

Another boy, whose whole collection is very good, tells of the heroism of a little drummer boy who refused a glass of wine at the dinner-table of his captain, although urged and commanded to drink it. Another boy repeats the pretty story of the English sailor who, released from his captivity as a prisoner of war, bought of a bird dealer a cage full of birds and gave them their freedom in gratitude for his own newly regained liberty.

The whole collection of books given in at this second contest shows much moral discrimination, and many incidents recorded touch upon those finer and more delicate elements of kindness and nobility which the boys could hardly have seen much of in their homes. The following is one of the best:

#### THE NOBLE HEARTED BOY.

Just in the rear of a pleasant village in which I once lived is a long hill and in the winter time the

children used to come there to coast on their sleds especially on Saturdays when there was no School. One morning a large number of merry boys had collected as usual on the hill and they were enjoying the sport making the air ring with their glad shouts. But at the top of the hill stood a little fellow by himself watching the other boys intently but taking no part in the sport. He seemed to be a poor boy for he was dressed in a large ragged coat and he had an old handkerchief tied over his cap apparently to keep it on his head. as he moved forward to look after the boys who were descending the hill on their sleds I observed also that he was lame. No one seemed to take any notice of him for a long time except once when a mischievous boy threw a snow ball at him he was indeed a stranger in the crowd and my heart began to ache for him he looked so sad and lonesome standing there by himself unable to participate in the enjoyment which he saw around him and with no one to give him a kindly greeting. Presently however a bright looking lad left his mates and approached the solitary friendless boy I could not hear what he said but I soon saw him help the poor lame boy to a seat on his sled and down the long slope they both went together. The attention of the other boys seemed then to be drawn to the pair and as they reached the foot of the hill they all gave a loud hurrah seeming to understand what their playmate had done. Then catching the same spirit which he had shown they ran to the spot and four or five sturdy little fellows took hold of the rope and drew the sled up the hill with the lame boy sitting upon it. Then they gave him another slide down the hill and another up and no one among them all had a merrier time than he who a few minutes before had been as an outcast among them. That was a beautiful sight. The lad who had the disposition and courage to do such a deed of kindness and influence enough to make the rest of his playmates follow his example must have been indeed a noble hearted boy and a happy one too.

Not all cities have a Miss Maxwell to start this novel experiment in training rudeness, coarseness, and brutality to fix the eye upon gentleness, nobility, and kindness. Fewer cities still have a Mr. White, of devotion, tenderness, and faith to draw the hearts of the most depraved and wayward towards the better life. But the principle of this unique enterprise in moral training is of universal application — the principle that attractive power towards the good rather than repressive power towards the bad is the mighty lever in character-building.

The great interest already manifested in this boys' "Record of Virtue," wherever it has been known, justifies this public recital of a most private and personal work, while it gives hope of new and wiser ventures in the same direction.

*Anna Garlin Spencer.*

## A PAIR OF OLD BOYS.



T was the 19th of May in early morning. On the slender currents of air the crowing of cocks and the lowing of cattle were borne from distance to distance through mists of evaporating dew.

The sky, like a vast inverted deep-water sea, was almost green-blue by the effect of reflection from the verdure of woods and fields. In all the orchards the orioles were warbling a sort of counterpoint to the brilliant airs of the brown thrushes. Morning it was, like the morning of life, pure, vivid, exhilarating. To breathe was to inhale nameless thrills, perfumes, dreams; to see was to entertain indescribable apparitions of beauty; to hear was to revel in a broad, tender, softly flowing tide of melody; merely to exist gave a sense of blending with nature at the ecstatic culmination of her most perfect mood.

The red clover was blooming, and the meadow-larks were amid its tufts, their breasts flashing like gold. A honeydew sweetness suffused all things, and as Grandfather Hart came forth from the doorway of his comfortable farm-house he straightened himself up, as if, with a little shrug of his shoulders, to adjust the load of his eighty-two years. In his shriveled, knotty right hand he bore a curiously distorted stick, the stem of a young hickory tree that had been forced into a screw-like growth by a spiral vine. For thirty years he had carried this cane; it seemed to have taken the place, in a measure, of the wife who long ago used to walk with him, before she went to lie in the little churchyard burying-ground.

Grandfather Hart wore his soft felt hat far back, so that the thin, long locks of white hair could tumble over his broad forehead. His smooth-shaven face was gentle, good-humored, and benevolent in expression, with an air of dignity that was not well sustained by his undersized stature.

Coming out into the morning he pulled himself up from his habitual stoop, pushed his hat a little farther back, and drew in a long, deep breath of the fragrant air. Looking this way and that for a while, as one does who has no fixed purpose in mind, he walked slowly towards the little front gate that gave upon the

highway. He plucked a spray of hyacinths as he passed down the walk, smelt them, and placed them in his buttonhole.

When he found himself in the dry but scarcely dusty highway he stood hesitating again. Evidently he would as lief go one way as the other. He had not observed Abram Hines coming across the clover field, nor had he yet seen him when, perched upon the fence just across the road, that lifelong friend, in a voice somewhat cracked, called out:

"Mornin', Dave."

"Well, well! He, he, he! Mornin', Abe. Did n't see ye till ye spoke."

Abram Hines was seven months and seven days older than David Hart. The two had been neighbors and friends from earliest childhood. Their farms, broad and fertile, lay side by side; their children had intermarried; in politics and in religion they agreed perfectly; they subscribed for the same agricultural journal; in their young days they used to swap work; all their lives they had been to each other simply Dave and Abe.

Abe was taller than Dave, and had a firmer, shrewder face; besides, he was stronger and more agile.

"D'ye hear them meader-larks?" inquired Abe, after he had descended from the fence-top and they had shaken hands.

"Yes; I hearn 'em afore breakfast," said Dave.

"Which a-way were ye a-goin'?"

"Oh, jest thought I'd knock around a little. Mighty poorty mornin'."

"Mighty poorty, mighty."

They walked aimlessly along the road, shambling and shuffling gingerly, as old men do, until they reached a place where on one side of the road was a field of rye and on the other a grassy hillside covered with wide-spreading maple trees and sloping down to a deep, narrow, blue mill-pond.

The spring had been warm, forcing vegetation; the rye was waist-high to a man. What was it, whence came it, this something that just then stole through the air? Was it a perfume from the rye, or was it a waft from the riant leafage of the wood?

"Don't ye 'member, Abe, when we's little fellers, how we fooled the Joneses right here that Sunday?"

"Well, Dave! I was jest goin' to say them very words!"

A little woodpecker pounding away on a

dead bough hard by gave forth a familiar, far-reaching, retrospective sound, as if it were pecking seventy years ago. The cooing of a dove came from a morning grove of boyhood.

"That was powerful fun, Abe."

"Was n't it, though!"

The two old men stood still in the road, and gazed into each other's sunken and rheumy eyes. A sort of radiance, like the remote flash of an irresistible boyish mood, shimmered through their wrinkles. A catbird sang in a thorn tree; bluebirds floated from stake to stake of the fences, warbling and fluttering so that they looked like flakes of painted music tossed on the waves of the morning-tide; and up from the little hollow of the wood swelled the sound of the mill-stream pouring over the dam.

"I feel awful well this mornin'," said Dave, taking off his hat and rubbing his white hair.

"So do I," said Abe. "I feel most like a boy. Seems like I could mighty nigh jump that fence."

They stood there and chuckled at each other in a rattling raucous, falsetto strain, showing some long yellow snags of teeth. Dave swung his cane, and protruded his tongue just a little. Their faces were beginning to show a faint glow of red. A large piece of brown paper that some passer had flung aside was blown down the road, and to it clung a white wrapping thread.

"That might skeer a horse," said Dave, stopping it with his foot as it tumbled along.

"Looks like it might 'a' been here sence we fooled the Joneses," remarked Abe, still chuckling retrospectively.

The two old, wrinkled, tottering men looked again into each other's eyes, and both half recoiled with a sheepish timidity. A common thought had thrilled and abashed them. Dave looked up the road; Abe cast a furtive glance down it. The sun, now getting well above the eastern trees, glorified the twain with a warm, golden glow. Abe's old hat was awry.

"Hurry, Abe; let's do it!" exclaimed Dave in a half-whisper.

Dave stooped with some difficulty and took up the paper and string. Abe scrambled for a boulder that would weigh about four pounds.

"This here 'll do," he said; "wrap it up nice, Dave, so it 'll look like a dollar's wo'th o' coffee."

Very soon they had made a squarish package, well tied up, which they placed in the middle of the road, with many a hurried, half-frightened glance this way and that.

Then it was surprising to see how nimbly they climbed over the fence into the rye, where they hid themselves, still tittering and chuckling. As they squatted low to cover them-

selves with the luxuriant blades and stalks Dave whispered:

"B'lieve I hear a buggy comin'."

At that moment two quails flew up close by and rushed away through the air with a loud, sudden noise.

"Lordy massy! How that scared me!" said Abe.

"Be still," said Dave; "for I jest do hear a buggy or somethin' a-comin'."

Sure enough the clatter of a rickety spring wagon and the measured jog-trot of a horse reached their ears. They pressed close together as they craned their skinny old necks and peered out of the fragrant rye.

Young farmer Jones, grandson of the old Joneses, came driving along with his wife and little girl, going to the village. They were all on one seat of the little wabbling wagon.

"That 's sich a sweet child," whispered Abe.

"Jest like my Sairy used to be," responded Dave.

"Whoa-erp!" called farmer Jones to his sturdy horse, at the same time bringing him up short.

"What 's the matter?" inquired his wife.

The little girl pitched forward and came near falling, her long, shining, curly yellow hair tumbling over her cheeks.

"Hold them lines a minute; there 's some-thin' in the road," remarked Jones, handing the guiding-reins to his wife.

He got out and picked up the package and climbed into the wagon with it.

"It 's heavy," he said. "Wonder what it is?"

His wife grabbed at it, out of sudden, uncontrollable, womanly curiosity. He dropped it and it fell upon his toe.

"Confound it!" he bawled. "Confound the everlasting thing! Con—"

He was wringing himself about and trying to get his foot in his hand, when a mighty cackling and giggling began just over the fence and he saw two white heads bob up out of the rye and two wrinkled faces, all distorted with delight, were turned upon him.

"Confound you! Confound you!" he fairly shrieked, seizing the boulder, which had partly burst from the paper, and heaving it at them with all his might. It fell short as the old men dodged down into the rye and were lost to view.

Young farmer Jones glared for a moment, then drove on.

"Oh! oh! o-o-h!" ejaculated the old sinners, laughing till they had to hold their abdomens; and writhing in the sweet, yielding cover, as they hung to each other with a pressure of shoulder to shoulder, they enjoyed a

wild paroxysm such as comes to hysterically happy children. Never before had they felt such perfectly satisfying and furthermore reaching mirth. They laughed till the tears bubbled over their sear cheeks and dripped from their shriveled chins. At length they lay down side by side, panting, almost exhausted, and gazed up at the royal glory of the sky. Two great hen-hawks were wheeling slowly around, so high that they appeared to slide against the smooth substance of heaven. Very far off sounded the dreamy crowing of the cocks and the soft lowing of the cows.

"Was n't it scrutiatin', Abe?"

"Oh-oh-o-o-oh!" ejaculated Abe. Then they laughed again, rolling over and over in the rye, their stiffened and attenuated limbs bent at comically acute angles, like the elbows of grasshoppers.

Presently they picked up their hats and climbed up on the fence, where they sat, looking for all the world like two starved but happily expectant wizards discussing a subtle charm.

"Let's do it ag'in," suggested Abe. But they found that the paper was hopelessly torn.

"Bring along the boulder," said Dave, picking up the string; "we may find another paper some'eres in the road."

"Boulders is as plenty as papers," responded Abe. "No need to lug it along."

Side by side again in the dry, and along here somewhat dusty, highway they shambled stiffly, bursting into a fit of chuckling now and then, until they passed a sharp turn. Suddenly Dave was reminded that he had left his cane where they had hidden themselves in the rye.

"Go git it an' hurry back 'fore somebody comes along," said Abe. Dave did not wait to be told twice, but went back as fast as he could. Abe looked after him as he toddled along, shuffling up little puffs of the thin, light dust until he was lost around the turn.

"The same old Dave he allus was," he gently murmured. "Got more fun into 'im 'an a monkey."

The place where they had rolled and tumbled in the rye was not hard to find; but Dave looked in vain for his distorted stick. He tramped round and round; what could have become of it? That dear old staff, which had been his support for so many long years, how could he bear to lose it? A feeling of sadness began to steal over him. Suddenly he saw it lying right there in plain view. He must have stepped over it a dozen times during the protracted search. How light and happy he felt when he picked it up and turned to go back to where Abe was waiting for him!

"Dear old Abe," he thought, "what a

funny fellow he is! Him a-cuttin' up and doin' sech foolin' at his time o' life!"

The currents of the air had combined into a gently pouring breeze; the sun was mounting rapidly and deepening the splendor of the sky; mysterious silken sounds crept through the rye and wandered on high among the tree-tops.

Dave thumped the ground with his cane as he went along towards the bend in the road behind which Abe was waiting for him. He walked fast, blowing a little and mopping his face with his red-flowered handkerchief. How eager he was to resume once more their sport! It was as if he feared the mood might vanish before he could get back. When he rounded the turn a brown thrush was singing in a wild crab-apple tree at the edge of the woods, and somehow there was a doleful strain in its lay.

Where was Abe? Dave stood still and looked around. Suddenly there came a strange dullness into the sunshine. In the middle of the road lay Abe's old hat trampled and torn; there were deep marks of a violent struggle, and a sort of broad, shallow furrow where a heavy body had been dragged down through a thicket towards the mill-pond. Abe's greasy leather pocketbook, rifled of its contents, had been flung aside just yonder. A heavy club lay near, and close by it fluttered in the breeze a scrap of the hat's soiled lining.

Weak and sick at heart, the whole painted, sunny, shimmering world whirling round him, Dave leaned on his staff and wavered to and fro, quivering like a dry leaf. He could not think; his mind was numb; his heart lay in his throat choking him, while in his ears were noises dull and terrible.

Young farmer Jones with his wife and child, driving back from the village, found him standing thus.

"Hello! What's the matter?"

The spring wagon stopped, and Jones alighted. Poor old Dave could do nothing but point dumbly at the hat and the club. Jones stared around.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, and he turned pale.

"Abe, Abe—it's Abe that somebody has killed!" wailed the shaking old man when presently he found his voice. "They've robbed him; they've dragged him yonder!"

He pointed along the track into the thicket towards the mill-pond. Jones picked up the club and started in that direction, the old man tottering at his heels. There was no fence on that side of the road, but the hazel and papaw bushes were all tangled together, making their progress slow. The catbirds scolded them as they stumbled along, and now and again they heard the peculiar long-drawn sigh of a



"LET 'S DO IT AG'IN."

brown thrush in the verdurous meshes of wild vines.

Deep in the thicket lay a large mossy log half sunken in the ground; to this the track led them. On top the moss was dragged off, so that the rotten wood showed its red-brown fiberless substance freshly torn and creased. They approached it, and on the other side, all cramped and crumpled, crushed together as it were, lay the form of Abe.

Dave sank down and lay crosswise on the mossy and damp trunk, gazing helplessly. Jones stepped over and stooped low, reaching to take hold of the poor twisted body.

Then up rose Abe to a sitting posture and broke forth with such a rattling burst of laughter that every bird in the woods was frightened into silence. Jones leaped backward and grunted, as if he had been hit in the stomach, while poor Dave turned as white as a ghost.

Abe held his lank sides, and, bending to and fro, fairly lost himself in atrocious grimaces and laughter, until he had to leave off, being exhausted.

Now there was a while of silence, at the end of which Dave held up a knotty, emaciated hand, and exclaimed:

"Well, Abe, you old scamp!"

Jones threw aside the club with savage energy, muttering as he went back towards the road:

"You're two of the confoundest, dad-blasted old eejits that ever was!"

An hour later Dave and Abe parted, each walking gingerly and slowly towards his home.

On the next Sunday, when they met at the little meeting-house, they looked sheepishly at each other and said simply:

"How d'ye do?"

They never played again.

*Maurice Thompson.*

## RENEWAL.

OUT of the night,  
Out of the vast and vacant blue  
Where the hidden world takes form anew,  
Glimmers a gathering light.

The bud of the dawn  
In the empty field of shadow glows,  
Grows and glows like an opening rose,  
And the night is over and gone!

And the heart is high  
For the swelling green of the mountain crest,  
For the music that sleeps in the robin's nest,  
And the rose of the eastern sky!

*Kate Putnam Osgood.*

## THE BORDER-LAND OF CHINA.

### A JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.



DRUM MADE OF HUMAN SKULLS.

**H**ARDLY had we lost sight of Hsi-ning on our way to the great Kumbum lamastery than we seemed to have suddenly left China and its people far behind, so great were the changes that everywhere met us. No longer were all the passers-by blue-gowned and long-queued Chinese, but people of different language and different dress. There were Mongols, some of them from Urga near Kiakhta or the remote Amoor provinces, dressed in greasy sheepskin gowns and big fur caps, or else in the yellow or red cloth ones of lamas. The women were hardly distinguishable from the men save those who, from coquetry, had put on their green satin gowns and head and neck ornaments of silver, so as to produce a sensation on entering Luser, the suburb of Kumbum. With them were long strings of camels, many of them bearing

gifts, sometimes of great value, for the temple. Then came parties of pilgrims tramping along in single file, each with a little load held by a light wooden frame fastened to his back. They belonged to some one of the Tibetan tribes that live in the mountains of the Hsi-ning circuit, and are known to the Chinese as Hsi-Fan, "Western barbarians or borderers," or simply Fantzu.<sup>1</sup> Many other queer people we saw as we rode along, T'u-szu and K'amba, Panak'a and Salar, of all of whom I shall have to speak later.

Our road led up a valley, towards a high black range of nude and jagged peaks, rising like a wall across its southern extremity, and which figures on our maps as the South Kokonor range. When about fifteen miles up we turned to the southwest, and crossing the low hills which here border it, we saw in the narrow valley of loess formation lying at our feet a straggling village built on the steep sides of a hill at the foot of which two small streams met. Here was a grove of slender poplars black with flocks of croaking ravens and small, yellow-billed crows, while shaggy, grunting yaks, camels with gurgling moans, and little rough ponies led by their queer, un-Chinese looking owners drank in the stream close by. On the flat roofs of the village houses sat men and women gossiping, spinning yarn, or spreading out manure to dry. This was Luser, the suburb, as it were, of Kumbum. As I stood on top of the hill leading down to the village I looked to my left and there were the golden roofs and spires of the temples with walls of green or red, and over the hillside roundabout were long, irregular lines of low, flat-roofed houses, partly hidden behind clean whitewashed walls, the homes of three thousand odd lamas who live in this great sanctuary of the Tibetan and Mongol faith. On the hill slope between the village and the lamastery was the fair-ground, where a motley crowd was moving to and fro, where droves of yaks and strings of camels were continually arriving, while scattered about farther away were the traveling tents of those who preferred their ordinary dwellings to the small, dingy rooms to be rented in the lamastery or at Luser.

It was the day after my arrival at Luser,

<sup>1</sup> The Mongols call them Tangutu; but the name they give themselves is Bopa, a local pronunciation of the Tibetan word Bodpa, the generic name of all Tibetans, and pronounced in Central Tibet as if written Peu-ba.

the twelfth of the first moon, when the Chinese in every town and village all over the Empire celebrate the Dragon festival (*lung-tung hui*),<sup>1</sup> that I made my first acquaintance with the place. The streets of the village were crowded with people dressed in their holiday best, and all pressing on towards the Chinese temple at the foot of the hill where the feast was to begin. The theatrical representation was without interest, but the spectators were delightful. On one side were squatting a group

glass beads. The day was warm and the men and women had slipped their right arms out of their gowns, showing their bronzed and muscular forms undefiled by any acquaintance with water, to say nothing of soap.

Near them stood some T'u-szu in dress closely resembling the Chinese, only they wore their gowns short and full in Tibetan fashion; the women with bright red handkerchiefs around their heads, and long violet gowns of Chinese pattern.



KUMBUM.

of Rongwa-Tibetan men and women in high-collared sheepskin or cloth gowns trimmed with leopard skins. On their heads were little pointed red caps with lambskin borders, or dark red turbans draped in loose but graceful folds. The women dressed like the men except that their hair fell from under their little caps over their shoulders and backs in numberless small plaits like cloaks, the plaits held together by broad bands of ribbon on which were sewed cowries, pieces of money, coral, turquoise or

Mongols of the Koko-nor and the Ts'aidam were not wanting. They have adopted to a great extent the dress of their Tibetan neighbors: like the ass in the lion's skin, they doubtless think themselves more formidable when thus arrayed. Their women, when not married, dress their hair in Tibetan fashion, but the married ones wear two heavy tresses, falling on each side of the face and incased in black embroidered satin. K'alk'a Mongols from Eastern Mongolia were there also, the richness of their dress and the softer tones of their speech distinguishing them from their poorer and harsher-spoken kinsmen of the West.

Beside me stood some tall, swarthy-looking

<sup>1</sup> Not to be confounded with the Dragon boat festival, celebrated on the fifth of the fifth moon. The Dragon festival or procession here referred to is a part of the New Year festivities.

men with thin features and aquiline noses, dressed in dark violet gowns, and, unlike the Koko-nor Tibetan, with long queues and turquoise ear-rings in the left ear. They were traders from Lh'asa and Trashil'unpo, and had come from Tankar, where they had left their camels and goods, to see the festival.

But it would require a whole chapter to describe the various tribes represented at Lusar that day. One whose wild, fierce looks, and whose long swords, on which their hand always rested, fixed my attention from the first. They were K'ambas, or Hung-mao-tzu,—"Red-capped men," as the Chinese of Kan-su call this people,—natives of Eastern Tibet. Their dress is a dirty sheepskin gown hanging in large folds below their waists and hardly reaching to their knees; their boots, with rawhide soles and tops of bright-colored cloth, are held by garters below the knee. They wear no head-dress. Their long, tangled hair, falling over their shoulders and cut in a fringe to their eyes, is so matted and thick that they do not feel the want of a better head-cover. The Chinese and Mongols fear them, and venture but rarely and with trembling into the wilds which they inhabit south of the source of the Yellow River and along the upper course of the Yang-tze-kiang, or Dré'ch'u, as it is called in their language.

Though the street scenes at Lusar were full of varied interest, I was impatient to see Kumbum and its temples; so we crossed over to the other side of the valley, and, pushing our way through the crowd of peddlers and people of every description who thronged the hill-side, passed under a high white monument—offering holder or receptacle—and entered the lamasery grounds. A broad road, now crowded with people buying and selling every variety of goods, led to a building with red walls and green-tiled roof, the convent treasure-house. Near it was another smaller building with a garden in front inclosed within high walls. It was the temple of the famous tree which grows on the spot where the hair of Tsongk'apa had fallen when he was shaved and consecrated to the church by his mother. On each of its leaves is an outline figure of the god. The lamas say that this tree is a white sandal-wood, but it is probably a lilac. This appeared to me the more likely, as I was told that it bears large bunches of violet flowers in the spring. The leaves which fall from the tree are carefully gathered up and sold to visitors, who keep them as charms or use them as medicine. Those I got were so broken that I could distinguish nothing on them; but I was assured by unbelieving Mohammedans that the picture is clearly discernible on the leaves, and that they are "valuable curios," as they put it.

On this my first visit to the lamasery I could not visit the treasure-house, which was only opened on the 15th, when the Chinese ambassador, or Hsi-ning Amban, as he is commonly called, visited the place; but we were shown the chief temple, whose golden roofs had attracted my attention when I was approaching Lusar. It is in its main features built in Chinese style, and does not differ essentially from the Buddhist temples seen at Peking and



HOLY WATER VASE.

in other localities in Northern China. In front is a spacious courtyard, and the temple is raised some eight feet above its level. Those who wish to worship before the holy shrines stand on a broad plank walk in the courtyard at the base of the temple and there they make their prostrations. The deep grooves worn in the planks by the feet and hands of the devotees testify to the popularity of this gymnastic form of worship. In the dimly lighted temple we could distinguish only the three principal shrines, the central one that of Gautama

Buddha, that on his right Tsongk'apa, and that on his left Dipankara Buddha.

To the right of this gold-roofed temple is the temple of Tsongk'apa called the *Jé k'ang*. It has two superposed roofs, covered with green tiles and supported by red-lacquered pillars. The lower wall of the building is covered with green tiles and a narrow walk leads around it. In front of the temple, within a little wooden paling, is another "white sandal-wood tree," on the branches of which hang numbers of ceremonial scarfs offered by the faithful. My Chinese servant, who accompanied me in my walk, nearly got into trouble here. We had entered the temple inclosure on its left side, and started to walk around, keeping it on our right hand. He, not knowing or forgetting that to walk around a sacred building keeping it on one's left side is sacrilegious, began his walk in the wrong direction. He had not gone two steps when he was pulled up by a lot of lamas and visitors and started off in the right way, with some forcible remarks about his improper conduct in holy places.

Tsongk'apa, to whom Kumbum owes its origin, deserves more than a passing mention, for he is the founder of the form of Buddhist worship which prevails throughout Mongolia and the greater part of Tibet—in short, of modern lamaism. He was born A. D. 1360, near the place where Kumbum now stands, his parents belonging to the Amdo Tibetans, who still inhabit the country. At the age of sixteen he began his theological studies, but the following year, by the advice of his teacher, he went to Lh'asa, where he soon became a master in all the branches of Buddhist learning. Abbé Huc, struck by the many points of resemblance between the lamaist and Catholic churches, was convinced, when he heard that the first teacher of Tsongk'apa had a long nose, that he was one of the Catholic missionaries who at that time had penetrated Central Asia in large numbers.<sup>1</sup> The length of a nose is but a poor foundation for such an important theory, and, even if we accept noses as criterions, we would find that those of the people of Turkestan are quite as long, if not longer, than our own. We have, however, the authority of Marco Polo for it that in his time (latter part of the thirteenth century) there were some Christians at Hsi-ning (Sinju), and we know that in the fourteenth century Christianity flourished at Peking. But this is no proof that Tsongk'apa, who when only seventeen went to Lh'asa, where Christianity certainly was not to be found, had ever seen a Catholic church or heard the Gregorian chant, and the whole subject requires much

more study before we can draw any conclusion, and above all it requires unprejudiced students who have no preconceived theories to demonstrate.

Huc gives a long list of points of resemblance in the dress, habits, and ceremonies of the lamas and Catholic priests, comprising the use of the crozier, miter, dalmatic, censor held by five chains, holy water, chanting, exorcisms, worship of saints, celibacy, retreats, fasts, and litanies; but he omits one which I think very curious. When a person is dying a lama will frequently be called in, to administer to him the *dro män*, or "going medicine." With some of his spittle he anoints the forehead, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet of the dying person, to the end that he may have a rapid transmigration. Where did this idea of extreme unction come from? And where did they get that of drinking holy water as a cure for bodily pains, a habit frequently met with among uneducated Catholics?

If we can say nothing definite on this interesting subject, we have ample information concerning the origin and history of the lamaist church founded by Tsongk'apa. He, as we have seen, went to Lh'asa at an early age; there he studied, preached, reformed, and finally transmigrated into the person of Gédun drupa, who founded the Trashil'unpo lamasery in 1446 and became the first of the series of incarnated gods known as Panch'en rinpoché, although native works say that the first pontiff bearing this title was born in 1567. Becoming afterwards incarnate in Gédun jyats'o, he returned to Lh'asa and was made head of the great Drébung lamasery of that place. His successor was So-nam jyats'o, "the Sea of Charity," and all the succeeding incarnations have had the word *jya-ts'o* (*i. e.*, sea) as a portion of their style. This pontiff visited the Mongol conqueror Altan Khan, and he, imagining that *jya-ts'o* (in Mongol *talé*) was his name, addressed him as Talé lama, and the name has been used ever since by Chinese and Mongols to designate the head of the lamaist hierarchy; but the Tibetans speak of him as "The victorious ocean," or "The most excellent protector." He is held to be an incarnation of the Merciful God who watches over the world, Shenrézig with the thousand heads and thousand eyes. In China this god has become a goddess and is called Kuan-yin, and half of the representations one sees of her show her holding an infant in her arms, and looking for all the world like the conventional statue of the Virgin Mary. I once came across a Chinese book entitled "The Fifty Manifestations of Kuan-yin." One picture showed her likeness as she appeared to an old

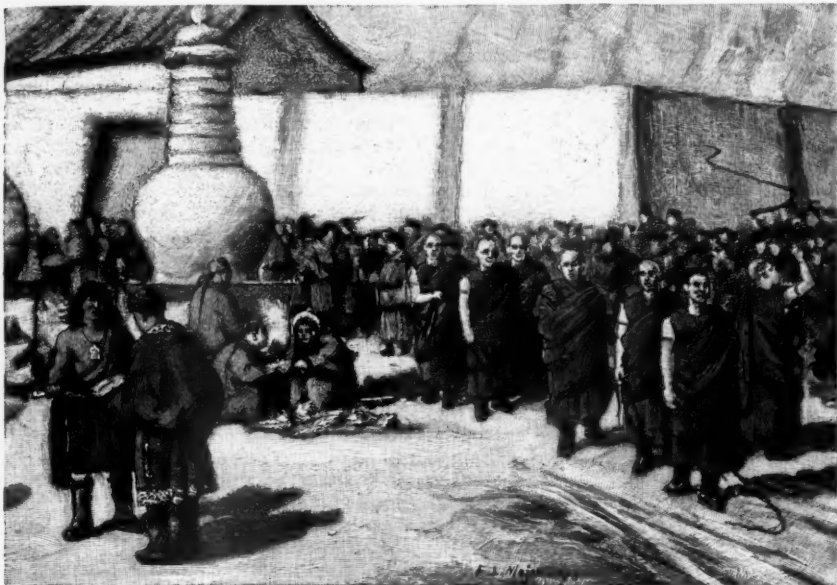
<sup>1</sup> Huc, "Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie," etc., Tome II., p. 114.

man in Shan-hsi, another the form under which she had shown herself to a devout priest, and in one she had appeared to a poor laborer as Peter the Great of Russia, for there was the picture of the great emperor in breastplate and wig and with a marshal's baton in his hand. In what strange semblance will Kuan-yin make her next appearance? Will it be as Washington or as Gladstone, both of whose pictures I have seen in out-of-the-way places in China?

We were walking homeward from the temple when suddenly the crowd scattered to the

he was on his way with his lictors to put an end to the scandal. I followed in his wake and saw the peep-show—whose special attraction, I am sorry to say, were European (Belgian) obscene pictures—knocked down, Punch and Judy laid out mangled beside it, the owners whipped and put to flight, and the majesty of ecclesiastical law and morality duly vindicated.

On the morning of the fifteenth of the first moon (February 14) I went, in company with a lama friend, to see the treasure-house and the



BLACK LAMAS AT THE KUMBUM FAIR.

right and left, the lamas running for places of hiding with cries of "*Gékor lama, gékor lama!*" and we saw striding towards us six or eight lamas with a black stripe painted across their foreheads and another around their right arms,— "*black lamas,*" the people call them,— and armed with heavy whips, with which they belabored any one who came within their reach. Behind them walked a stately lama in robes of finest cloth and with head clean shaved. He was a "*gékor,*" a lama censor or provost, whose duty it was to see that the rules of the lamasery were strictly obeyed, and who, in conjunction with two colleagues, like him appointed by the abbot for a term of three years, tries all lamas for whatever crimes or breach of the rules they may have committed. This one had heard that there were peep-shows, Punch and Judy shows, roulette tables, and other prohibited amusements on the fair-grounds, and

other sights which I had been prevented from seeing on my first visit. On the panels of the gates opening into the yard of the building were painted human skins, the hands, feet, and head hanging to them and all reeking with blood—these to frighten all evil-doers, most likely, and make their flesh creep at the very thought of what might befall them if they tried to rob the place. Then on the walls of the yard, and protected by a broad roof, were painted numbers of the guardian angels in their hideous trappings of snakes, human skins, skulls, and bones, wallowing in blood and surrounded by flames, and escorted by imps more ghastly than they with heads of bulls, hogs, dogs, or eagles. The building was small and very dark, so only with great difficulty could we distinguish the curious things with which it was filled. Bowls of silver, ewers of gold, images of the gods in gold, silver, and bronze, pictures, beautifully

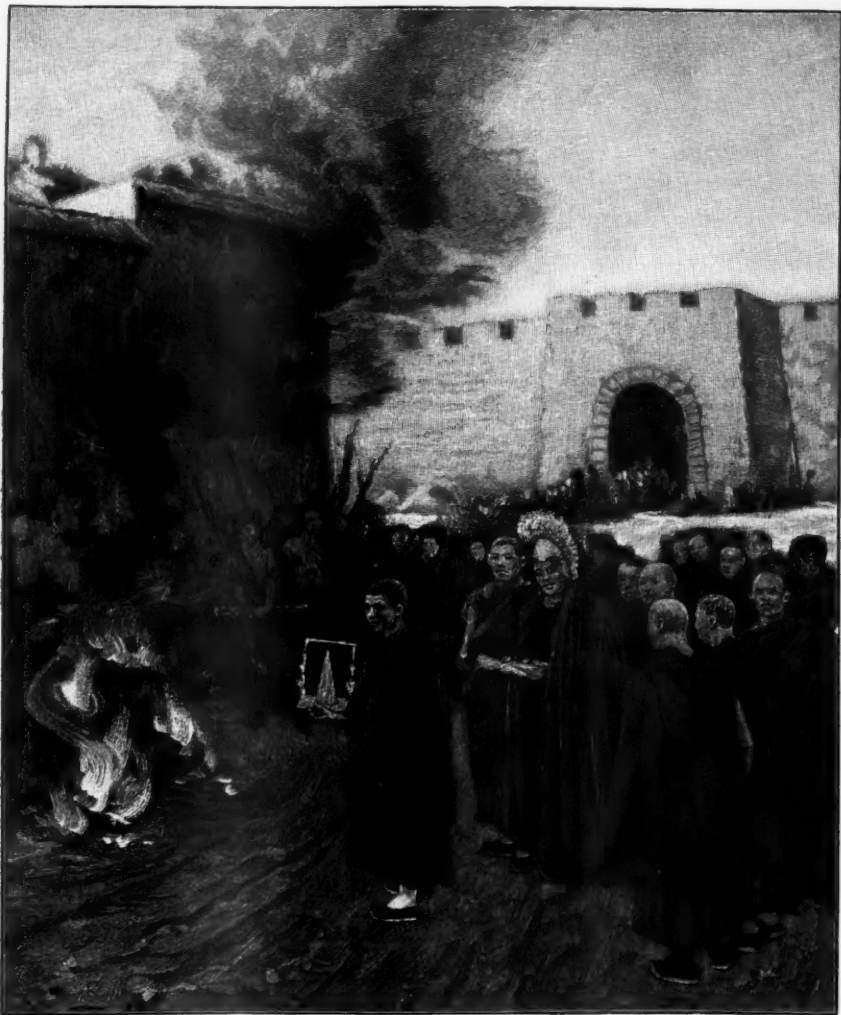


BUTTER BAS-RELIEFS AT KUMBUM.

illuminated manuscripts, carpets, satin hangings, cloisonné vases, and incense burners enough to fill a museum. One big silver bowl was pointed out to me with a bullet hole through it, made during the late Mohammedan rebellion, when the lamasery was attacked, and the lamas with gun and sword defended their temples and treasures, and were killed by hundreds on the steps of the sanctuary or beside their burning houses. The Mohammedans spared the temples and the sacred sandal-wood trees, not even taking the gold tiles from the chief temple; a most extraordinary piece of sentimentalism on their part, or rather a miraculous intervention of the gods to preserve their holy place.

A little later on the Hsi-ning Amban and the high Chinese authorities of this part of the province arrived to see the butter bas-reliefs to be exposed that evening. The lamas, squatting on the ground, lined the road for more than half a mile, and through the midst of them the Amban and his suite passed, his well-mounted escort carrying bright-colored pennants on the ends of their lances, with trumpet blasts echoed back by the deep-sounding convent conch-shells.

When it had grown dark we once more went to Kumbum. Outside the southern wall of the gold-roof temple were two large butter bas-reliefs, under a high scaffolding from which hung innumerable banners painted with pictures of gods and saints, while here and there were gaudy Chinese lanterns with pictured sides. The bas-reliefs were about thirty feet long and ten feet high, supported by a framework and lighted up by rows of little brass bowls filled with butter in which burned cotton wicks. The subjects were religious, representing gods in the usual lamaist style, with scenes in the various heavenly abodes or in the different hells. The central figure of each group was about four feet high, and in the background around it were long processions, battles, etc., each figure — and there were hundreds — not over eight or ten inches high. Every detail was most carefully worked out in this large slab of butter, and painted in the florid but painstaking style of lamaist illumination. Around each tableau had been worked an elaborate framework of flowers, birds, and Buddhist emblems, from among which a squirrel was peeping out or a dragon twisting its scaly body. Along the



A GUILT-OFFERING AT TANKAR.

walk which led around the temple were seven smaller bas-reliefs about ten feet long and five feet high, each representing scenes similar to those in the larger ones and all worthy of the greatest praise, not only on account of the labor bestowed on them, but for their artistic merit. It takes about three months' labor to finish one of these bas-reliefs, for which the only reward awaiting the makers is the praise of their fellow-lamas and a small sum of money given as a prize to the best piece of work. Every year there are new designs and new artists who bring their experience and skill to add to the beauty of the feast; for it is held in all lama-

series, though in none, not even in those of Lh'asa, is it so beautiful as at Kumbum. The lamas who are experts at modeling butter bas-reliefs travel about from lamasery to lamasery, the fame of their skill frequently preceding them, and they are sure of a hearty welcome, food, and lodging wherever they choose to stay.

It is possible, even probable, that this lamaist feast owes its origin to the Chinese, whose feast of lanterns, which has been celebrated since A. D. 700 at least, falls on the same day.

The next morning the bas-reliefs had dis-

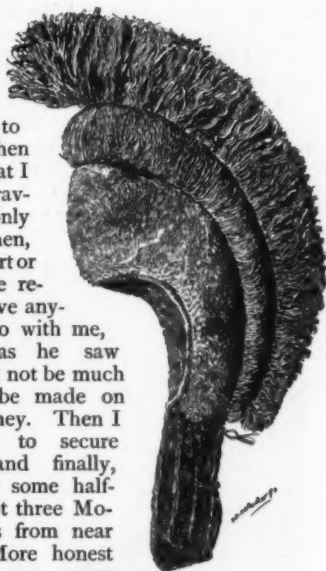
appeared, the lamasery had assumed its habitual quiet, and the people were returning to their homes in the mountains or on the steppe, the girls and women probably comparing notes on the feast and showing one another the presents they had received from their admirers; among them red silk scarfs, which they hang about their persons, hold a prominent place and are recognized "favors" among them. Though I had come to Kumbum to see the feast, I had also hoped to be able to organize with rapidity a little caravan of my own, or to join some large one and strike out towards Tibet. But I soon found out that this was not such an easy matter. I had come thus far with only one servant and a pony, and now I must have five or six more horses, four or five camels, and two or three men speaking Mongol and Tibetan. The horses were easy enough to buy, and I soon had four good strong ones hobbled in the courtyard of the inn; but camels were nowhere to be found, and men willing to risk themselves in the wilds of the Koko-nor and Tibet were undiscoverable. For six weeks I searched the country, assisted by several old friends whom I had known at Peking, chief among whom was the steward of the beautiful Kuo-mang ssu, or *Serkok* lamasery, north of Hsi-ning some thirty miles. I went to see him and to visit the lamasery, and he engaged first one lama, then another, to go with me, but each one abandoned me after a few days. Then a Mongol lama, called Tsairang-lama, who had been

with the Russian traveler Potanin for two years, came to me; but when he heard that I purposed traveling with only four or five men, with no escort or passport, he refused to have anything to do with me, especially as he saw there would not be much money to be made on such a journey. Then I endeavored to secure Chinese, and finally, after trying some half-dozen, I got three Mohammedans from near Tankar. More honest and better men never breathed; and had it not been for the rascal I had brought with me from Peking,—spoilt by having served and squeezed too many foreigners,—I should have been perfectly satisfied with my party.

Camels are not numerous in this part of China, nor are they in the Koko-nor and the Ts'aidam, and good ones were sold for tremendous prices—much too high for my slender purse. Finally I secured five of the vile brutes, and all my other supplies were gradually, but with great trouble, got together, so that towards the middle of March I was ready to leave China. Saying farewell to Lushar, I went to Tankar, a large frontier trading post some twenty odd miles to the west of Hsi-ning, which commands the route to the Koko-nor, the Ts'aidam, and Tibet, occupying the same position for the trade on the north-western border of China as Ta-chien-lu in Ssu-ch'uan does for the western and Li-kiang Fu for the southwestern.

Here I met Tibetans from all parts of their country, and men from Kashgar and Khoten, called "turbaned people," or black barbarians, selling Khoten prayer rugs, Hami raisins, and dried melons. Indian rupees, Russian rubles, Kashgar *tengas*, and Lh'asa *trankas* were in every money-changer's, Chinese cash was no longer in favor, and in every shop hung queer-looking goods, unknown to the Chinese or of entirely different shape when used by them.

Tankar was one of the strongholds of the Mohammedans when the rebellion broke out



YELLOW HAT WORN BY  
LAMAS IN CHURCH  
CEREMONIES.



LIBATION BOWL MADE OF A HUMAN SKULL.

some thirty years ago, and it was one of the towns which suffered most from that war. The imperial troops after its capture put to death over three thousand Mohammedan families, since which time no Mohammedan has been allowed to take up his residence within its walls unless one of the inhabitants stands his security. Then these years of warfare drove the greater part of the Tibetan trade, which used to come here, to Ta-chien-lu; and so Tankar,

mind a man ought not to undertake a journey in Central Asia unless he is in robust health; and if he is, he will surely be able to live on the same food which answers for the natives. Moreover, I believe that a traveler should share with his men his food and comforts, and not live like a sybarite on corned beef, baked beans, and such preserved delicacies when they have only tea, a little meal, and rancid butter. It is not very pleasant to follow these rules, but



INTERIOR OF A TIBETAN TENT.

although it is now looking up again, is no longer the great trading post it used to be.

Here we bought the provisions and camping outfit requisite for the journey westward—brick tea, parched barley meal (*tsamba*), vermicelli, and rice for ourselves, and barley for the horses and camels. Two small blue cotton tents and a few sheets of felt, a water cask, a copper kettle, a ladle, and a bellows completed our not too cumbersome outfit, which, with the things I had brought with me from Peking, did not weigh all told over 500 pounds. Each man had a pair of big saddle-bags in which he carried his personal belongings and a few extra articles of food. His saddle-cloth became his bed at night, his saddle his pillow, and the clothes on his back his bedclothes. The only article of foreign food I took with me was a five-pound can of Chollet's compressed vegetables, and I carried it back to Shanghai without ever opening it. To my

if one does he can ask and obtain more from his followers than he could otherwise, and where he goes they very probably will follow him; at least they will when privations are the only thing they have to fear.

While at Lusa and at Tankar I met a number of men and women belonging to a curious tribe of Mohammedans living to the south of the Yellow River near Ho-chou, called Salar.<sup>1</sup> They are of Turki stock, having come from Turkestan some centuries ago, but though not forming a large tribe, and living in the midst of the Chinese, they have retained their language and to a great extent the peculiar features distinctive of their race, especially the thin aquiline nose. The traders who visit Tankar and the adjacent country from Kashgar and other parts of Turkestan have no difficulty in making themselves understood by

<sup>1</sup> They are also called "Black-capped Mohammedans" by the Chinese.

the Salar. They are also much more devout Mohammedans than their Chinese co-religionists, and greater fanatics, and Ho-chou, the principal city in their part of the province, where they are very numerous, is still a hotbed of rebellion where revolts against Chinese authority are of yearly occurrence. Near Tankar is another Mohammedan tribe, also possibly of Turki descent, but about which I could not obtain satisfactory information, as they are now confounded with the Mongols. They are the Tolmokor Tolmogun, of whom there are perhaps one thousand, and future travelers in this country should make inquiries concerning them. Chinese authors give the names of thirty-four different aboriginal or foreign tribes inhabiting the Kansu border-land, but the little they tell us of them is only sufficient to excite our curiosity without satisfying it on any point. Huc speaks of the Dschiahours as of a tribe living south-east of Hsi-ning; but this name, which should be written Jya-hor, is a generic one for all Tibetans living along the border, and is not the name of any special tribe. Prjevalsky's Daldy or Doldy will, in all probability, turn out on further examination to be either an inaccurately transcribed expression or a Chinese nickname for some of the Mongols living to the north and northwest of Hsi-ning under the rule of Mori wang.<sup>1</sup> From this we may learn that the ethnography of this part of China is practically unknown, or, from having been inquired into by persons unacquainted with the language spoken there, is misunderstood and misrepresented.

While at Tankar I witnessed a religious ceremony of an interesting nature performed for the benefit of the Tibetan traders from Trashil'ungpo stopping there, and known as a Ku-rim (*i. e.*, removal of bodily disease). A small pyramid made of *tsamba* and butter was placed on an ornamented wooden framework



1. COPPER TEA-KETTLES. 2. WOODEN BOWLS LINED WITH SILVER. 3. BRICK OF TEA. 4. TEA-KETTLE. 5. COPPER KETTLE. 6. TSAMBA BAG. 7. WOODEN BUTTER-BOX. 8. WOODEN TEA-CHURN. 9. BAMBOO TEA-STRAINER.

in a room, and, after a church service, all those for whose benefit the ceremony was performed passed under it, by so doing diverting from their heads any impending disease, misfortune, or other evil. Then the lamas carrying the guilt-offering, followed by all the traders, dressed in their finest apparel and bearing guns and swords, issued out of the gate of the town and went to a place where a great pile of straw and brushwood had been made ready. The chief lama, after reading a few charms, exorcisms, and mystic sentences, had fire applied to the pile, and as the flames leaped up the offering was flung into them, while the assistants fired off their guns and the lamas chanted prayers and blew horns. When the fire had consumed the offering, and all the impending ill-luck, the procession formed again, and the laymen, in single file on each side of the monks, escorted them home with drawn swords, singing the while in deep bass voices supposed to be terrifying.

On the 25th of March we left Tankar and rode up the valley of the Hsi-ning River to its head. Passing the last Chinese village when ten miles from Tankar, we were suddenly in the midst of a country inhabited only by nomadic Tibetans and Mongols. The former live in black tents, which Huc likens most

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese call the Mongols Ta-tzu, hardly ever Meng-ku. Ta-tzu is an abbreviation of Ta-ta-tzu or Ta-ta-ehr, whence our Tatar. The word in Chinese has no meaning, and is of foreign origin.



COPPER AND SILVER PRAYER WHEELS.

felicitously to huge black spiders with long, thin legs, their bodies resting on the ground; for, unlike any other tents I have seen, the Tibetan tent has only two poles, supporting a ridgepole in the interior, while the corners and sides of the tent are held by ropes on the outside, which pass over high poles and are fastened to the ground some distance from the tent. The top of the tent is open along the greater part of its length, and under this opening stands the furnace or range on which the cooking is done. It is made of stones and mud with a fireplace at one end, and is so arranged that the heat passes along its whole length and four or five kettles can be kept boiling at once. This furnace is practically the only article of furniture seen in a Tibetan tent, if furniture it can be called, since it is left standing when the owner moves to another place. Besides this, one sees in their tents only a quantity of leather bags in which their tea and meal are kept, pack-saddles, sheets of felt, and nondescript rags and odds and ends of which only the owner knows the use and value. In the spring a large portion of the tent is occupied by young lambs and kids hobbled by one leg to a rope stretched near the wall. The tents of the Mongols are of felt, and far superior to those of the Tibetans. A light wooden framework only six feet high, so made that it folds up into a convenient shape for packing, is placed so as to form a circle about twelve feet in diameter; then the roof, made of sticks arranged like the ribs of an umbrella, is placed on top of the framework, sheets of felt are tied over it and the sides, and a small two-paneled wooden door is fixed on the south side.<sup>1</sup> With this the tent is complete. In the middle, under

the large hole in the roof, a small iron grate is placed in which dried yak manure is used as fuel, the fire kept burning by a bellows made of goatskin, in one end of which an iron tube is inserted.

Mongols and Tibetans around the Koko-nor live alike, both equally wretched. Some tea leaves — or tea twigs rather — are pounded in a small stone mortar and then thrown into a kettle, and after boiling for a few minutes the pot is placed in the midst of the guests squatting around it on the ground. Each one draws from the bosom of his gown a little wooden bowl, also used on occasions as washbowl, and fills it with tea. Taking a chunk of butter, except in summer fearfully rancid, he lets it melt in his bowl and then adds a handful of tsamba from the bag set before him. Then he works tea, butter, and tsamba into a ball of brown dough which he eats, drinking as much tea as is necessary to wash down the sodden lumps. Such is the daily food of these people, only varied now and then by the addition of a little boiled mutton, sour milk, cheese, or *choma*, which is a small, sweet tubercle that grows in great profusion in the damper parts of Eastern Tibet and Kan-su and tastes something like a sweet potato.<sup>2</sup>

In dress and habits the Tibetans living outside the Chinese border and in the vicinity of the Koko-nor are hardly distinguishable from those inhabiting the mountains of the Hsi-ning circuit, only their tribal organization differing. These Tibetans living within the borders are called Amdowa, those outside of it Panak'a, and all of them are known to the Chinese as Fan-tzu, or "Barbarians." The Amdowa have a larger number of petty chieftains, but, as far as I could learn, no prince or chief ruler; but the Panak'a have two, the more influential — or rather the better known — of whom is the Konsa lama, who lives to the north of the Koko-nor. The present incumbent of this office, one he-

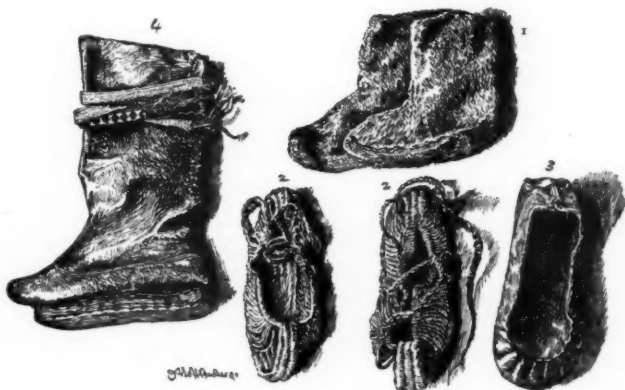
<sup>1</sup> The Mongols are particular to have their tents facing south; not so the Tibetans, whose only care is that they do not face in the direction of the prevailing winds.

<sup>2</sup> Botanists call it *Potentilla anserina*.

editary in his family, is called Arabtan, and he is said to be the richest man among all his people. His fortune consists of 2000 sheep, 300 camels, and 300 ponies, worth altogether about \$12,000. When this chief's father had grown old the son killed him and took his place. To kill one's aged parents is a common practice among these Panak'a, and even among the Mongols; if the latter do not deliberately kill them, they hasten their death by all kinds of bad treatment.

When among these Tibetans a person is dying, a relative or friend will approach him and inquire if he purposes coming back again after death. If he says he does, he is smothered; but if he answers that he will not, he is permitted to die in peace. The exact meaning of this custom is not clear, but it may probably be found in the dread of the spirits of the dead haunting their former abodes. Dead bodies

no one ever dreams of cleaning the kettle afterwards, and every one has to mix his own tsamba and lick his bowl clean when he has finished. Every four or five years she may have to sew a new sheepskin gown for herself or for some one of her family, but certainly not oftener. She cannot herd the cattle or sheep; men must do that, as there is danger from marauders. She passes her time spinning yarn, weaving a coarse kind of cloth out of which bags are made, turning a prayer wheel, and—destroying too voracious vermin. Her toilet requires rearranging only four or five times a year—when she visits Kumbum or some other fair; she never washes herself or her garments, and her children cannot outgrow their clothes: they have only to let out a little the folds of the gown, their unique garment, tucked up around the waist, and it will fit them until they are grown up.



1. WOOLEN SOCKS. 2. HEMP SANDALS. 3. LEATHER MOCCASIN. 4. LEATHER BOOT.

are not buried but are exposed on the hillsides, where birds of prey devour them. If the body is rapidly devoured, it is held to be a proof of the righteousness of the deceased; but if the birds of the air, the wolves, and the foxes refuse to eat it, it is evidence of his wickedness. The bodies of lamas are burned, and the ashes deposited beneath a monument, or else they are disposed of as are those of laymen.

Among the Tibetans a man marries only one wife, whom he purchases from her parents, a belle often costing as much as ten ponies and thirty yaks. The price to be paid for the wife is arranged by a relative or a friend who acts as go-between, and the only marriage ceremony is a grand spree lasting as long as the bridegroom can afford to keep it up. The life of a Tibetan woman in this part of the country cannot be deemed a hard one. She makes the tea, it is true, but with that the housekeeping ends; for

The men are not much more occupied than the women; they herd their horses, yaks, and sheep without fatigue, and while smoking their pipes and gossiping with friends. They shear their sheep and twist the wool into loose ropes, in which shape they carry it to Tankar to sell to the Chinese, and this is the hardest work of the year. The price of the wool, to which should be added that from the sale of lamb-skins, yak hides, and a few furs, principally lynx and fox, suffices to purchase all the tea, tsamba, and vermicelli they require; and the few iron or copper implements they make use of are made for them by itinerant Chinese blacksmiths who visit them now and then. Just before leaving Tankar some one had suggested to me the advisability of taking a large stock of leather boots such as Mongols and Tibetans wear; so I bought 20 or 30 pairs for about \$10, and I found them of the greatest

use, for boots are a regular unit of value in the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam. A sheep is valued at a pair of boots, so is a yak's hide, four wild asses' skins, or eight pecks of barley. When boots were not in demand we were able to purchase whatever we might require with buttons, turquoise beads, needles, or tea. This last



STEEL AND TINDER BOX, MOUNTINGS IN SILVER.

article is sold at Tankar in bricks about 16 inches long 8 broad and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  thick, weighing 6 pounds and costing \$1.85. Forty miles west of Tankar it is worth \$2.50, and in the Ts'aidam it has a fixed value of \$5, a brick. Money throughout the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam is but rarely used, all purchases being made by barter, and I found a great deal of amusement in trading off worn-out tooth-brushes, empty bottles, old socks, etc., to the best advantage for barley and butter, milk or cheese.

On the third day after leaving Tankar we reached the head of the Hsi-ning ho valley, and some miles away on our left we saw a glistening sheet of ice stretching as far westward as the eye could reach, while to the south of it rose a high snow-capped range of rugged mountains. It was the Koko-nor, the "Blue lake," the Ch'ing hai of the Chinese, with a circumference of some 250 miles and an altitude of about 10,900 feet above sea level. To the northeastern side of the lake the country stretched out in an undulating steppe, bordered by another range of mountains gradually receding from it as it trended westward till they were lost to sight in the haze which bounded the horizon. Here and there over the broad expanse were scattered the black tents of Panak'a, while large herds of antelopes and wild asses could be seen feeding in the more secluded hollows or scampering away in single file across the open. The soil was sandy, the grass thin and stiff, and water scarce, the streams which flow down from the distant range into the lake being many miles apart. No snow was anywhere to be seen save on the tops of the range to the south of the lake, and

had it not been for the strong northwest wind, — the Chinese call it "black wind," — which blew almost continually, it would have been pleasantly warm; even as it was, the thermometer marked 58° F. at noon at our first camp near the lake.

During all my journey through the Koko-nor steppe, the Ts'aidam, and Tibet the daily routine of our life was the same. At daylight we arose, and while two men fed the pack animals and saddle horses another lighted a fire of dry yak manure and made a kettleful of tea, which we drank with a few lumps of tsamba. Then the loads being put on the pack animals, camels, yaks, or ponies, we started and marched for five or six hours, when we halted to drink tea and to let the animals feed on what they could pick up, grass or brush. Three or four hours more of marching found us at a camping-ground, and in a little while the tents were pitched, the horses sidelined and hobbled and turned out to graze till night. Before dark we took our evening meal, consisting of vermicelli, boiled mutton, tea, and tsamba. Then the horses were driven in and tied by one foot to a long hair rope fastened to the ground in front of the tent, our two big Tibetan mastiffs let loose, and as night fell we all settled ourselves in our tents, I to work out my day's survey, write up my notes and take some observations, the men to fix their saddles and get ready for the next day's march, and all of us finally to sleep. Thanks to our dogs, we were never obliged to stand watch, for not a living creature could get within a quarter of a mile of our camp without the deep, angry barks of Largé and J'yamar giving us ample warning. These dogs had, in common with all their breed, a curious way of watching; they did not lie near the tents, but went each in an opposite direction some two or three hundred yards off and there lay down, and woe to any stranger who came near them. Several Mongols will carry all their lives the marks of the teeth of old J'yamar. A few balls of tsamba and some bones once a day was all the feeding they got while I owned them, and I suppose these short rations helped to ruin tempers not naturally sweet.

The Mongols who live near the northeastern side of Lake Koko-nor are not numerous or well to do; they are in constant dread of their predatory and bullying neighbors the Panak'a, and do not venture very far beyond the Chinese frontier. The greater part of them occupy the basin of the Ta-t'ung ho to the northwest of Hsi-ning, and they are governed by a prince known as Mori-wang,<sup>1</sup> who divides with the prince of Koko-nor (*Ch'ing-hai wang*), living to the southwest of the lake in the Ts'aidam ba-

<sup>1</sup> Prjevalsky calls him Murwang.

sin, the government of all the Mongol tribes in the vicinity of the Koko-nor. Every year these princes are bound to repair to Tankar to visit the emperor's legate, the Amban, who confers on them gifts in the name of his master, and then they renew their oaths of fealty by doing obeisance before an imperial throne. Every three years they are obliged to travel to the capital to bear tribute to the emperor, assist at a banquet, and receive some paltry presents — satin, embroideries, pouches, etc.

The Panak'a or Koko-nor Tibetans are not held to the accomplishment of any of these duties, and are practically independent, only paying the Chinese government a small poll tax. Those living to the south of the lake refuse even to do that, nor will they supply to Chinese officials traveling in their country horses, beasts of burden, and food without being duly paid for them, although these supplies, known as *ula*, are held to be compulsory on all tributary tribes without the border.

*W. Woodville Rockhill.*



SILVER COINS OF CHINESE TURKESTAN.

## MIDWINTER STORM IN THE LAKE REGION.

**R**ISES the wild, red dawn over the icicled edges  
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,  
And heaving of gray-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks and ledges,  
Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-barred.

Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, gilding their weird dark faces,  
Lift the cyclopean rocks, silent, motionless, bare;  
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-plowed, passionate traces  
The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath furrowed her care.

Out of the far, gray skies comes the dread north with his blowing  
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.  
Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,  
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

God pity the sad-fated vessels that over these waters are driven  
To meet the rude shock of his strength and shudder at blast of his breath.  
God pity the tempest-drave sailors, for here naught on wave or in heaven  
Is heard but the hate of the night, the merciless grinding of death.

*William Wilfred Campbell.*





WHY does the earth no tribute flower,  
No incense-bearing blossom, bring  
To celebrate the thrice-blessed hour  
Which brought to her heaven's earth-  
born King?

This birthday of eternity  
Finds fitter wreath in deathless pine  
The laurel and the hemlock tree,  
Bound with the ivy's coiling vine.

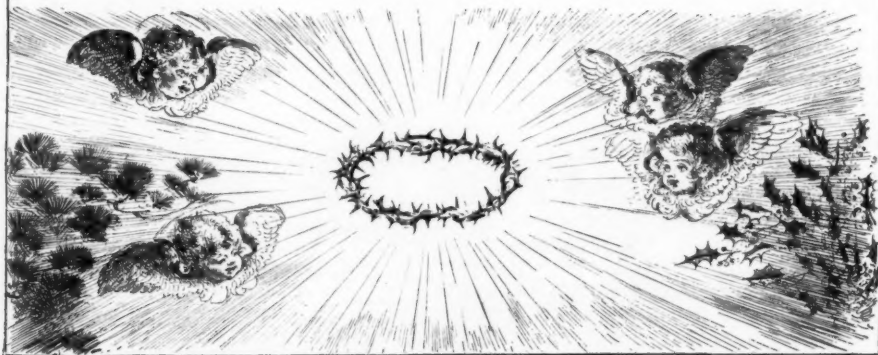
Why do no roses wreath her head?  
Why do no lilies gleaming white,  
With every rainbow blossom wed,  
Weave odorous emblems of delight?

That Prince of Heaven, that God earth-born,  
'T was not for mortal joy he came,  
The holly with its cruel thorn  
Suits well the day that bears his name;

Those short-lived buds she dare not bring,  
For though they fit her fleeting years,  
They are not meet to deck the spring,  
The dawning summer of the spheres.

And the white wrappings of the snow  
Like swathings in the manger's gloom;  
And drifts beneath the thick boughs glow  
Like grave-clothes in the empty tomb.

*Henry Morton.*



## SISTER DOLOROSA.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.



**W**HEN Sister Dolorosa had reached the summit of a low hill on her way to the convent, she turned and stood for a while looking backward. The landscape stretched away in a rude, unlovely expanse of gray fields, shaded in places by brown stubble, and in others lightened by pale, thin corn—the stunted reward of necessitous husbandry. This way and that ran wavering lines of low fences, some worm-eaten, others rotting beneath over-clambering wild rose and blackberry. About the horizon masses of dense and rugged woods burned with somber fires as the westering sun smote them from top to underbrush. Forth from the edge of one a few long-horned cattle, with lowered heads, wound meekly homeward to the scant milking. The path they followed led towards the middle background of the picture, where the weather-stained and sagging roof of a farm-house was just visible above the tops of aged cedars. Some of the branches, broken by the sleet and snow of winters, trailed their burdens from the thinned and desolated crests—as sometimes the highest hopes of the mind, after being beaten down by the tempests of the world, droop around it as memories of once transcendent aspirations.

Where she stood in the dead autumn fields few sounds broke in upon the pervasive hush of the declining day. Only a cricket, under the warm clod near by, shrilled sturdily with cheerful forethought of drowsy hearthstones; only a lamb, timid of separation from the fold, called anxiously in the valley beyond the crest of the opposite hill; only the summoning whistle of a quail came sweet and clear from the depths of a neighboring thicket. Through all the air floated that spirit of vast loneliness which at seasons seems to steal like a human mood over the breast of the great earth and leave her estranged from her transitory children. At such an hour the heart takes wing for home, if any home it have; or when, if homeless, it feels all the quick stir of that fond yearning for the evening fireside with its half-circle of trusted faces young and old—with its bonds of love and marriage, those deepest and most enchanting realities to the earthly imagination. The very landscape, barren and

dead, but framing the simple picture of a home, spoke to the beholder the everlasting poetry of the race.

But Sister Dolorosa, standing on the brow of the hill whence all the picture could be seen, yet saw nothing of it. Out of the western sky there streamed an indescribable splendor of many-hued light, and far into the depths of this celestial splendor her steadfast eyes were gazing.

She seemed caught up to some august height of holy meditation. Her motionless figure was so lightly poised that her feet, just visible beneath the hem of her heavy black dress, appeared all but rising from the dust of the pathway; her pure and gentle face was upturned, so that the dark veil fell away from her neck and shoulders; her lips were slightly parted; her breath came and went so imperceptibly that her hands did not appear to rise and fall as they clasped the cross to her bosom. Exquisite hands they were,—most exquisite,—gleaming as white as lilies against the raven blackness of her dress; and, by some startling fitness of posture, the longest finger of the right hand pointed like a marble index straight towards a richly embroidered symbol over her left breast—the mournful symbol of a crimson heart pierced by a crimson spear. Whether attracted by the lily-white hands or by the red symbol, a butterfly, which had been flitting hither and thither in search of the gay races of the summer gone, now began to hover nearer, and finally lighted unseen upon the glowing spot. Then, as if disappointed not to find it the bosom of some rose,—as if lacking all hope and strength for further quest,—there it rested, slowly fanning with its white wings the tortured emblem of the Divine despair.

Lower sank the sun, deeper and more widespread the splendor of the sky, more rapt and radiant the expression of her face. A painter of the angelic school, seeing her standing thus, might have named the scene the transfiguration of angelic womanhood. What but heavenly images should she be gazing on; or where was she in spirit but flown out of the earthly autumn fields and gone away to sainted vespers in the cloud-built realm of her own fantasies? Perhaps she was now entering yon vast cathedral of the skies, whose white spires touched blue eternity; or toiling devoutly up yon gray

mount of Calvary, with its blackened crucifix falling from the summit.

Standing thus towards the close of the day, Sister Dolorosa had not yet passed out of that ideal time which is the clear white dawn of life. She was still within the dim, half-awakened region of womanhood, whose changing mists are beautiful illusions, whose shadows about the horizon are the mysteries of poetic feeling, whose purpling east is the palette of the imagination, and whose upspringing skylark is blithe aspiration that has not yet felt the weight of the clod it soars within. Before her still was the full morning of reality — before her the burden of the midday hours.

But if the history of any human soul could be perfectly known, who would wish to describe this passage from the dawn of the ideal to the morning of the real — this transition from life as it is imagined through hopes and dreams to life as it is known through action and submission? It is then that within the country of the soul occur events too vast, melancholy, and irreversible to be compared to anything less than the downfall of splendid dynasties or the decay of an august religion. It is then that there leave us forever bright, ærial spirits of the fancy, separation from whom is like grief for the death of the beloved.

The moment of this transition had come in the life of Sister Dolorosa, and unconsciously she was taking her last look at the gorgeous western clouds from the hilltops of her chaste life of dreams. In a few minutes her feet were to cross the border-land of another world.

A flock of frightened doves sped hurtling low over her head, and put an end to her reverie. Pressing the rosary to her lips, she turned and walked on towards the convent, not far away. The little footpath across the fields was well trodden and familiar, running as it did between the convent and the farm-house behind her in which lived old Ezra and Martha Cross; and as she followed its windings, her thoughts, as is likely to be true of the thoughts of nuns, came home from the clouds to the humblest concerns of the earth, and she began to recall certain incidents of the visit from which she was returning.

The aged pair were well known to the Sisters. Their daughters had been educated at the convent; and, although these were married and scattered now, the tie then formed had since become more close through their age and loneliness. Of late word had come to the Mother Superior that old Martha was especially ailing, and Sister Dolorosa had several times been sent on visits of sympathy. For reasons better to be understood later on, these visits had had upon her the effect of an April shower on a thirsting rose. Her mission of

mercy to the aged couple over, for a while the white taper of ideal consecration to the Church burned in her bosom with a clearer, steadier luster, as though lighted afresh from the Light eternal. But to-day she could not escape the conviction that these visits were becoming a source of disquietude; for the old couple, forgetting the restrictions which her vows put upon her very thoughts, had spoken of things which it was trying for her to hear — love-making, marriage, and children. In vain had she tried to turn away from the proffered share in such parental confidences. The old mother had even produced and read aloud a letter from her eldest son, telling them of his approaching marriage and detailing all the hope and despair of his wooing. With burning cheeks and downcast eyes Sister Dolorosa had listened till the close and then risen and quickly left the house.

The recollection of this returned to her now as she pursued her way along the footpath which descended into the valley; and there came to her, she knew not whence or why, a piercing sense of her own separation from all but the Divine love. The cold beauty of un-fallen spirituality which had made her all but august as she stood on the hilltop died away, and her face assumed a tenderer, more appealing loveliness, as there crept over it, like a shadow over snow, that shy melancholy under which those women dwell who have renounced the great drama of the heart. She resolved to lay her trouble before the Mother Superior to-night, and ask that some other Sister be sent hereafter in her stead. And yet this resolution somehow gave her no peace, but a throb of painful renunciation; and since she was used to the most scrupulous examination of her conscience, to detect the least presence of evil, she grew so disturbed by this strange state of her heart that she quite forgot the windings of the pathway along the edge of a field of corn, and was painfully startled when a wounded bird, lying on the ground a few feet in front of her, flapped its wings in a struggle to rise. Love and sympathy were the strongest principles of her nature, and with a little outcry she bent over and took it up; but scarce had she done so, when, with a final struggle, it died in her hand. A single drop of blood oozed out and stood on its burnished breast.

She studied it — delicate throat, silken wings, wounded bosom — in the helpless way of a woman, unwilling to put it down and leave it, yet more unwilling to take it away. Many a time perhaps she had watched this very one flying to and fro among its fellows in the convent elms. Strange that any one should be hunting in these fields, and she looked quickly this way and that. Then, with a surprised movement of the hands that caused her to

drop the bird at her feet, Sister Dolorosa discovered, standing half hidden in the edge of the pale-yellow corn a few yards ahead, wearing a hunting-dress, and leaning on the muzzle of his gun, a young man who was steadfastly regarding her. For an instant they stood looking each into the other's face, taken so unprepared as to lose all sense of convention. Their meeting was as unforeseen as another far overhead, where two white clouds, long shepherded aimlessly and from opposite directions across the boundless pastures by the unreasoning winds, touched and melted into one. Then Sister Dolorosa, the first to regain self-possession, gathered her black veil closely about her face, and advancing with an easy, rapid step along the pathway, bowed low with downcast eyes as she passed him, and hurried on towards the convent.

She had not gone far before she resolved to say nothing about the gossip to which she had listened. Of late the Mother Superior had seemed worn with secret care and touched with solicitude regarding her. Would it be kind to make this greater by complaining like a weak child of a trivial annoyance? She took her conscience proudly to task for ever having been disturbed by anything so unworthy. And as for this meeting in the field, even to mention that would be to give it a certain significance, whereas it had none whatever. A stranger had merely crossed her path a moment and then gone his way. She would forget the occurrence herself as soon as she could recover from her physical agitation.

## II.

THE Convent of the Stricken Heart is situated in that region of Kentucky which early became the great field of Catholic immigration. It was established in the first years of the present century, when mild Dominicans, starving Trappists, and fiery Jesuits hastened into the green wildernesses of the West with the hope of turning them into religious vineyards. It was then, accordingly, derived from such sources as the impassioned fervor of Italy, the cold, monotonous endurance of Flanders, and the dying sorrows of ecclesiastical France, that there sprang up this new flower of faith, unlike any that ever bloomed in pious Christendom. From the meagerest beginning, the order has slowly grown rich and powerful, so that it now has branches in many States, as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

The convent is situated in a retired region of country, remote from any village or rural highway. The very peace of the blue skies seems to descend upon it. Around the walls great elms stand like tranquil sentinels, or at a

greater distance drop their shadows on the velvet verdure of the artificial lawns. Here, when the sun is hot, some white-veiled novice may be seen pacing soft-footed and slow, while she fixes her sad eyes upon pictures drawn from the literature of the dark ages, or fights the first battle with her young heart, which would beguile her to heaven by more jocund pathways. Drawn by the tranquillity of this retreat,—its trees and flowers and dews,—all singing birds of the region come here to build and brood. No other sounds than their pure cadences disturb the echoless air except the simple hymns around the altar, the vesper bell, the roll of the organ, the deep chords of the piano, or the thrum of the harp. It may happen indeed that some one of the Sisters, climbing to the observatory to scan the horizon of her secluded world, will catch the faint echoes of some young plowman in a distant field lustily singing of the honest passion in his heart, or hear the shouts of happy harvesters as they move across the yellow plains. The population scattered around the convent domain are largely of the Catholic faith, and from all directions the country is threaded by many footpaths that lead to the church as a common shrine. It was along one of these that Sister Dolorosa, as has been said, hastened homeward through the falling twilight.

When she reached the convent, instead of seeking the Mother Superior as heretofore with news from old Martha, she stole into the shadowy church and knelt for a long time in wordless prayer—wordless, because no petition that she could frame appeared inborn and quieting. An unaccountable remorse gnawed the heart out of all language. Her spirit seemed parched with aridity; her will was deadened as by a blow. Trained to the most rigorous introspection, she entered within herself and penetrated to the deepest recesses of her mind to ascertain the cause. The bright flame of her conscience thus employed was like the turning of a sunbeam into a darkened chamber to reveal the presence of a floating grain of dust. But nothing could be discovered. It was the undiscovered that rebuked her as it often rebukes us all—the undiscovered evil that has not yet linked itself to a conscious transgression. At last she rose with a sigh and dejectedly left the church.

Later, the Mother Superior, noiselessly entering her room, found her sitting at the open window, her hands crossed on the sill, her eyes turned outward into the darkness.

"Child, child," she said hurriedly, "how uneasy you have made me! Why are you so late returning?"

"I went to the church when I came back, Mother," replied Sister Dolorosa in a voice

singularly low and composed. "I must have returned nearly an hour ago."

"But even then it was late."

"Yes, Mother; I stopped on the way back to look at the sunset. The clouds looked like cathedrals. And then old Martha kept me. You know it is difficult to get away from old Martha."

The Mother Superior laughed slightly, as though her anxiety had been removed. She was a woman of commanding presence, with a face full of dignity and sweetness, but furrowed by lines of difficult resignation.

"Yes; I know," she answered. "Old Martha's tongue is like a terrestrial globe: the whole world is mapped out on it, and a little movement of it will show you a continent. How is her rheumatism?"

"She said it was no worse," replied Sister Dolorosa, absently.

The Mother Superior laughed again. "Then it must be better. Rheumatism is always either better or worse."

"Yes, Mother."

This time the tone caught the Mother Superior's ear.

"You seem tired. Was the walk too long?"

"I enjoyed the walk, Mother. I do not feel tired."

They had been sitting on opposite sides of the room. The Mother Superior now crossed, and, laying her hand softly on Sister Dolorosa's head, pressed it backward and looked fondly down into the upturned eyes.

"Something troubles you. What has happened?"

There is a tone that goes straight to the hearts of all women in trouble. If there are tears hidden, they gather in the eyes. If there is any confidence to give, it is given then.

A tremor, like that of a child with an unspent sob, passed across Sister Dolorosa's lips, but her eyes were tearless.

"Nothing has happened, Mother. I do not know why, but I feel disturbed and unhappy." This was the only confidence that she had to give.

The Mother Superior passed her hand slowly across the brow, white and smooth like satin. Then she sat down, and as Sister Dolorosa slipped to the floor beside her she drew the young head to her lap and folded her aged hands upon it. What passionate, barren loves haunt the hearts of women in convents! Between these two there existed a tenderness more touching than the natural love of mother and child.

"You must not expect to know at all times," she said with grave gentleness. "To be troubled without any visible cause is one of the mysteries of our nature. As you grow

older you will understand this better. We are forced to live in conscious possession of all faculties, all feelings, whether or not there are outward events to match them. Therefore you must expect to have anxiety within when your life is really at peace without; to have moments of despair when no failure threatens; to have your heart wrung with sympathy when no object of sorrow is nigh; to be permeated with the need of loving when there is no earthly thing to receive your love. This is part of woman's life, and of all women, especially those who, like you, must live not to stifle the tender and beautiful forces of nature, but to ennoble and unite them into one divine passion. Do not think, therefore, to escape these hours of heaviness and pain. No saint ever walked this earth without them. Perhaps the lesson to be gained is this: that we may feel all things before they happen, so that if they do happen we shall be disciplined to bear them."

The voice of the Mother Superior had become low and meditative; and, though resting on the bowed head, her eyes seemed fixed on events long past. After the silence of a few moments she continued in a brighter tone:

"But, my child, I know the reason of *your* unhappiness. I have warned you that excessive ardor would leave you overwrought and nervous; that you were being carried too far by your ideals. You live too much in your sympathies and your imagination. Patience, my little St. Theresa! No saint was ever made in a day, and it has taken all the centuries of the Church to produce its martyrs. Only think that your life is but begun; there will be time enough to accomplish everything. I have been watching, and I know. This is why I send *you* to old Martha. I want you to have the rest, the exercise, the air of the fields. Go again to-morrow, and take her the ointment. I found it while you were gone to-day. It has been in the Church for centuries, and you know this bottle came from blessed Loretto in Italy. It may do her some good. And, for the next few days, less reading and study."

"Mother!" Sister Dolorosa spoke as though she had not been listening. "What would become of me if I should ever—if any evil should ever befall me?"

The Mother Superior stretched her hands out over the head on her knees as some great, fierce, old, gray eagle, scarred and strong with all the storms of life, might make a movement to shield its imperiled young. The tone in which Sister Dolorosa had spoken startled her as the discovered edge of a precipice. It was so quiet, so abrupt, so terrifying with its suggestion of an abyss. For a moment she prayed silently and intensely.

"Heaven mercifully shield you from harm!" she then said in an awe-stricken whisper. "But, timid lamb, what harm can come to you?"

Sister Dolorosa suddenly rose and stood before the Mother Superior.

"I mean," she said, with her eyes on the floor and her voice scarcely audible—"I mean—if I should ever fail, would you cast me out?"

"My child!—Sister!—Sister Dolorosa!—Cast you out!"

The Mother Superior started up and folded her arms about the slight, dark figure, which all at once seemed to be standing aloof with infinite loneliness. For some time she sought to overcome this difficult, singular mood.

"And now, my daughter," she murmured at last, "go to sleep and forget these foolish fears. I am always near you!" There seemed to be a fortress of sacred protection and defiance in these words as she uttered them; but the next instant her head was bowed, her upward-pointing finger raised in the air, and in a tone of humble self-correction she added: "Nay, not I; the Sleepless guards you! Good-night."

Sister Dolorosa lifted her head from the strong shoulder and turned her eyes, now luminous, upon the calm but troubled face.

"Forgive me, Mother!" she said in a voice of self-disdain and scornful resolution. "Never—never again will I disturb you with such weakness as I have shown to-night. I *know* that no evil can befall me! Forgive me, Mother. Good-night."

While she sleeps learn her history. Pauline Cambron was descended from one of those sixty Catholic families of Maryland that formed a league in 1785 for the purpose of emigrating to Kentucky without the rending of social ties or separation from the rites of their ancestral faith. Since then the Kentucky branch of the Cambrons has always maintained friendly relations with the Maryland branch, which is now represented by one of the wealthy and cultivated families of Baltimore. On one side the descent is French; and, as far back as this can be traced, there runs a tradition that some of the most beautiful of its women became barefoot Carmelite nuns in the various monasteries of France or on some storm-swept island of the Mediterranean Sea.

The first of the Kentucky Cambrons settled in that part of the State in which nearly a hundred years later lived the last generation of them—the parents of Pauline. Of these she was the only child, so that upon her marriage depended the perpetuation of the Kentucky family. It gives to the Protestant mind a startling insight into the possibilities of a woman's life and destiny in Kentucky to learn

the nature of the literature by which her sensitive and imaginative character was from the first impressed. This literature covers a field wholly unknown to the ordinary student of Kentucky history. It is not to be found in well-known works, but in the letters, reminiscences, and lives of foreign priests, and in the kindling and heroic accounts of the establishment of Catholic missions. It abounds in such stories as those of a black friar fatally thrown from a wild horse in the pathless wilderness; of a gray friar torn to pieces by a sawmill; of a starving white friar stretched out to die under the green canopy of an oak; of priests swimming half-frozen rivers with the sacred vestments in their teeth; of priests hewing logs for a hut in which to celebrate the mass; of priests crossing and recrossing the Atlantic and traversing Italy and Belgium and France for money and pictures and books; of devoted women laying the foundation of powerful convents in half-ruined log cabins, shivering on beds of straw sprinkled on the ground, driven by poverty to search in the wild woods for dyes with which to give to their motley worldly apparel the hue of the cloister, and dying at last, to be laid away in pitiless burial without coffin or shroud.

Such incidents were to her the more impressive since happening in part in the region where lay the Cambron estate; and while very young she was herself repeatedly taken to visit the scenes of early religious tragedies. Often, too, around the fireside there was proud reference to the convent life of old France and to the saintly zeal of the Carmelites; and once she went with her parents to Baltimore and witnessed the taking of the veil by a cousin of hers—a scene that afterwards burned day and night before her conscience as a lamp before a shrine.

Is it strange if under such influences, living in a country place with few associates, eagerly reading in her father's library all books that were to be had on the legends of the monastic orders and the lives of the saints—is it strange if to the young Pauline Cambron this world before long seemed little else than the battlefield of the Church, the ideal man in it a monk, the ideal woman a nun, the human heart a solemn sacrifice to Heaven, and all human life a vast, sad pilgrimage to the shrine eternal?

Among the places which had always appealed to her imagination as one of the heroic sites of Kentucky history was the Convent of the Stricken Heart, not far away. Whenever she came hither she seemed to be treading on sacred ground. Happening to visit it one summer day before her education was completed, she asked to be sent hither for the years that remained. When these were past,

here, with the difficult consent of her parents, who saw thus perish the last hope of the perpetuation of the family, she took the white veil. Here at last she hid herself beneath the black. Her whole character at this stage of its unfolding may be understood from the name she assumed—Sister Dolorosa. With this name she wished not merely to extinguish her worldly personality, but to clothe herself with a lifelong expression of her sympathy with the sorrows of the world. By this act she believed that she was forming a direct personal alliance with all that was most exalted in the struggle of the human to make itself divine, and foresaw herself attaining the consummation of a change of nature so complete that the black veil of Sister Dolorosa would cover as in a funeral urn the ashes which had once been the heart of Pauline Cambron. And thus her conventual life began.

But for those beings to whom the span on the summer-evening cloud is as nothing compared with that fond arch of beauty which it is a necessity of their nature to hang as a bow of promise above every beloved hope—for such dreamers the sadness of life lies in the dissipation of mystery and the disillusion of truth. When she had been a member of the order long enough to see things as they were, Sister Dolorosa found herself living in a large, plain, comfortable brick convent, situated in a retired and homely region of southern Kentucky. Around her were plain nuns with all the invincible contrariety of feminine temperament. Before her were plain duties. Built up all around her were plain restrictions. She had rushed with outstretched arms towards poetic mysteries, and clasped prosaic reality. The heroic was nowhere in sight. Nor could she perceive that she had become a different being—become a saint.

As soon as the lambent flame of her spirit had burned over this new life, as a fire before a strong wind rushes across a plain, she one day surveyed it with that sense of reality which sometimes visits the imaginative with such appalling vividness. Was it upon this dreary waste that her soul was to play out its sublime drama of ideal womanhood?

She answered the question in the only way possible to such a nature as hers. She divided her life in twain. Half, with perfect loyalty, she gave out to duty; the other, with equal loyalty, she stifled within. But perhaps this is no uncommon lot—this unmating of the forces of the mind, as though one of two singing birds should be released to fly forth under the sky, while the other—the nobler singer—is kept voiceless in a darkened chamber.

But the Sisters of the Stricken Heart are not

cloistered nuns. Their chief vow is to go forth into the world to teach. Scarcely had Sister Dolorosa been intrusted with work of this kind, before, reaching eagerly outward for larger possibility, and influenced by tastes already formed, she conceived an aspiration to become a great teacher of history or literature, and obtained permission to spend extra hours in the convent library on a wider range of sacred reading. Here began a second era in her life. Books became the avenues along which she escaped from her present into an illimitable world. Her imagination, beginning to pine, now took wing and soared back to the remote, the splendid, the imperial, the august. Her sympathies, finding nothing around her to fix upon, were borne afar like winged seed and rooted on the colossal ruins of the centuries. Her passion for beauty fed on holy art. She lived at the full flood of life again. If in time revulsion came, if the silence of this dead world became unendurable, and its company of great and sainted souls but dust and stone, she would live a shy, exquisite, hidden life of poetry and the imagination, in which she herself played all the historic rôles. Now she would become a powerful abbess of old, ruling over a hundred nuns in an impregnable cloister. To the gates, stretched on a litter, wounded to death, they bore a young knight of the Cross. She had the gates opened. She went forth and bent over him; heard his dying message; at his request drew the plighted ring from his finger to send to another land. How beautiful he was! How many masses—how many, many masses—she celebrated for the peace of his soul! Now she was St. Agatha, tortured by the proconsul; now she lay faint and cold in an underground cell, and was visited by St. Thomas à Kempis, who read to her long passages from the "Imitation." Or she would tire of the past, and making herself an actor in her own future, in a brief hour live out the fancied drama of all her crowded years.

But whatever part she took in this dream existence, this beautiful passion-play of the soul, nothing attracted her but the highest, the perfect. For the commonplace she felt only a guileless scorn.

Thus for some time these unmated lives went on—the fixed outward life of duty, and the ever-wandering inner life of love. In midwinter, walking across the shining fields, you have come to some little frost-locked stream. How mute and motionless! You set foot upon it, the ice is broken, and beneath is musical running water. Thus under the chaste and rigid numbness of convent existence the heart of Sister Dolorosa murmured unheard and hurried away unseen to plains made warm and green by her

imagination. But the old may survive upon memories; the young cannot thrive upon hope. Love, long reaching outward in vain, returns to the heart as self-pity. Sympathies, if not supported by close realities, fall in upon themselves like the walls of a ruined house. At last, therefore, even the hidden life of Sister Dolorosa grew weary of the distant, the future, and the past, and came home to the present.

The ardor of her studies and the rigor of her duties combined—but more than either that wearing away of the body by a restless mind—had begun to affect her health. Both were for the while relaxed, and she was required to spend as much time as possible in the walks and garden of the convent. It was like lifting a child that has become worn out with artificial playthings to an open window to see the flowers. With inexpressible relief she turned from medieval books to living nature; and her beautiful imagination, that last of all faculties to fail a human being in an unhappy lot, now began to bind nature to her with semblances of ties and fellowships which quieted the need of human association. She had long been used to feign correspondences with the fathers of the Church; she now established intimacies with various dumb companions, and poured out her heart to them in confidence.

The distant woods slowly clothing themselves in green; the faint perfume of the wild rose, running riot over some rotting fence; the majestic clouds about the sunset; the moon dying in the spectral skies; the silken rustling of doves' wings parting the soft foliage of the sentinel elms; landscapes of frost on her window-pane; crumbs in winter for the sparrows on the sill; violets under the leaves in the convent garden; myrtle on the graves of the nuns—such objects as these became the means by which her imprisoned life was released. On the sensuous beauty of the world, as she saw it around her, she spent the chaste ravishments, the mysterious ecstasies, of her virginal heart. Her love descended on all things as in the night the dew fills and bends down the cups of the flowers.

A few of these confidences—written on slips of paper, and no sooner written than cast aside—are given here. They are addressed severally to a white violet, an English sparrow, and a butterfly.

"I have taken the black veil, but thou wearest the white, and thou dwellest in dim cloisters of green leaves—in the domed and many-pillared little shrines that line the dusty roadside, or seem more fitly built in the depths of holy woodlands. How often have I drawn near with timid steps, and, opening the doors of thy tiny oratories, found thee bending at thy silent prayers—bending so low that thy lips

touched the earth, while the slow wind sang thine Angelus! Wast thou blooming anywhere near when He came into the wood of the thorn and the olive? Didst thou press thy cool face against his bruised feet? Had I been thou, I would have bloomed at the foot of the cross, and fed his failing lungs with my last breath. Time never destroys thee, little Sister, or stains thy whiteness; and thou wilt be bending at thy prayers among the green graves on the twilight hillside ages after I who lie below have finished mine. Pray for me then, pray for thine erring sister, thou pure-souled violet!"

"How cold thou art! Shall I take thee in and warm thee on my bosom? Ah, no! For I know who thou art! Not a bird, but a little, brown mendicant friar, begging barefoot in the snow. And thou livest in a cell under the convent eaves opposite my window. What ugly feet thou hast, little Father! And the thorns are on thy toes instead of about thy brow. That is a bad sign for a saint. I saw thee in a brawl the other day with a mendicant brother of thine order, and thou drovest him from roof to roof and from icy twig to twig, screaming and wrangling in a way to bring reproach upon the Church. Thou shouldst learn to defend a thesis more gently. Who is it that visits thy cell so often? A penitent to confess? And dost thou shrive her freely? I'd never confess to thee, thou cross little Father! Thou 'dst have no mercy on me if I sinned, as sin I must since human I am. The good God is very good to thee that he keeps thee from sinning while he leaves me to do wrong. Ah, if it were but natural for me to be perfect! But that, little Father, is my idea of heaven. In heaven it will be natural for me to be perfect. I'll feed thee no longer than the winter lasts, for then thou 'lt be a monk no longer, but a bird again. And canst thou tell me why? Because, when the winter is gone, thou 'lt find a mate, and wert thou a monk thou 'dst have none. For thou knowest perfectly well, little Father, that monks do not wed."

"No fitting emblem of my soul art thou, fragile Psyche, mute and perishable lover of the gorgeous earth. For my soul has no summer, and there is no earthly object of beauty that it may fly to and rest upon as thou upon the beckoning buds. It is winter where I live. All things are cold and white, and my soul flies only above fresh fields of flowerless snow. But no blast can chill its wings, no mire bedraggle, or rude touch fray. I often wonder whether thou art mute, or the divine framework of winged melodies. Thy very wings are shaped like harps for the winds to play upon. So, too, my soul is silent never, though none

can hear its music. Dost thou know that I am held in exile in this world that I inhabit? And dost thou know the flower that I fly ever towards and cannot reach? It is the white flower of eternal perfection that blooms and waits for the soul in Paradise. Upon that flower I shall some day rest my wings as thou foldest thine on a faultless rose."

Harmonizing with this growing passion for the beauty of the world—a passion that marked her approach to perfect womanhood—was the care she took of her person. The coarse, flowing habit of the order gave no hint of the curves and symmetry of the snow-white figure throbbing with eager life within; but it could not conceal an air of refinement and movements of the most delicate grace. There was likewise a suggestion of artistic study in the arrangement of her veil, and the sacred symbol on her bosom was embroidered with touches of superfluous elaboration.

It was when she had grown weary of books and playing the imaginary drama of her life, when even the animated loveliness of Nature had begun to seem the cold silence of material things, that Sister Dolorosa was sent by the Mother Superior on those visits of sympathy to old Martha Cross; and it was during her return from one of them that there befell her that adventure which she had deemed too slight to mention.

### III.

HER outward history was that night made known to Gordon Helm by old Martha Cross. When Sister Dolorosa passed him he followed her at a distance until she entered the convent gates. It caused him a subtle pain to think what harm might be lurking to ensnare her innocence. And yet a still subtler pain shot through him as he turned away, leaving her housed within that inaccessible fold.

Who was she, and from what mission returning alone at such an hour across those darkening fields? He had just come to the edge of the corn and started to follow up the path in quest of shelter for the night, when he had caught sight of her on the near hilltop, outlined with startling distinctness against the jasper sky and bathed in a tremulous sea of lovely light. He had all but held his breath as she had turned and advanced towards him. He had watched the play of emotions in her face as she paused a few yards off. He had caught the very breath of her surprise at the discovery of him—the timid start; the rounding of the fawnlike eyes; the vermeil tint overspreading the transparent purity of her skin: her whole nature disturbed like a wind-shaken anemone. Then with entire trustfulness

she had passed so close that with a step forward he could have touched her. All this he now remembered as he returned along the footpath. It brought him to the door of the farmhouse, where he arranged to pass the night.

"You are a stranger in this part of the country," said the old housewife an hour later.

When he came in she had excused herself from rising from her chair by the chimney-side; but from that moment her eyes had followed him—those eyes of the old which follow the forms of the young with such despairing memories. By the chimney-side sat old Ezra, powerful, stupid, tired, silently smoking, and taking little notice of the others. Hardly a chill was in the air, but for her sake a log blazed in the cavernous fireplace and threw its flickering light over the guest who sat in front.

He possessed unusual physical beauty—of the type sometimes found in the men of those Kentucky families that have descended with little admixture from English stock; body and limbs less than athletic, but so formed for strength and symmetry that he might fitly have stood in a company of young Greeks stripped for the games; hair brown, thick, and slightly curling over the forehead and above the ears; complexion blond, but mellowed into rich tints from sun and open air; eyes of dark gray-blue, beneath brows low and firm; a mustache golden-brown, thick, and curling above lips red and sensuous; a neck round and full, and bearing aloft a head well poised and molded. The irresistible effect of his appearance was an impression of simple joyousness in life. There seemed to be stored up in him the warmth of the sunshine of his land; the gentleness of its fields; the kindness of its quiet landscapes. And he was young—so young! To study him was to see that he was ripe to throw himself heedless into tragedy; and that for him, not once but nightly, Endymion fell asleep to be kissed in his dreams by vanishing love.

"You are a stranger in this part of the country," said the old housewife, observing the elegance of his hunting-dress and his manner of high breeding.

"Yes; I have never been in this part of Kentucky before." He paused; but seeing that some account of himself was silently waited for, and as though wishing at once to despatch the subject, he added: "I am from the blue-grass region, perhaps about a hundred miles northward of here. A party of us were on our way farther south to hunt. On the train we fell in with a gentleman who told us he thought there were a good many birds around here, and I was chosen to stop over to ascertain. We might like to try this neighborhood

as we return, so I left my things at the station and struck out across the country this afternoon. I have heard birds in several directions, but had no dog. However, I shot a few doves in a cornfield."

"There are plenty of birds close around here, but most of them stay on the land that is owned by the Sisters, and they don't like to have it hunted over. All the land between here and the convent belongs to them except the little that's mine." This was said somewhat dryly by the old man, who knocked the ashes off his pipe without looking up.

"I am sorry to have trespassed; but I was not expecting to find a convent out in the country, although I believe I have heard that there is an abbey of Trappist monks somewhere down here."

"Yes; the abbey is not far from here."

"It seems strange to me. I can hardly believe that I am any longer in Kentucky," he said musingly, and a solemn look came over his face as his thoughts went back to the sunset scene.

The old housewife's keen eyes and sympathies pierced to his secret mood.

"You ought to go there."

"Do they receive visitors at the convent?" he asked quickly.

"Certainly; the Sisters are very glad to have strangers visit the place. It's a pity you had n't come sooner. One of the Sisters was here this afternoon, and you might have spoken to her about it."

This intelligence threw him into silence, and again her eyes fed upon his firelit face with inappeasable hunger. She was one of those women, to be met with the world over and in any station, who are remarkable for a love of youth and the world, which age, sickness, and isolation but deepen rather than subdue; and his sudden presence at her fireside was more than grateful. Not satisfied with what he had told, she led the talk back to the blue-grass country, and got from him other facts of his life, all the while asking questions in regard to the features of that more fertile and more beautiful land. In return she sketched the history of her own region, and dwelt upon its differences of soil, people, and religion — chiefly the last. All her conversation had a rude and effective eloquence, made the more telling by faculties long pent up and now gratefully exercised. It was while she spoke of the Order of the Stricken Heart that he asked a question he had long reserved.

"Do you know the history of any of these Sisters?"

"I know the history of all of them who are from Kentucky. I have known Sister Dolorosa since she was a child."

"Sister Dolorosa!" The name pierced him like a spear.

"The nun who was here to-day is called Sister Dolorosa. Her real name was Pauline Cambron."

The fire died away. The old man left the room on some pretext, and did not return. The story that followed was told regretfully, with many details not given here — traced up from parentage and childhood with that fine tracery of the feminine mind which is like intricate embroidery, and which leaves the finished story wrought out on the mind like a complete design, with every point fastened to the sympathies.

As soon as she had finished he rose quickly from a desire to be alone. So well had the story been knit to his mind that he felt it an irritation, a binding pain. He was bidding her good-night when she caught his hand and held it. Something in his mere temperament drew women towards him.

"Are you married?" she asked, looking into his eyes in the way with which those who are married sometimes exchange confidences.

He looked quickly away, and his face flushed a little fiercely.

"I am not married," he replied, withdrawing his hand.

She threw it from her with a slight gesture of mock, pleased impatience; and when he had left the room, she sat for a while over the cold ashes.

"If she were not a nun" — then she laughed to herself, and made her difficult way to her bed. But in the room above he sat down to think.

Was this, then, not romance, but life in his own State? Vaguely he had always known that farther south in Kentucky a different element of population had settled, and extended into the New World that mighty cord of ecclesiastical influence which of old had braided every European civilization into an iron tissue of faith. Vaguely he had known that upon entering that poorer, homelier region one might come into a domain of monasteries and convents. But this knowledge had never touched his imagination. In his own land there were no rural Catholic churches, much less convents, and even among the Catholic congregations of the neighboring towns he had not many acquaintances and fewer friends.

To descend as a gay bird of passage, therefore, upon these secluded, somber fields, and find himself in the neighborhood of a powerful order — to learn that a girl, beautiful, accomplished, of wealth and high social position, had of her own choice buried herself for life within its bosom — gave him a startling insight into Kentucky history as it was forming in his own time. Moreover — and this touched him

especially—it gave him a deeper insight into the possibilities of woman's nature; for a certain narrowness of view regarding the true mission of woman in this world belonged to him as a result of education. In the conservative Kentucky society by which he had been largely molded the opinion prevailed that woman fulfilled her destiny when she married well and adorned a home. All beauty, all accomplishments, all virtues and graces, were but means for attaining this end and enlarging this sphere. That she should be trained for anything else—separated bodily from a plain and imperative system of providential adaptations in order that she might indulge a solitary passion, whether for any art or profession or religion—was an advance in social philosophy not there received with much favor or enforced by many illustrations.

Moreover, he came of a stock which throughout the generations of Kentucky life, and back of these along the English ancestry, had stood above all things else for the home; a race of men with the fireside traits; sweet-tempered, patient, and brave; well-formed and handsome; cherishing towards all women a sense of chivalry; protecting them fiercely and tenderly; loving them romantically and quickly for the sake of beauty; marrying early, and sometimes at least holding towards their wives such faith that these had no more to fear from all other women in the world than from all other men.

Descended from such a stock and molded by the social ideals of his region, Helm stood most of all things for the home himself. And yet there was a difference. In a sense he was a product of the new Kentucky. His infancy had been rocked on the hither edge of the chasm of the civil war; his childhood spent amid its ruins; his youth ruled by two contending spirits—harsh, dying discord, and ever milder peace; and earliest manhood had come to him only in the morning of the new era. It was because the path of his life had thus run between the boundary of light and shade that his nature was partly joyous and partly grave; only joy claimed him entirely as yet, while gravity asserted itself merely in the form of sympathy with anything that suffered, and a certain seriousness touching his own responsibility in life.

Reflecting on this responsibility while his manhood was yet forming, he felt the need of his becoming a better and a broader type of man, matching the better and broader age. His father was about his model of a gentleman; but he should be false to the admitted progress of the times were he not an improve-

ment on his father. And since his father had, as judged by the ideals of the old social order, been a blameless gentleman of the rural blue-grass kind, with farm, spacious homestead, slaves, leisure, and a library,—to all of which, except the slaves, he would himself succeed upon his father's death,—his dream of duty took the form of becoming a rural blue-grass gentleman of the newer type, reviving the best traditions of the past, but putting into his relations with all his fellow-creatures an added sense of helpfulness, a broader sense of justice, and a certain energy of leadership in all things that made for a purer, higher human life. It will thus be seen that he took seriously not only himself, but also the reputation of his State; for he loved it, people and land, with broad, sensitive tenderness, and never sought or planned for his future apart from civil and social ends.

It was perhaps a characteristic of him as a product of the period that he had a mind for looking at his life somewhat abstractedly and with a certain thought-out plan; for this disposition of mind naturally belongs to an era when society is trembling upon the brink of new activities and forced to the discovery of new ideals. But he cherished no religious passion, being committed by inheritance to a mild, unquestioning, undeviating Protestantism. His religion was more in his conduct than in his prayers, and he tried to live its precepts instead of following them from afar. Still, his make was far from heroic. He had many faults; but it is less important to learn what these were than to know that, as far as he was aware of their existence, he was ashamed of them, and tried to overcome them.

Such, in brief, were Pauline Cambron and Gordon Helm: coming from separate regions of Kentucky, descended from unlike pasts, molded by different influences, striving towards ends in life far apart and hostile. And being thus, at last they slept that night.

When she had been left alone, and had begun to prepare herself for bed, across her mind passed and repassed certain words of the Mother Superior, stilling her spirit like the waving of a wand of peace: "To be troubled without any visible cause is one of the mysteries of our nature." True, before she fell asleep there rose all at once a singularly clear recollection of that silent meeting in the fields; but her prayers fell thick and fast upon it like flakes of snow, until it was chastely buried from the eye of conscience; and when she slept, two tears, slowly loosened from her brain by some repentant dream, could alone have told that there had been trouble behind her peaceful eyes.

(To be continued.)

James Lane Allen.

## CAN A NATION HAVE A RELIGION?



CAN a nation have a religion?

This is the question to which in this paper I invite attention.

It is not the question whether the state should have a church.

That the church is stronger for not being supported by the state, that the state is purer for not being dominated by the church, will not be doubted by any considerable number of American readers. For Americans the absolute separation of church and state may be regarded as settled, at least in theory. We have yet something to do to make our practice consistent with our theory; but the theory is not open to discussion. Nor is it the question whether the state should have a theology; whether a creed, however simple, should be incorporated in the Constitution, as for example a declaration of belief in the Bible, or in Christ, or in God. This is indeed proposed by some of our fellow-citizens, and has recently been approved, I believe, by one of our political parties. But this is not the question which I desire here to discuss. Without discussing it, it is legitimate to say that I do not think the Constitution of the United States is a proper place for the insertion of a system of theology or even an article of religious belief, however simple. The function of a constitution is to define and limit the powers of the various departments of the government, not to declare the religious belief of the people who constitute that government. Nor is it the question whether the individual citizens who constitute the nation should be religious individuals; whether they should possess religious beliefs, be inspired by religious motives, and controlled in their actions by religious principles. It is not the question whether in their political action as citizens they should be governed by the same religious considerations by which they are governed in their domestic, their business, and their church lives; whether they should carry their religion into their politics. This will not be a question to any one who really believes in religion at all. Religion is nothing if it is not a rule of life and of the whole life; a man is not religious at all if he is not religious in every part of his nature, at all times, and in all circumstances. The question which I wish to put before the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is whether the nation, as a nation, should have a religion; or whether the separation of church and state in-

volves also the separation of the nation and religion. A pamphlet of a modern writer lies before me, which contains the following declaration:

Religion is a matter of individual conviction or of individual belief; it must therefore, like all matters of conviction, be left to the individual.

This is plausible; is it also true? Has a nation a religious life — to be influential in determining national questions, to be controlling in determining national policy, to be expressed in national legislation? Or is a nation, as a nation, a purely unreligious organization? There are not a few persons who entertain this latter opinion, partly because they have not thought deeply on the subject, and have confounded religion with theology (that is, with the philosophy of religion), or with the church (that is, with the instituted forms of religion); partly because they do not see how it is possible that a nation made up of individuals of such various, and even antagonistic, faiths as the American people can yet possess one religion; partly because they see the curse which has fallen on other nations, who either have been separated into hostile camps by hostile religious faiths, as Ireland into Roman Catholics and Orangemen, or have been oppressed by the despotism of a hierarchy, as Spain in the fifteenth century by the power of a Papal priesthood, or Massachusetts in the seventeenth century by the power of a Protestant autocracy. They believe that religion is the inspired guide of the individual, that it should govern the citizen, that it is the bond of the family, that in his religious rights the person should be protected by the state, but that the state itself not only need not be but cannot be religious; that to treat all religions with impartiality it must ignore religion altogether. There are, however, some considerations which should at least give pause in accepting as an axiom that "religion is a matter of individual conviction" exclusively; and should lead one to think twice before accepting the conclusion that the American nation should be or ever can be a purely secular — that is, an unreligious — organization.

I. The questions which confront the American people are largely religious questions. That is, they are questions to be determined by religious considerations, and upon religious principles. They are not questions of experi-

ence, but of moral principle. Events ask the nation not What is wise? but What is right? and the nation must answer. And in answering, it formulates to that extent a religious faith and incorporates that faith in its organic law. Such a question addressed itself to the colonies in 1776, and the first sentence of the immortal Declaration of Independence was emphatically a declaration of religious faith: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There are no rights that are not duties. The Declaration of Independence was not justified if it was not obligatory. The War of the Revolution was treason if it was not a defense of a sacred trust. This was the declared faith of our fathers—that God had intrusted to them certain rights which they could not alienate without dishonor, and thus their faith was as emphatically a religious faith as that of the Council of Nicæa or that embodied in the Athanasian Creed. The great questions which confront the American Republic to-day are in like manner essentially religious questions. They ask the nation, not What is profitable? but What is duty? The Mormon question, the Divorce question, the Temperance question, the Indian question, the Negro question, the Labor question, the Prison Reform question, the Public School question, the Woman Suffrage question, the Tariff question, are all essentially religious questions. In a large measure their religious character is recognized by the press and the platform. The more effective writers and speakers are those who recognize the profounder aspect of these problems and address themselves, not to the self-interest but to the conscience of the nation. And they cannot be solved, it must be noted, by individuals acting religiously; they can be solved only by the religious action of the nation in its national capacity. We cannot solve either the Mormon or the Divorce question by individuals resolving to be content with one wife apiece; the question still remains, What will the nation do with polygamy, with the plurality of wives, contemporaneous or successive? What ought we to do? Does liberty demand that we leave polygamy alone? Does purity demand that we prohibit it? Personally taking the pledge does not solve the problem presented by the saloon. What is the duty of the nation towards the liquor traffic; not of the individual to patronize or not patronize, but of the state to protect, to restrict, or to prohibit? Ought the nation to regard alcoholic liquors as legitimate merchandise, like wool or cotton, the manufacture and the sale of which is to be protected if not promoted,

or as an extra-hazardous article like nitroglycerin or arsenic, the sale of which is to be carefully regulated and narrowly restricted, or as a positively pernicious article like diseased meats or infected garments, the sale of which we absolutely prohibit? This is a question for the nation to decide as a nation; its decision will be expressed by and incorporated in national legislation;<sup>1</sup> and this action, whatever it is, will be a religious action, that is, an action of the moral nature, in the moral realm, governed by moral considerations. The Indian and the Negro questions are both phases of one and the same question: what duties, if any, do a superior race owe to an inferior and subject race, living in the same territory, under the same government, parts of the same nation? The question cannot be answered by individual philanthropy or by missionary societies; the question is asked of the nation, and the nation only can answer it. If the law "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is a religious law, if the question "Who is my neighbor?" is a religious question, then the Indian and the Negro problems are religious problems. For their solution demands the application of this law, and requires an answer to these questions. So of every problem which confronts our State or national organizations to-day. Labor reform: What duty, if any, of protection does the law owe to the individual wage-earner against the possible aggression of organized capital? The prison question: What is the object of punishment?—since all punishment which is not directed to the true end of punishment is essentially unjust and iniquitous. The public school question: What are the co-relative rights and duties of nation, church, and parent in the education of the children who are to become the citizens and governors of the commonwealth? Woman suffrage: What duty does woman owe the state? Is she exempt from bearing its political burdens as from its jury, its police, and its militia? The tariff question: What duty does the nation owe of self-protection and self-help? What duty of consideration and brotherhood to the other nations of the earth? Not only in deciding these questions must the individual voter be controlled by religious principles, but their decision incorporates in the nation a religious principle. It becomes by its legislation monogamous or polygamous; an oppressor or an emancipator of its subject races; an accessory before the fact to robbery perpetrated by one class on another, or an impartial defender of each class from the aggressions of any other; an avenger or a curer of crime.

<sup>1</sup> Or in State legislation. For the preface of this article the distinction between the State and the nation may be ignored.

II. While thus each separate problem presented to the nation to-day is with us a religious question,—and it would be easy to show that this is equally true of the problems of English, French, and German national life,—they are all parts of one comprehensive problem which it is even more apparent is essentially religious in its character. While every new decision of the nation on the questions thus separately presented to it incorporates in the nation a certain definite religious element (or, if the reader prefer the term, a definite moral element), the decision of the aggregate of these questions gives to the nation's life a moral tendency and to its personality a moral quality. England and Spain were in the sixteenth century rivals and peers. They have since, by successive acts of legislation and resultant constitutional changes, moved along two divergent paths of national development. One has unconsciously to itself been working out in its character the principle, One is your Master which is in heaven and all ye are brethren: it has moved along the pathway of a democratic development. The other has, perhaps equally unconsciously, developed in its people only one virtue, that of obedience, and in its rulers only one obligation, that of maintaining their authority; it has moved along the pathway of an aristocratic development, in church and state. And these two national movements have resulted after three centuries of national growth in the England and the Spain of to-day. The product is a moral product; the process was a moral process. A state is made religious, not by incorporating a creed in its written constitution, but by such a habit of national life as develops a type of national character.

In our country to-day all the problems of our national life are parts of one generic problem, How shall we develop a brotherhood of man? This is the problem given to us to work out. Our vast territory; our great variations of climate, soil, and wealth, encouraging every form of industry, agriculture, mining, manufacture, commerce, domestic and international; our heterogeneous population, made up of every race, color, tribe, tongue, nationality, and religious opinion; our great social differences, nowhere greater—millionaires on the one side, masses of pauperism on the other; our perpetual intermixture of classes, facilitated by the modern ease of locomotion, by the universal circulation of the newspaper press, by a common school system of education, by the absence of hereditary barriers and the easy passing of men from one class into the other; the rapid increase of our great cities and the consequent massing of populations in centers; the perpetual attrition of men

of various classes, characters, avocations, temperaments, and faiths against each other; our political institutions throwing all together into one great debating society at every political campaign, and making the subject of yesterday the ruler of to-morrow, and the ruler of yesterday the subject of to-morrow; the problems of our national life—the slavery question, the secession question, the temperance question, the race question, the immigration question, the various forms of the industrial question—all these are elements entering into and constituting one great problem, the problem of human brotherhood. The question which it is our destiny to study, the problem which it is our duty to solve, is, How can such a conglomerate population live in peace and promote one another's well-being? What are their correlative duties to one another? What are the limits of the liberty of the individual? What are the duties which the all owe to the one? What are the limits of the power of the nation? What are the rights of the one which the all must not infringe? What bonds can be trusted to bind together in one harmonious and self-governed state those who are not bound together by force, like the staves of a barrel by its hoops, and who are separated from one another by the most divergent characters, opinions, prejudices, and education? Now this is essentially a religious problem. No nation can solve it without a religion. Its solution will be in the profoundest sense a religious act; the result of that solution will be in the profoundest sense a religious nation. For the brotherhood of man is as truly a religious conception as the Fatherhood of God. Indeed the one is not thinkable without the other. If we are all brethren it is because we have one Father. An atheistic democracy is a contradiction in terms.

III. In dealing with these problems of its national life the nation acts—must act from religious motives and must feel religiously. The nation is not a mere aggregate of individuals. Fifty millions of people on three millions of square miles of territory do not constitute the United States of America. A million or so of people occupying twenty-one thousand square miles did not constitute Greece. It was the Greeks who constituted Greece; it is Americans who constitute America. So many people thrown together on one territory no more make a nation than so many blocks of stone thrown together in a pile make a temple, or so many types in a pi a book, or so many threads in a tangle a fabric. Every nation has its own distinguishing features, its own type of character, its own consciousness, its own life. To constitute a nation there must be not only people and  $\frac{1}{2}$ nd and laws, but

laws that are self-evolved, literature that is the expression of national life, language fitted to express that life, and therefore a life to be expressed. And if the nation is ever to count for anything among the nations, that life must be not merely animal, or social, or industrial; it must and will be also religious. The nation has a brain, it thinks; a heart, it feels; a will, it resolves. This brain must perceive the higher moral truths, or the nation cannot comprehend its problems, much less its destiny. This heart must feel the higher moral emotions, or it cannot solve its problems, much less achieve its destiny. A nation that cannot feel, cannot do; a nation that cannot feel nobly, cannot do nobly. But to see moral truths, to feel moral emotions, and to do moral deeds is religious; to recognize in moral truths the highest of all truths, to yield to moral emotions as the highest of all motive powers, and to be guided in practical conduct by moral truths and ruled by the moral motive powers, is to live religiously. The nation is subject like the individual to passions. Gold is discovered in California; the passion of gold sweeps a multitude across the continent and round by the Isthmus to dig for it. A cannon blazes forth against the flag on Fort Sumter; a passion of patriotism sweeps over the nation and the seventy-five thousand answer to President Lincoln's call almost before the call is issued. Shall the nation then feel only the passion of avarice and not the passion of patriotism? Shall it be moved by covetousness, by party zeal, by pride of blood, and not by reverence, by fidelity, by honor, by sense of duty to God, to posterity? But reverence, fidelity, honor, the sense of duty towards God and posterity, are all religious emotions, profoundly religious emotions. A people without churches, monuments, museums, centennials, national songs, would be a people without power to meet any great crisis or achieve any great deed. Fletcher of Saltoun's saying, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation," expresses a profound truth, because the songs which create as well as express the emotions make the nation, while the laws are simply restraints upon it or acts done by it. Only a people who could sing "America" could have fought to a successful issue the American Revolution; only a people who could sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" could have fought to a successful issue the Civil War. On the other hand, one might have forecast the issue of the French Revolution from hearing the "Marseillaise."

The nation has recently brought to a close its celebration of the Centennial of the estab-

lishment of its Constitution and the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States. Incalculable time, strength, and money were expended on a mere sentiment — the sentiment of reverence and affection and honor for a noble ancestry, noble deeds, and a country which they have ennobled. Such a sentiment saves the country from the opprobrious character which has been given to England in the phrase, "A nation of shopkeepers." It was not true of England; it is not true of America. But this sentiment, which sacrifices time, money, strength to give joyous expression to reverence, affection, honor, is essentially a religious sentiment and found its fitting expression in the religious services at St. Paul's, Trinity, and other churches in New York City and elsewhere, and in the joining of Dr. R. S. Storrs and Archbishop Corrigan in the simple religious services which accompanied the public address on the spot where Washington took the oath of office. To deprive a nation of these religious emotions would be to deprive it of its life — of the very bond which binds it together and makes it a nation.

IV. But the possession of a religious life is not only essential to enable the nation to solve aright its great problems which are essentially religious, to fulfil its destiny, which can never be fulfilled without a religious conception in the nation, and to live nobly and heroically, for which religious emotions are a very necessary equipment; without religion it cannot even fulfil its first and simplest function. Some irony has been heaped by the modern school of political economists on what they call the night-watchman theory of government; but the first duty, though by no means the sole duty, of government is to be a night-watchman. Its primary function, that which underlies all the rest, is to administer justice between man and man; to protect the individual from the aggressions of other individuals; to maintain liberty by defending it; to punish crime and to prevent it — and this is essentially a religious function. Justice is as truly a religious act as worship; and justice is the first duty of the nation. To do justly and to love mercy were the first two elements in the old Hebrew prophet's definition of religion, and no nation can fulfil its true functions which does not both do justice and love mercy. The first is scarcely at all, the second is by no means exclusively, the action of the individual; and neither concerns the individual alone; therefore religion does not concern the individual alone. Justice must be the basis of the nation's laws; justice the characteristic of the nation's courts; justice the end of the nation's systems of jurisprudence, both criminal and civil. Most of the readers of this article will

probably agree that the Bible is essentially a religious book; let them take down a copy of the Bible and see how large a proportion of it is given either to an exposition of the principles of justice, the application of those principles to specific cases, or the history of the administration of such justice, either between man and man in government, or between God and man in history.

But more than this. Modern penologists are rapidly coming to the conclusion that mercy and justice are not at variance, but that the truest mercy is also the only justice. Reformatory methods are taking the place of punitive methods in all our systems of criminal administration. We are discovering that the only way to protect society from crime is to cure the criminal of his criminal disposition. We are establishing reformatories and penitentiaries in the place of jails and prisons; we are establishing schools in our State prisons; we are beginning to organize our system of prison labor not to make penal servitude hard, but to make industry in the convict a habit; we are trying the experiment of an indeterminate sentence, treating the criminal as diseased, the prison as a hospital, and sending the convict to prison as the lunatic to an asylum, until he is cured. But as it is the lowest and first function of religion to restrain men, so it is the last and highest function of religion to redeem them, to put into them such springs of action, to form in them such habits of action, that they will require no restraint not self-imposed. Thus it would appear that the function of religion and the function of the nation are in so far identical. They both aim to restrain men from evil courses; they both aim to redeem men from evil influences and habits. In short the highest function of religion is also the fundamental function of the nation, namely, moral cure. There is indeed a difference. The nation only aims to cure men of those vices which make them dangerous to society; while religion goes beyond this and aims to cure men of sin as well as of crime. But the nation cannot even enter upon its task of administering justice, which in these later days we have learned is also an administration of mercy, without exercising a fundamental function of religion—the twofold function of justice and mercy. How can a nation, organized primarily for this very purpose, fulfil its first and fundamental duty, that for which it exists, and without which there would be no excuse for its existence, if it have not a true religious life?

V. This religious life is indispensable not only to justify the existence of the nation, but even to make the existence of the nation possible; and this is preëminently true of a democratic nation, that is, of a nation that avowedly

derives its powers from the consent of the governed. Says Lord Macaulay:

The day will come when in the State of New York a multitude of people, not one of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what kind of a legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith; on the other is a demagogue, ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessities. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by the workman who hears his children crying for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference—that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.

Who will say in the light of recent events, and in the presence of living personages, that the American soil can beget no such demagogue, produce no such legislature, breed no such Huns and Vandals? If the danger thus predicted by Lord Macaulay—foreseen also by others, more than he believers in popular government and more nearly sympathizing with American institutions—is to be guarded against, and the possible tragic consummation prevented, it must be by the power of religion in the nation, on the one hand inspiring the rich and prosperous with a regard for the well-being of their less fortunate fellow-citizens, which Lord Macaulay assumes they will not possess, and on the other hand the poor and less fortunate with a regard for the rights of the individual, which Lord Macaulay also does not impute to them. For a people urged on by such passions as he hints at must be restrained either by force from without or by force from within. Force without is despotism; force within is religion. A people who are governed by their conscience are governed by religion; a people reverential to law which has no other sanction than the invisible sanctions of God and an immortal future are reverential to religion. A people who acknowledge no reverence to such divine law and yield allegiance to no such inward monitor will be the prey to their own animal appetites and passions, unless they are restrained therefrom by

the lowest of all the animal passions, that of physical fear.<sup>1</sup>

The wise man will not scoff at this foreseen peril to a democratic state whose people know neither the restraints nor the inspirations of religion. He will remember that history abundantly verifies the teaching of philosophy that no despotism is greater or more to be dreaded than the despotism of an unrestrained democracy. "For myself," says De Tocqueville, "when I feel the hand of power lie heavy on my brow, I care but little to know who oppresses me; and I am not the more disposed to pass beneath the yoke because it is held out to me by the arms of a million of men."

The French Revolution has shown what sort of despotism it is which a multitude of men unrestrained by religion are liable to establish. One needs only to refer to the Jacobin program as M. Taine has set it forth in his graphic picture of that epoch in the history of human governments. "Opulence," writes Saint-Just, "is infamous." "The richest Frenchman," says Robespierre, "ought not to have more than three thousand livres rental." "It is not enough," says Barère, "to bleed the rich; to pull down colossal fortunes; the slavery of poverty must be made to disappear from the soil of the Republic." Says Taine, embodying in his own language the legislation of the atheistic Republic:

We make monopoly a "capital crime"; we call him a monopolist who takes food and wares of prime necessity out of circulation, and keeps them stored without daily and publicly offering them for sale. Penalty of death against whoever, within eight days, does not make a declaration, or if he make a false one; penalty of death against any person who keeps more bread on hand than he needs for his subsistence; penalty of death against the cultivator who does not bring his grain weekly to market; penalty of death against the dealer who does not post up the contents of his warehouse, or who does not keep open shop; penalty of death against the manufacturer who does not verify the daily use of his workable material. As to prices, we intervene authoritatively between buyer and seller; we fix the extreme price for all objects which, near

or remotely, serve to feed, warm, or clothe man; we will imprison whoever offers or demands anything more. Whether the dealer or manufacturer pays expenses at this rate matters not; if, after the maximum is fixed, he closes his factory, or gives up business, we declare him a "suspect"; we chain him down to his pursuit, we oblige him to lose by it. That is the way to clip the claws of beasts of prey, little and big!

What shall prevent democracy from repeating this despotism except the life of religion wrought into the life of the nation? And to what end can such a democracy come other than the one to which such unreligious democracies have ever come — the welcoming of the despotic authority of one man as infinitely preferable to the despotic authority of the million?

It can hardly be necessary to quote from authorities either ancient or modern to show that the notion that a nation is or can be unreligious has no support from philosophers or statesmen. It would indeed be difficult to mention the name of a single man eminent in statecraft who has not been, avowedly at least, a believer in the Deity, and who has not based his statesmanship on the reality and invincibility of divine laws. It would be difficult to mention a political philosopher who has not more or less distinctly recognized religion as at once the foundation of the state and the inspiration of its life. "Of all the dispositions and habits," says George Washington, "which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these fundamental props of the duties of men and citizens." He who advocates the notion that a nation can be unreligious, and that religion is merely a matter of individual conscience, is, consciously or unconsciously, laboring to subvert these pillars of human happiness. He who honestly entertains such a notion must, it seems to me, do so because he confounds religion with either wor-

<sup>1</sup> "Despotism may govern without faith," says De Tocqueville, "but liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in the republic which they [the atheistic republicans] set forth in glowing colors than in the monarchy which they attack; it is more needed in democratic republics than in any others. How is it possible that societies should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to the Deity?"

"Suppose," says Professor Bryce, looking in imagination at the throngs of eager figures streaming through the streets of an American city — "suppose that all these men ceased to believe that there was any power above them, any future before them, anything in heaven or earth but what their senses told them of;

suppose that their consciousness of individual force and responsibility, already dwarfed by the overwhelming power of the multitude, and the fatalistic submission it engenders, were further weakened by the feeling that their swiftly fleeting life was rounded by a perpetual sleep — would the moral code stand unshaken, and with it the reverence for law, the sense of duty towards the community, and even towards the generations yet to come? Would men say, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die'? Or would custom, and sympathy, and a perception of the advantages which stable government offers to the citizens as a whole, and which orderly self-restraint offers to each one, replace supernatural sanctions, and hold in check the violence of masses and the self-indulgent impulses of the individual?"

ship, theology, or the church. It is not necessary for the nation to establish a form of worship, or to proclaim its adherence to a system of theology, or to give its support to a church or churches, in order to be profoundly and deeply religious. It is necessary that it should be something more than a mere aggregate of individuals engaged in promoting their own self-interest, and combined in a kind of insurance society to protect one another from the aggression of criminals. It is necessary that it should think, and feel, and act religiously, that it may solve the problems which are constantly presented to it; that it may fulfil its national destiny; that it may possess a true national life; that it may perform aright its first and fundamental function, the administration of justice; that it may even obey the law of self-preservation. If so, while it need not and ought not to give support to ecclesiastical institutions, it ought to recognize the necessity of institutional religion. If it undertakes to teach the children of the commonwealth at all, it ought to teach them those religious principles and imbue them with that religious spirit which is essential to national life; if it undertakes to reform criminals, it ought to select those principles and methods which expe-

rience indicates to be most efficacious to that end; it ought not to impose ecclesiastical observances on any of its citizens, or require as a condition of its protection, its offices, or its honors, the acceptance of any ecclesiastical tests; but it ought to protect all religious institutions as equally entitled to its protection, because they all seek to promote that religious life on which the life of the nation depends; it ought to recognize by law days set apart to the offices of religion by the great body of the avowedly religious teachers and organizations, as it recognizes days set apart by a common desire to the offices of patriotism; it ought to continue to recognize the offices of religion by public and official act on special days and special occasions, as it recognizes the inauguration of its President or the celebration of its birthdays. In short, recognizing at once the necessity of religious life to the maintenance of its own life, and the impossibility of securing from its citizens any common agreement as to the methods by which that life shall be maintained and promoted, the nation should in a reverent spirit recognize all methods employed to that end, and, giving to neither a favorite's support, should give to all a common recognition and encouragement.

*Lyman Abbott.*



# ECCE SIGNUM.

(IN MEMORY OF E. C. K.)

IN the dark night, the night of sleep,  
I, gazing upward through the deep,  
See thee, pale moon, thy vigil keep.

Thou hauntest earth though thou art dead,  
A wandering specter, garmented  
In ghostly luster overhead.

Marvel, O heart, that death can hold  
Such fire, drawn from the burning gold  
Of the great sun, and yet be cold;

That death, so clothed in radiant light,  
A glory in the gloom of night,  
Is yet itself but dust and blight.

Sweet face! thou, too, dost sacred shine,  
Though dead; foreshadowing some divine,  
Undying beauty, as a sign

That death is life beyond — afar,  
Reviving in some peerless star,  
Where souls beloved immortal are.

*Stephen Henry Thayer.*



### MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.

"THERE, on the left!" said the colonel: the battle had shuddered and faded away, Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay —  
"Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood. Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood! But for their bullets, I 'll bet, my batteries sent them something as good. Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed. Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was duly fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field — scarred and forlorn, Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn; Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow, Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of woe: These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know.

Thence to the ridge, where roots outthrust, and twisted branches of trees  
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.

"What 's your report?" — and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last. Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished." And strangely his face looked, aghast. "Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty — laid out in line of parade. Brave fellows, Colonel, to stay as they did! But one I 'most wish had n't staid. Mortally wounded, he 'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed — Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held This little letter — his wife's — from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"



Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned  
Four short pages of writing. "What 's this, about ' Marthy Virginia's hand'?"  
Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;  
Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,  
Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.  
Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line:  
"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread.  
"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa," — so the words on the little palm said.  
Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled,  
Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled.  
Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily stilled;  
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,  
See! there is lifted the hand of a baby — Marthy Virginia's hand!

*George Parsons Lathrop.*



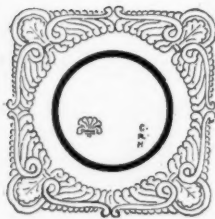
## A CONSCRIPT'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," etc.



"HOWDY, BOYS, HOWDY!"



ON a Sunday afternoon in December, 1863, two horsemen were making their way across Big Corn Valley in the direction of Sugar Mountain. They had started from the little town of Jasper early in the morning, and it was apparent at a glance that they had not enjoyed the journey. They sat listlessly in their saddles, with their carbines across their laps, and whatever conversation they carried on was desultory.

To tell the truth, the journey from Jasper to the top of Sugar Mountain was not a pleasant one even in the best of weather, and now, with the wind pushing before it a bitterly cold mist, its disagreeableness was irritating. And it was not by any means a short journey. Big Corn

Valley was fifteen miles across as the crow flies, and the meanderings of the road added five more. Then there was the barrier of the foothills and finally Sugar Mountain itself, which when the weather was clear lifted itself above all the other mountains of that region.

Nor was this all. Occasionally, when the wind blew aside the oilskin overcoats of the riders, the gray uniform of the Confederacy showed beneath, and they wore cavalry boots, and there were tell-tale trimmings on their felt hats. With these accoutrements to advertise them, they were not in a friendly region. There were bushwhackers in the mountains, and, for aught the horsemen knew, the fodder stacks in the valley, that rose like huge and ominous ghosts out of the mist on every side, might conceal dozens of guerrillas. They had that day ridden past the house of the only member of the Georgia State convention who had refused to affix his signature to

the ordinance of secession, and the woods, to use the provincial phrase, were full of Union men.

Suddenly, and with a fierce and ripping oath, one of the horsemen drew rein. "I wish I may die," he exclaimed, his voice trembling with long pent up irritation, "if I ain't a great mind to turn around in my tracks an' go back. Where does this cussed road lead to anyhow?"

"To the mountain—straight to the mountain," grimly remarked the other, who had stopped to see what was the matter with his companion.

"Great Jerusalem! straight? Do you see that fodder stack yonder with the hawk on the top of the pole? Well, we've passed it four times, and we ain't no further away from it now than we was at fust."

"Well, we've no time to stand here. In an hour we'll be at the foot of the mountain, and a quarter of a mile further we'll find shelter. We must attend to business and talk it over afterwards."

"An' it's a mighty nice business, too," said the man who had first spoken. He was slender in build, and his thin and straggling mustache failed to relieve his effeminate appearance. He had evidently never seen hard service. "I never have believed in this conscriptin' business," he went on in a complaining tone. "It won't pan out. It has turned more men agin the Confederacy than it has turned fer it, or else my daddy's name ain't Bill Chadwick, nor mine neither."

"Well," said the other curtly, "it's the law, Bill Chadwick, and it must be carried out. We've got our orders."

"Oh, yes! You are the commander, Cap'in Moseley, an' I'm the army. Ain't I the gayest army you ever had under you? I'll tell you what, Cap'in Moseley (I'd call you Dick, like I useter, if we was n't in the ranks), when I j'ined the army I thought I was goin' to fight the Yankees, but they slapped me in the camp of instruction over there at Adairsville, an' now here we are fightin' our own folks. If we ain't fightin' 'em, we are pursuin' after 'em, an' runnin' 'em into the woods an' up the mountains. Now what kind of a soldier will one of these conscripts make? You need n't tell me, Cap'in! The law won't pan out."

"But it's the law," said Captain Moseley. The captain had been wounded in Virginia, and was entitled to a discharge, but he accepted the position of conscript officer. He had the grit and discipline of a veteran, and a persistence in carrying out his purposes that gave him the name of "Hardhead" in the army. He was tall and muscular, but his drooping left shoulder showed where a Federal ball had found lodgment. His closely cropped beard was slightly streaked with

gray, and his face would have been handsome had not determination left its rude handwriting there.

The two rode on together in silence a little space, the cold mists, driven by the wind, tingling in their faces. Presently Private Chadwick, who had evidently been ruminating over the matter, resumed the thread of his complaints.

"They tell me," he said, "that it's a heap easier to make a bad law than it is to make a good one. It takes a lot of smart men a long time to make a good one, but a passel of blunderbusses can patch a bad one up in a little or no time. That's the way I look at it."

"What's the name of this chap we are after? Israel Spurlock? I'd like to know, by George, what's the matter with him! What makes him so plague-taken important that two men have to be sent on a wild-goose chase after him? They yerked him into the army, an' he yerked himself out, an' now the word is that the war can't go on unless Israel Spurlock is on hand to fling down his gun an' run when he hears a bung-shell playin' a tune in the air."

Captain Moseley coughed to hide a smile.

"It's jest like I tell you, Cap'in. The news is that we had a terrible victory at Chattanooga, but I notice in the Atlanta papers that the Yankees ain't no further north than they was before the fight; an' what makes it wuss, they are warmin' themselves in Chattanooga, whilst we are shiverin' outside. I reckon if Israel Spurlock had been on hand at the right time an' in the right place, we'd drove the Yanks plumb back to Nashville. Lord! I hope we'll have him on the skirmish line the next time we surround the enemy an' drive him into a town as big as Chattanooga."

Private Chadwick kept up his complaints for some time, but they failed to disturb the serenity of the captain, who urged his horse forward through the mist, closely followed by his companion. They finally left the valley, passed over the foothills, and began the ascent of Sugar Mountain. Here their journey became less disagreeable. The road, winding and twisting around the mountain, had been cut through a dense growth of trees, and these proved to be something of a shelter. Moreover, the road sometimes brought the mountain between the travelers and the wind, and these were such comfortable intervals that Mr. Chadwick ceased his complaints and rode along good-humoredly.

The two horsemen had gone about a mile, measuring the mountain road, though they were not more than a quarter of a mile from the foot, when they came suddenly on an old man sitting in a sheltered place by the side of the road. They came on the stranger so sud-

denly that their horses betrayed alarm, and it was all they could do to keep the animals from slipping and rolling into the gorge at their left. The old man was dressed in a suit of gray jeans, and wore a wool hat, which, although it showed the signs of constant use, had somehow managed to retain its original shape. His head was large and covered with a profusion of iron-gray hair, which was neatly combed. His face was round, but the lines of character obliterated all suggestions of chubbiness. The full beard that he wore failed to hide the evidences of firmness and determination; but around his mouth a serene smile lingered, and humor sparkled in his small brown eyes.

"Howdy, boys, howdy!" he exclaimed. "Tired as they look to be, you er straddlin' right peart creeturs. A flirt or two more an' they 'd 'a' flung you down the hill, an' 'a' folloed along atter you, headstall an' stirrup. They done like they were n't expectin' company in an' around here."

The sonorous voice and deliberate utterance of the old man bespoke his calling. He was evidently a minister of the gospel. This gave a clue to Captain Moseley's memory.

"This must be Uncle Billy Powers," said the captain. "I've heard you preach many a time when I was a boy."

"That's my name," said Uncle Billy; "an' in my feeble way I've been a-preachin' the Word as it was given to me forty year, lackin' one. Ef I ever saw you, the circumstance has slipped from me."

"My name is Moseley," said the captain.

"I useter know Jeremiah Moseley in my younger days," said Uncle Billy, gazing reflectively at the piece of pine bark he was whittling. "Yes, yes! I knowed Brother Moseley well. He was a God-fearin' man."

"He was my father," said the captain.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, in a tone that seemed to combine reflection with astonishment. "Jerry Moseley's son! I disremember the day when Brother Moseley come into my mind, an' yit, now that I hear his name banded about up here on the hill, it carries me plumb back to ole times. He were n't much of a preacher on his own hook, but let 'im folloed along for to clench the sermon, an' his match could n't be foun' in them days. Yit, Jerry was a man of peace, an' here 's his son a-gwine about with guns an' pistols, an' what not, a-tryin' to give peaceable folks a smell of war."

"Oh, no!" said Captain Moseley, laughing; "we are just hunting up some old acquaintances. Some friends of ours that we 'd like to see."

"Well," said Uncle Billy, sinking his knife

deep into the soft pine bark, "it's bad weather for a frolic, an' it ain't much better for a straight-out, eve'y-day call. Speshually up here on the hill, where the ground is so wet and slippery-fied. It looks like you 've come a mighty long ways for to pay a friendly call. An' yit," the old man continued, looking up at the captain with a smile that well became his patriarchal face, "thar ain't a cabin on the hill whar you won't be more than welcome. Yes, sir; whersomever you find a h'a'thstone, thar you 'll find a place to rest."

"So I have heard," said the captain. "But maybe you can cut our journey short. We have a message for Israel Spurlock."

Immediately Captain Moseley knew that the placid and kindly face of Uncle Billy Powers had led him into making a mistake. He knew that he had mentioned Israel Spurlock's name to the wrong man at the wrong time. There was a scarcely perceptible frown on Uncle Billy's face as he raised it from his piece of pine bark, which was now assuming the shape of a horseman's pistol, and he looked at the captain through half-closed eyelids.

"Come, now," he exclaimed, "ain't Israel Spurlock in the war? Did n't a posse ketch 'im down yander in Jasper an' take an' cornscrip' 'im into the army? Run it over in your mind now! Ain't Israel Spurlock crippled some'r's, an' ain't your message for his poor ole mammy?"

"No, no," said the captain, laughing, and trying to hide his inward irritation.

"Not so?" exclaimed Uncle Billy. "Well, sir, you must be shore an' set me right when I go wrong; but I 'll tell you right pine blank, I 've had Israel Spurlock in my min' off an' on ev'ry since they run him down an' kotch him an' drug 'im off to war. He was weakly like from the time he was a boy, an' when I heard you call forth his name, I allowed to myself, says I, 'Israel Spurlock is sick, an' they 've come atter his ole mammy to go an' nuss him.' That 's the idee that riz up in my min'."

A man less shrewd than Captain Moseley would have been deceived by the bland simplicity of Uncle Billy's tone.

"No," said he; "Spurlock is not sick. He is a sounder man than I am. He was conscripted in Jasper and carried to Adairsville, and after he got used to the camp he concluded that he would come home and tell his folks good-by."

"Now that 's jes like Israel," said Uncle Billy, closing his eyes and compressing his lips—"jes like him for the world. He knowed that he was drug off right spang at the time he wanted to be getherin' in his craps, an' savin' his ruffage, an' one thing an' another beca'se

his ole mammy did n't have a soul to help her but 'im. I reckon he 's been a-housin' his corn an' sich like. The ole 'oman tuck on might'ly when Israel was snatched into the army."

"How far is it to shelter?" inquired Captain Moseley.

"Not so mighty fur," responded Uncle Billy, whittling the pine bark more cautiously. "Jes keep in the middle of the road an' you 'll soon come to it. Ef I ain't thar before you, jes holler for Aunt Crissy an' tell her that you saw Uncle Billy some'r's in the woods an' he told you to wait for 'im."

With that Captain Moseley and Private Chadwick spurred their horses up the mountain road, leaving Uncle Billy whittling.

"Well, dang my buttons!" exclaimed Chadwick, when they were out of hearing.

"What now?" asked the captain, turning in his saddle. Private Chadwick had stopped his horse and was looking back down the mountain as if he expected to be pursued.

"I wish I may die," he went on, giving his horse the rein, "if we have n't walked right square into it with our eyes wide open."

"Into what?" asked the captain, curtly.

"Into trouble," said Chadwick. "Oh," he exclaimed, looking at his companion seriously, "you may grin behind your beard, but you just wait till the fun begins—all the grins you can muster will be mighty dry grins. Why, Cap., I could read that old chap as if he was a newspaper. Whilst he was a-watchin' you I was a-watchin' him, an' if he ain't got a war map printed on his face I ain't never saw none in the 'Charleston Mercury.'"

"The old man is a preacher," said Captain Moseley in a tone that seemed to dispose of the matter.

"Well, the Lord help us!" exclaimed Chadwick. "In about the wuss whippin' I ever got was from a young feller that was preachin' an' courtin' in my neighborhood. I sorter sassed him about a gal he was flyin' around, an' he uped an' frailed me out, an' got the gal to boot. Don't tell me about no preachers. Why, that chap flew at me like a Stonefence rooster, an' he fluttered twicet to my oncet."

"And have you been running from preachers ever since?" dryly inquired the captain.

"Not, as you may say, constantly a-runnin'," replied Chadwick; "yit I ain't been a-tingin' no sass at 'em; an' my reason tells me for to give 'em the whole wedth of the big road when I meet 'em."

"Well," said the captain, "what will you do about this preacher?"

"A man in a corner," responded Chadwick, "is oblegged to do the best he kin. I 'll just keep my eye on him, an' the fust motion he makes, I 'll—"

"Run?" suggested the captain.

"Well, now," said Chadwick, "a man in a corner can't most ingener'ly run. Git me hemmed in, an' I 'll scratch an' bite an' scuffle the best way I know how. It 's human natur', an' I 'm mighty glad it is; for if that old man's eyes did n't tell no lies we 'll havc to scratch an' scuffle before we git away from this mountain."

Captain Moseley bit his mustache and smiled grimly as the tired horses toiled up the road. A vague idea of possible danger had crossed his mind while talking to Uncle Billy Powers, but he dismissed it at once as a matter of little importance to a soldier bent on carrying out his orders at all hazards.

It was not long before the two travelers found themselves on a plateau formed by a shoulder of the mountain. On this plateau were abundant signs of life. Cattle were grazing about among the trees, chickens were crowing, and in the distance could be heard the sound of a woman's voice singing. As they pressed forward along the level road they came in sight of a cabin, and the blue smoke curling from its short chimney was suggestive of hospitality. It was a comfortable-looking cabin, too, flanked by several outhouses. The buildings, in contrast with the majestic bulk of the mountain, that still rose precipitously skyward, were curiously small, but there was an air of more than ordinary neatness and coziness about them. And there were touches of feminine hands here and there that made an impression—rows of well-kept boxwood winding like a green serpent through the yard, and a privet hedge that gave promise of rare sweetness in the spring.

As the soldiers approached a dog barked, and then the singing ceased, and the figure of a young girl appeared in the doorway, only to disappear like a flash. This vision, vanishing with incredible swiftness, was succeeded by a more substantial one in the shape of a motherly looking woman, who stood gazing over her spectacles at the horsemen, apparently undecided whether to frown or to smile. The smile would have undoubtedly forced its way to the pleasant face in any event, for the years had fashioned many a pathway for it, but just then Uncle Billy Powers himself pushed the woman aside and made his appearance, laughing.

"'Light, boys, 'light!" he exclaimed, walking nimbly to the gate. "'Light whilst I off wi' your creeturs' gear. Ah!" he went on, as he busied himself unsaddling the horses, "you thought that while your Uncle Billy was a-moonin' aroun' down the hill yander you 'd steal a march on your Aunt Crissy, an' maybe come a-conscriptin' of her into the army. But

not so—not so! Your Uncle Billy has been here long enough to get his hands an' his face rested."

"You must have been in a tremendous hurry," said Captain Moseley, remembering the weary length of mountain road he had climbed.

"Why, I could 'a' tuck a nap an' 'a' beat you," said the old man.

"Two miles of tough road, I should say," responded Moseley.

"Go straight through my hoss lot and let yourself down by a saplin' or two," said Uncle Billy, "an' it ain't more 'n a good quarter." Whereupon the old man laughed heartily.

"Jes leave the creeturs here," he went on. "John Jeems an' Fillmore will ten' to 'em whilst we go in an' see what your Aunt Crissy is gwine to give us for supper. You won't find the grub so mighty various, but there is plenty enough of what they is."



JOHN JEEMS.

There was just enough of deference in Aunt Crissy's greeting to be pleasing, and her unfeigned manifestations of hospitality soon caused the guests to forget that they might possibly be regarded as intruders in that peaceful region. Then there were the two boys, John Jeems and Fillmore, both large enough and old enough, as Captain Moseley quietly observed to himself, to do military service, and both shy and awkward to a degree. And then there was Polly, a young woman grown, whose smiles all ran to blushes and

dimples. Though she was grown, she had the ways of a girl—the vivacity of health and good humor, and the innocent shyness of a child of nature. Impulsive and demure by turns, her moods were whimsical and elusive and altogether delightful. Her beauty, which illumined the old cabin, was heightened by a certain quality that may be described as individuality. Her face and hands were browned by the sun, but in her cheeks the roses of youth and health played constantly. There is nothing more charming to the eye of man than the effects produced when modesty parts company with mere formality and conventionality. Polly, who was as shy as a ground squirrel and as graceful, never pestered herself about formalities. Innocence is not infrequently a very delightful form of boldness. It was so in the case of Polly Powers, at any rate.

The two rough soldiers, unused to the society of women, were far more awkward and constrained than the young woman, but they enjoyed the big fire and the comfortable supper none the less on that account. When, to employ Mrs. Powers's vernacular, "the things were put away," they brought forth their pipes; and they felt so contented that Captain Moseley reproved himself by suggesting that it might be well for them to proceed on their journey up the mountain. But their hosts refused to listen to such a proposal.

"Not so," exclaimed Uncle Billy; "by no means. Why, if you knowed this hill like we all, you 'd hoot at the bar' idee of gwine further after nightfall. Besides," the old man went on, looking keenly at his daughter, "ten to one you won't find Spurlock."

Polly had been playing with her hair, which was caught in a single plait and tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon. When Spurlock's name was mentioned she used the plait as a whip, and struck herself impatiently in the hand with the glossy black thong, and then threw it behind her, where it hung dangling nearly to the floor.

"Now I tell you what, boys," said Uncle Billy, after a little pause; "I 'd jes like to know who is at the bottom of this Spurlock business. You all may have took a notion that he 's a no-count sorter chap—an' he is kinder puny; but what does the army want with a puny man?"

"It 's the law," said Captain Moseley, simply, perceiving that his mission was clearly understood. "He is old enough and strong enough to serve in the army. The law calls for him, and he 'll have to go. The law wants him now worse than ever."

"Yes," said Private Chadwick, gazing into the glowing embers—"lots worse 'n ever."

"What 's the matter along of him now?"

inquired Mrs. Powers, knocking the ashes from her pipe against the chimney jamb.

"He 's a deserter," said Chadwick.

"Tooby shore!" exclaimed Mrs. Powers. "An' what do they do wi' 'em, then?"

For answer Private Chadwick passed his right hand rapidly around his neck, caught hold of an imaginary rope, and looked upwards at the rafters, rolling his eyes and distorting his features as though he were strangling. It was a very effective pantomime. Uncle Billy shook his head and groaned, Aunt Crissy lifted her hands in horror, and then both looked at Polly. That young lady had risen from her chair and made a step towards Chadwick. Her eyes were blazing.

"You 'll be hung long before Israel Spurlock," she cried, her voice thick with anger. Before another word had been said she swept from the room, leaving Chadwick sitting there with his mouth wide open.

"Don't let Polly pester you," said Uncle Billy, smiling a little at Chadwick's discomfiture. "She thinks the world an' all of Sister Spurlock, an' she 's been a-knowin' Israel a mighty long time."

"Yes," said Aunt Crissy, with a sigh; "the poor child is hot-headed an' high-tempered. I reckon we 've sp'ilt 'er. 'T ain't hard to spile a gal when you hain't got but one."

Before Chadwick could make reply a shrill, querulous voice was heard coming from the room into which Polly had gone. The girl had evidently aroused some one who was more than anxious to engage in a war of words.

"Lord A'mighty massy! whar 's any peace?" the shrill voice exclaimed. "What chance on the top side of the yeth is a poor sick creetur got? Oh, what makes you come a-tromplin' on the floor like a drove of wild hosses, an' a-shakin' the clabberds on the roof? I know! I know!"—the voice here almost rose to a shriek,— "it 's 'cause I 'm sick an' weak, an' can't he'p myself. Lord! ef I but had strength!"

At this point Polly's voice broke in, but what she said could only be guessed by the noise in the next room.

"Well, what ef the house an' yard was full of 'em? Who 's afeard? After Spurlock? Who keers? Hain't Spurlock got no friends on Sugar Mountain? Ef they are after Spurlock, ain't Spurlock got as good a right for to be after them? Oh, go 'way! Gals hain't got no sense. Go 'way! Go tell your pappy to come here an' he'p me in my cheer. Oh, go on!"

Polly had no need to go, however. Uncle Billy rose promptly and went into the next room.

"Hit 's daddy," said Aunt Crissy, by way

of explanation. "Lord! daddy used to be a mighty man in his young days, but he 's that wasted wi' the palsy that he hain't more 'n a shadder of what he was. He 's jes like a baby, an' he 's mighty quar'lsome when the win' sets in from the east."

According to all symptoms the wind was at that moment setting terribly from the east. There was a sound of shuffling in the next room, and then Uncle Billy Powers came into the room, bearing in his stalwart arms a big rocking-chair containing a little old man whose body and limbs were shriveled and shrunken. Only his head, which seemed to be abnormally large, had escaped the ravages of whatever disease had seized him. His eyes were bright as a bird's, and his forehead was noble in its proportions.

"Gentlemen," said Uncle Billy, "this here is Colonel Dick Watson. He used to be a big politicianer in his day an' time. He 's my father-in-law."

Uncle Billy seemed to be wonderfully proud of his connection with Colonel Watson. As for the colonel, he eyed the strangers closely, forgetting, apparently, to respond to their salutation.

"I reckon you think it 's mighty fine, thish 'ere business er gwine ter war whar they hain't nobody but peaceable folks," exclaimed the colonel, his shrill, metallic voice being in curious contrast to his emaciated figure.

"Daddy!" said Mrs. Powers in a warning tone.

"Lord A'mighty! don't pester me, Crissy Jane. Hain't I done seed war before? When I was in the legislatur did n't the boys rig up an' march away to Mexico? But you know yourself," the colonel went on, turning to Uncle Billy's guests, "that this hain't Mexico, an' that they hain't no war gwine on on this 'ere hill. You know that mighty well."

"But there 's a tolerable big one going on over yonder," said Captain Moseley, with a sweep of his hand to the westward.

"Now, you don't say!" exclaimed Colonel Watson, sarcastically. "A big war goin' on an' you all quiled up here before the fire, out 'n sight an' out 'n hearin'! Well, well, well!"

"We are here on business," said Captain Moseley, gently.

"Tooby shore!" said the colonel, with a sinister screech that was intended to simulate laughter. "You took the words out 'n my mouth. I was in-about ready to say it when you upped an' said it yourself. War gwine on over yander an' you all up here on business. Crissy Jane," remarked the colonel in a different tone, "come here an' wipe my face an' see ef I 'm a-sweatin'. Ef I 'm a-sweatin', hit 's the fust time since Sadday before last."

Mrs. Powers mopped her father's face, and assured him that she felt symptoms of perspiration.

"Oh, yes!" continued the colonel. "Business here an' war yander. I hear tell that you er after Israel Spurlock. Lord A'mighty above us! What er you after Israel for? He hain't got no niggers for to fight for. All the fightin' he can do is to fight for his ole mammy."

Captain Moseley endeavored to explain to Colonel Watson why his duty made it imperatively necessary to carry Spurlock back to the conscript camp, but in the midst of it all the old man cried out:

"Oh, I know who sent you!"

"Who?" the captain said.

"Nobody but Wesley Lovejoy!"

Captain Moseley made no response, but gazed into the fire. Chadwick, on the other hand, when Lovejoy's name was mentioned, slapped himself on the leg, and straightened himself up with the air of a man who has made an interesting discovery.

"Come, now," Colonel Watson insisted, "hain't it so? Did n't Wesley Lovejoy send you?"

"Well," said Moseley, "a man named Lovejoy is on Colonel Waring's staff, and he gave me my orders."

At this the old man fairly shrieked with laughter, and so sinister was its emphasis that the two soldiers felt the cold chills creeping up their backs.

"What is the matter with Lovejoy?" It was Chadwick who spoke.

"Oh, wait!" cried Colonel Watson; "thes wait. You may n't want to wait, but you'll have to. I may look like I'm mighty puny, an' I speck I am, but I hain't dead yit. Lord A'mighty, no! Not by a long shot!"

There was a pause here, during which Aunt Crissy remarked, in a helpless sort of way:

"I wonder wher' Polly is, an' what she's a-doin'?"

"Don't pester 'long of Polly," snapped the paralytic. "She knows what she's a-doin'."

"About this Wesley Lovejoy," said Captain Moseley, turning to the old man: "you seem to know him very well."

"You hear that, William!" exclaimed Colonel Watson. "He asts me ef I know Wesley Lovejoy! Do I know him? Why, the triflin' houn'! I've knowed him ev'ry sence he was big enough to rob a hen-roos'."

Uncle Billy Powers, in his genial way, tried to change the current of conversation, and he finally succeeded, but it was evident that Adjutant Lovejoy had one enemy, if not several, in that humble household. Such was the feeling for Spurlock and contempt for Wesley Lovejoy that Captain Moseley and Private

Chadwick felt themselves to be interlopers, and they once more suggested the necessity of pursuing their journey. This suggestion seemed to amuse the paralytic, who laughed loudly.

"Lord A'mighty!" he exclaimed, "I know how you feel, an' I don't blame you for feelin' so; but don't you go up the mountain this night. Thes stay right whar you is, beca'se ef you don't you'll make all your friends feel bad for you. Don't ast me how, don't ast me why. Thes you stay. Come an' put me to bed, William, an' don't let these folks go out 'n the house this night."

Uncle Billy carried the old man into the next room, tucked him away in his bed, and then came back. Conversation lagged to such an extent that Aunt Crissy once more felt moved to inquire about Polly. Uncle Billy responded with a sweeping gesture of his right hand, which might mean much or little. To the two Confederates it meant nothing, but to Aunt Crissy it said that Polly had gone up the mountain in the rain and cold. Involuntarily the woman shuddered and drew nearer the fire.

It was in fact a venturesome journey that Polly had undertaken. Hardened as she was to the weather, familiar as she was with the footpaths that led up and down and around the face of the mountain, her heart rose in her mouth when she found herself fairly on the way to Israel Spurlock's house. The darkness was almost overwhelming in its intensity. As Uncle Billy Powers remarked, while showing the two Confederates to their bed in the "shed-room," there "was a solid chunk of it from one eend of creation to t' other." The rain, falling steadily but not heavily, was bitterly cold, and it was made more uncomfortable by the wind, which rose and fell with a muffled roar, like the sigh of some Titanic spirit flying hither and yonder in the wild recesses of the sky. Bold as she was, the girl was appalled by the invisible contention that seemed to be going on in the elements above her, and more than once she paused, ready to flee, as best she could, back to the light and warmth she had left behind; but the gesture of Chadwick, with its cruel significance, would recur to her, and then, clenching her teeth, she would press blindly on. She was carrying a message of life and freedom to Israel Spurlock.

With the rain dripping from her hair and her skirts, her face and hands benumbed with cold, but with every nerve strung to the highest tension and every faculty alert to meet whatever danger might present itself, Polly struggled up the mountain path, feeling her way as best she could, and pulling herself along by the aid of the friendly saplings and the overhanging trees.

After a while—and it seemed a long while to Polly, contending with the fierce forces of the night and beset by a thousand doubts and fears—she could hear Spurlock's dogs barking. What if the two soldiers, suspecting her mission, had mounted their horses and outstripped her? She had no time to remember the difficulties of the mountain road, nor did she know that she had been on her journey not more than half an hour. She was too excited either to reason or to calculate. Gathering her skirts in her hands as she rose to the level of the clearing, Polly rushed across it towards the little cabin, tore open the frail little gate, and flung herself against the door with a force that shook the house.

Old Mrs. Spurlock was spinning, while Israel carded the rolls for her. The noise that Polly made against the door startled them both. The thread broke in Mrs. Spurlock's hand, and one part of it curled itself on the end of the broach with a buzz that whirled it into a fantastically tangled mass. The cards dropped from Israel's hands with a clatter that added to his mother's excitement.

"Did anybody ever hear the beat of that?" she exclaimed. "Run, Iserl, an' see what it is that 's a-tryin' to tear the roof off 'n the house."

Israel did not need to be told, nor did Mrs. Spurlock wait for him to go. They reached the door together, and when Israel threw it open they saw Polly Powers standing there, pale, trembling, and dripping.

"Polly!" cried Israel, taking her by the arm. He could say no more.

"In the name er the Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Spurlock, "wher' 'd you drop from? You look more like a drowned ghost than you does like folks. Come right in here an' dry yourse'f. What in the name of mercy brung you out in sech weather? Who 's dead or a-dyin'? Why, look at the gal!" Mrs. Spurlock went on in a louder tone, seeing that Polly stood staring at them with wide-open eyes, her face as pale as death.

"Have they come?" gasped Polly.

"Listen at 'er, Iserl! I b'lieve in my soul she 's done gone an' run ravin' deestracted. Shake 'er, Iserl; shake 'er."

For answer Polly dropped forward into Mrs. Spurlock's arms, all wet as she was, and there fell to crying in a way that was quite alarming to Israel, who was not familiar with feminine peculiarities. Mrs. Spurlock soothed Polly as she would have soothed a baby, and half carried half led her to the fireplace. Israel, who was standing around embarrassed and perplexed, was driven out of the room, and soon Polly was decked out in dry clothes. These "duds," as Mrs. Spurlock called them, were ill-fitting and ungraceful, but in Israel's eyes

the girl was just as beautiful as ever. She was even more beautiful when, fully recovered from her excitement, she told with sparkling eyes and heightened color the story she had to tell.

Mrs. Spurlock listened with the keenest interest, and with many an exclamation of indignation, while Israel heard it with undisguised admiration for the girl. He seemed to enjoy the whole proceeding, and when Polly in the ardor and excitement of her narration betrayed an almost passionate interest in his probable fate, he rubbed his hands slowly together and laughed softly to himself.



MRS. SPURLOCK.

"An' jest to think," exclaimed Polly, when she had finished her story, "that that there good for nothin' Wesley Lovejoy had the impudence to ast me to have him no longer 'n last year, an' he 's been a-flyin' round me constant."

"I seed him a-droppin' his wing," said Israel, laughing. "I reckon that 's the reason he 's after me so hot. But never you mind, mammy; you thes look after the gal that 's gwine to be your daughter-in-law, an' I 'll look after your son."

"Go off, you goose!" cried Polly, blushing and smiling. "Ef they hang you, whose daughter-in-law will I be then?"

"The Lord knows!" exclaimed Israel, with mock seriousness. "They tell me that Lovejoy is an orphan!"

"You must be crazy," cried Polly, indignantly. "I hope you don't think I 'd marry

that creetur. I would n't look at him if he was the last man. You better be thinkin' about your goozle."

"It 's ketchin' befo' hangin'," said Israel.

"They 've mighty nigh got you now," said Polly. Just then a hickory nut dropped on the roof of the house, and the noise caused the girl to start up with an exclamation of terror.

"You thought they had me then," said Israel, as he rose and stood before the fire, rubbing his hands together, and seeming to enjoy most keenly the warm interest the girl manifested in his welfare.

"Oh, I wisht you 'd cut an' run," pleaded Polly, covering her face with her hands; "they 'll be here therreckly."

Israel was not a bad-looking fellow as he stood before the fire laughing. He was a very agreeable variation of the mountain type. He was angular, but neither stoop-shouldered nor cadaverous. He was awkward in his manners, but very gracefully fashioned. In point of fact, as Mrs. Powers often remarked, Israel was "not to be sneezed at."

After a while he became thoughtful. "I jest tell you what," he said, kicking the chunks vigorously, and sending little sparks of fire skipping and cracking about the room. "This business puzzles me—I jest tell you it does. That Wes. Lovejoy done like he was the best friend I had. He was constantly huntin' me up in camp, an' when I told him I would like to come home an' git mammy's crap in, he jest laughed an' said he did n't reckon I 'd be missed much, an' now he 's a-houndin' me down. What has the man got agin me?"

Polly knew, but she did n't say. Mrs. Spurlock suspected, but she made no effort to enlighten Israel. Polly knew that Lovejoy was animated by blind jealousy, and her instinct taught her that a jealous man is usually a dangerous one. Taking advantage of one of the privileges of her sex, she had at one time carried on a tremendous flirtation with Lovejoy. She had intended to amuse herself simply, but she had kindled fires she was powerless to quench. Lovejoy had taken her seriously, and she knew well enough that he regarded Israel Spurlock as a rival. She had reason to suspect, too, that Lovejoy had pointed out Israel to the conscript officers, and that the same influence was controlling and directing the pursuit now going on.

Under the circumstances, her concern—her alarm, indeed—was natural. She and Israel had been sweethearts for years,—real sure-enough sweethearts, as she expressed it to her grandfather,—and they were to be married in a short while; just as soon, in fact, as the necessary preliminaries of clothes-making

and cake-baking could be disposed of. She thought nothing of her feat of climbing the mountain in the bitter cold and the overwhelming rain. She would have taken much larger risks than that; she would have faced any danger her mind could conceive of. And Israel appreciated it all; nay, he fairly gloated over it. He stood before the fire fairly hugging the fact to his bosom. His face glowed, and his whole attitude was one of exultation; and with it, shaping every gesture and movement, was a manifestation of fearlessness which was all the more impressive because it was unconscious.

This had a tendency to fret Polly, whose alarm for Israel's safety was genuine.

"Oh, I do wisht you 'd go on," she cried; "them men 'll shorely ketch you ef you keep on a-stayin' here a-winkin' an' a-gwine on makin' monkey motions."

"Shoo!" exclaimed Israel. "Ef the house was surrounded by forty thousan' of 'em, I 'd git by 'em, an', ef need be, take you wi' me."

While they were talking the dogs began to bark. At the first sound Polly rose from her chair with her arms outstretched, but fell back pale and trembling. Israel had disappeared as if by magic, and Mrs. Spurlock was calmly lighting her pipe by filling it with hot embers. It was evidently a false alarm, for, after a while, Israel backed into the door and closed it again with comical alacrity.

"Sh-sh-sh!" he whispered, with a warning gesture, seeing that Polly was about to protest. "Don't make no fuss. The dogs has been a-barkin' at sperits an' things. Jest keep right still."

He went noiselessly about the room, picking up first one thing and then another. Over one shoulder he flung a canteen and over the other a hunting-horn. Into his coat pocket he thrust an old-fashioned powder flask. Meanwhile his mother was busy gathering together such articles as Israel might need. His rifle she placed by the door, and then filled a large homespun satchel with a supply of victuals—a baked fowl, a piece of smoked beef, and a big piece of light bread. These preparations were swiftly and silently made. When everything seemed to be ready for his departure Israel presented the appearance of a peddler.

"I 'm goin' up to the Rock," he said, by way of explanation, "an' light the fire. Maybe the boys 'll see it, an' maybe they won't. Leastways they 're mighty apt to smell the smoke."

Then, without further farewell, he closed the door and stepped out into the darkness, leaving the two women sitting by the hearth. They sat there for hours, gazing into the fire

and scarcely speaking to each other. The curious reticence that seems to be developed and assiduously cultivated by the dwellers on the mountains took possession of them. The confidences and the sympathies they had in common were those of observation and experience, rather than the result of an interchange of views and opinions.

Towards morning the drizzling rain ceased, and the wind, changing its direction, sent the clouds flying to the east, whence they had come. About dawn, Private Chadwick, who had slept most soundly, was aroused by the barking of the dogs, and got up to look after the horses. As he slipped quietly out of the house he saw a muffled figure crossing the yard.

"Halt!" he cried, giving the challenge of a sentinel. "Who goes there?"

"Nobody, ner nothin' that 'll bite you, I reckon," was the somewhat snappish response. It was the voice of Polly. She was looking up and across the mountains to where a bright red glare was reflected on the scurrying clouds. The density of the atmosphere was such that the movements of the flames were photographed on the clouds, rising and falling, flaring and fading, as though the dread spirits of the storm were waving their terrible red banners from the mountain.

"What can that be?" asked Chadwick, after he had watched the singular spectacle a moment.

Polly laughed aloud, almost joyously. She knew it was Israel's beacon. She knew that these red reflections, waving over the farther spur of the mountain and over the valley that nestled so peacefully below, would summon half a hundred men and boys—the entire congregation of Antioch Church, where her father was in the habit of holding forth on the first Sunday of each month. She knew that Israel was safe, and the knowledge restored her good humor.

"What did you say it was?" Chadwick inquired again, his curiosity insisting on an explanation.

"It's jest a fire, I reckon," Polly calmly replied. "Ef it's a house burnin' down, it can't be help. Water could n't save it now."

Whereupon she pulled the shawl from over her head, tripped into the house, and went about preparing breakfast, singing merrily. Chadwick watched her as she passed and repassed from the rickety kitchen to the house, and when the light grew clearer he thought he saw on her face a look that he did not understand. It was indeed an inscrutable expression, and it would have puzzled a wiser man than Chadwick. He chopped some wood, brought some water, and made himself generally useful; but he received no thanks from Polly.

VOL. XLI.—39.

She ignored him as completely as if he had never existed, and all this set the private to thinking. Now a man who reflects much usually thinks out a theory to fit everything that he fails to understand. Chadwick thought out his theory while the girl was preparing breakfast.

It was not long before the two soldiers were on their way up the mountain, nor was it long before Chadwick began to unfold his theory, and in doing so he managed to straighten it by putting together various little facts that occurred to him as he talked.

"I tell you what, Captain," he said, as soon as they were out of hearing; "that gal's a slick 'un. It's my belief that we are gwine on a fool's errand. 'Stead of gwine towards Spurlock, we're gwine right straight away from 'im. When that gal made her disappearance last night she went an' found Spurlock, an' ef he ain't a natchul born fool he tuck to the woods. Why, the shawl the gal had on her head this mornin' was soakin' wet. It were n't rainin', an' had n't been for a right smart while. How come the shawl wet? They were n't but one way. It got wet by rubbin' agin the bushes an' the limbs er the trees."

This theory was plausible enough to impress itself on Captain Moseley. "What is to be done, then?" he asked.

"Well, the Lord knows what ought to be done," said Chadwick; "but I reckon the best plan is to sorter scatter out an' skirmish aroun' a little bit. We'd better divide our army. You go up the mountain an' git Spurlock, if he's up thar, an' let me take my stan' on the ridge yander an' keep my eye on Uncle Billy's back yard an' hoss lot. If Spurlock is r'ally tuck to the woods, he'll be mighty apt to be slinkin' 'roun' whar the gal is."

Captain Moseley assented to this plan, and proceeded to put it in execution as soon as he and Chadwick were a safe distance from Uncle Billy Powers's house. Chadwick, dismounting, led his horse along a cow-path that ran at right angles to the main road, and was soon lost to sight, while the captain rode forward on his mission.

Of the two, as it turned out, the captain had much the more comfortable experience. He reached the Spurlock house in the course of three-quarters of an hour.

In response to his halloo Mrs. Spurlock came to the door.

"I was a-spinnin' away for dear life," she remarked, brushing her gray hair from her face, "when all of a sudden I hearn a fuss, an' I 'lows ter myself, says I, 'I'll be boun' that's some one a-hailin',' says I; an' then I dropped ever'thin' an' run ter the door, an' shore enough it was. Won't you 'light an' come

in?" she inquired with ready hospitality. Her tone was polite, almost obsequious.

"Is Mr. Israel Spurlock at home?" the captain asked.

"Not, as you might say, adzackly at home, but I reckon in reason it won't be long before he draps in. He hain't had his breakfas' yit, though hit 's been a-waitin' for him tell hit 's stone col'. The cows broke out last night, an' he went off a-huntin' of 'em time it was light good. Iserl is thes ez rank after his milk ez some folks is after the'r dram. I says, says I, 'Shorely you kin do 'thout your milk one mornin' in the year'; but he would n't nigh hear ter that. He thes up an' bolted off."

"I 'll ride on," said the captain. "Maybe I 'll meet him coming back. Good-by."

It was an uneventful ride, but Captain Moseley noted one curious fact. He had not proceeded far when he met two men riding down the mountain. Each carried a rifle flung across his saddle in front of him. They responded gravely to the captain's salutation.

"Have you seen Israel Spurlock this mornin'?" he asked.

"No, sir, I hain't saw him," answered one. The other shook his head. Then they rode on down the mountain.

A little farther on Captain Moseley met four men. These were walking, but each was armed—three with rifles, and one with a shot-gun. They had not seen Spurlock. At intervals he met more than a dozen—some riding and some walking, but all armed. At last he met two that presented something of a contrast to the others. They were armed, it is true; but they were laughing and singing as they went along the road, and while they had not seen Spurlock with their own eyes, as they said, they knew he must be farther up the mountain, for they had heard of him as they came along.

Riding and winding around upward, Captain Moseley presently saw a queer-looking little chap coming towards him. "The little man had a gray beard, and as he walked he had a movement like a camel. Like a camel, too, he had a great hump on his back. His legs were as long as any man's, but his whole body seemed to be contracted in his hump. He was very spry, too, moving along as active as a boy, and there was an elfish expression on his face such as one sees in old picture-books—a cunning, leering expression, which yet had for its basis the element of humor. The little man carried a rifle longer than himself, which he flourished about with surprising ease and dexterity—practising apparently some new and peculiar manual.

"Have you seen Israel Spurlock?" inquired Captain Moseley, reining in his horse.

"Yes! Oh, yes! Goodness gracious, yes!" replied the little man, grinning good-naturedly.

"Where is he now?" asked the captain.

"All about. Yes! All around! Gracious, yes!" responded the little man, with a sweeping gesture that took in the whole mountain. Then he seemed to be searching eagerly in the road for something. Suddenly pausing, he exclaimed: "Here 's his track right now! Oh, yes! Right fresh, too! Goodness, yes!"

"Where are you going?" Moseley asked, smiling at the antics of the little man, their nimbleness being out of all proportion to his deformity.

For answer the little man whirled his rifle over his hump and under his arm, and caught it as it went flying into the air. Then he held it at a "ready," imitating the noise of the lock with his mouth, took aim and made believe to fire, all with indescribable swiftness and precision. Captain Moseley rode on his way laughing; but, laugh as he would, he could not put out of his mind the queer impression the little man had made on him, nor could he rid himself of a feeling of uneasiness. Taking little notice of the landmarks that ordinarily attract the notice of the traveler in a strange country, he suddenly found himself riding along a level stretch of tableland. The transformation was complete. The country roads seemed to cross and recross here, coming and going in every direction. He rode by a little house that stood alone in the level wood, and he rightly judged it to be a church. He drew rein and looked around him. Everything was unfamiliar. In the direction from which he supposed he had come a precipice rose sheer from the tableland more than three hundred feet. At that moment he heard a shout, and looking up he beheld the hunchback flourishing his long rifle and cutting his queer capers.

The situation was so puzzling that Captain Moseley passed his hand over his eyes, as if to brush away a scene that confused his mind and obstructed his vision. He turned his horse and rode back the way he had come, but the way seemed to be so unfamiliar that he turned into another road, and in the course of a quarter of an hour he was compelled to acknowledge that he was lost. Everything appeared to be turned around, even the little church.

Meanwhile Private Chadwick was having an experience of his own. In parting from Captain Moseley he led his horse through the bushes, following for some distance a cow-path. This semblance of a trail terminated in a "blind path," and this Chadwick followed as best he could, picking his way cautiously and choosing ground over which his horse could follow. He had to be very careful. There were no

leaves on the trees, and the undergrowth was hardly thick enough to conceal him from the keen eyes of the mountaineers. Finally he tied his horse in a thicket of black-jacks, where he had the whole of Uncle Billy Powers's little farm under his eye. His position was not an uncomfortable one. Sheltered from the wind, he had nothing to do but sit on a huge chest-nut log and ruminate, and make a note of the comings and goings on Uncle Billy's premises.

Sitting thus, Chadwick fell to thinking; thinking, he fell into a doze. He caught himself nodding more than once, and upbraided himself bitterly. Still he nodded—he, a soldier on duty at his post. How long he slept he could not tell, but he suddenly awoke to find himself dragged backward from the log by strong hands. He would have made some resistance, for he was a fearless man at heart and a tough one to handle in a knock-down and drag-out tussle; but resistance was useless. He had been taken at a disadvantage, and before he could make a serious effort in his own behalf he was lying flat on his back with his hands tied and as helpless as an infant. He looked up and discovered that his captor was Israel Spurlock.

"Well, blame my scaly hide!" exclaimed Chadwick, making an involuntary effort to free his hands. "You 're the identical man I 'm a-huntin'."

"An' now you 're sorry you went an' foun' me, I reckon," said Israel.

"Well, I ain't as glad as I 'lowed I 'd be," said Chadwick. "Yit nuther am I so mighty sorry. One way or 'nother I knowed in reason I 'd run up on you."

"You 're mighty right," responded Israel, smiling not ill-naturedly. "You fell in my arms same as a gal in a honeymoon. Lemme lift you up, as the mule said when he kicked the nigger over the fence. Maybe you 'll look purtier when you swap een's." Thereupon Israel helped Chadwick to his feet.

"You ketched me that time, certain and shore," said the latter, looking at Spurlock and laughing; "they ain't no two ways about that. I was a-settin' on the log thar a-noddin' an' a-dreamin' 'bout Christmas. 'T ain't many days off, I reckon."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Spurlock, sarcastically; "a mighty purty dream, I bet a hoss. You was fixin' up for-to cram me in Lovejoy's stockin'. A mighty nice present I 'd 'a' been, too by shore. Stidder hangin' up his stockin', Lovejoy was a-aimin' for to hang me up. Oh, yes! Christmas dreams is so mighty nice an' fine, I 'm a great min' to set right down here an' have one er my own—one of them kin'er dreams what 's got a forked tail an' fire-works mixed up on it."

"Well," said Chadwick, with some seriousness, "whose stockin' is you a-gwine to cram me in?"

"In whose else's but Danny Lemmons's? An' won't he holler an' take on? Why, I would n't miss seein' Danny Lemmons take on for a hat full er shimplasters. Dang my buttons ef I would!"

Chadwick looked at his captor with some curiosity. There was not a trace of ill-feeling or bad humor in Spurlock's tone, nor in his attitude. The situation was so queer that it was comical, and Chadwick laughed aloud as he thought about it. In this Spurlock heartily joined him, and the situation would have seemed doubly queer to a passer-by chancing along and observing captor and prisoner laughing and chatting so amiably together.

"Who, in the name of goodness, is Danny Lemmons?"

"Lord!" exclaimed Spurlock, lifting both hands, "don't ast me about Danny Lemmons. He 's—he 's—well, I tell you what, he 's the bull er the woods, Danny Lemmons is; nuther more ner less. He hain't bigger 'n my two fists, an' he 's 'flicted, an' he 's all crippled up in his back, whar he had it broke when he was a baby, an' yit he 's in-about the peartest man on the mountain, an' he 's the toughest an' the sooplest. An' more 'n that, he 's got them things up here," Spurlock went on, tapping his head significantly. Chadwick understood this to mean that Lemmons, whatever might be his afflictions, had brains enough and to spare.

There was a pause in the conversation, and then Chadwick, looking at his bound wrists, which were beginning to chafe and swell, spoke up.

"What 's your will wi' me?" he asked.

"Well," said Spurlock, rising to his feet, "I 'm a-gwine to empty your gun, an' tote your pistol for you, an' invite you down to Uncle Billy's. Oh, you need n't worry," he went on, observing Chadwick's disturbed expression; "they 're expectin' of you. Polly's tol' 'em you 'd likely come back."

"How did Polly know?" Chadwick inquired.

"Danny Lemmons tol' 'er."

"By George!" exclaimed Chadwick, "the woods is full of Danny Lemmons."

"Why, bless your heart," said Spurlock, "he thes swarms roun' here."

After Spurlock had taken the precaution to possess himself of Chadwick's arms and ammunition he cut the cords that bound his prisoner's hands, and the two went down the mountain, chatting as pleasantly and as sociably as two boon companions. Chadwick found no lack of hospitality at Uncle Billy

Powers's house. His return was taken as a matter of course, and he was made welcome. Nevertheless, his entertainers betrayed a spirit of levity that might have irritated a person less self-contained.

"I see he's ketched you, Iserl," remarked Uncle Billy with a twinkle in his eye. "He 'lowed las' night as how he'd fetch you back wi' him."

"Yes," said Israel, "he thes crope up on me. It's mighty hard for to fool these army fellers."

Then and afterward the whole family pretended to regard Spurlock as Chadwick's prisoner. This was not a joke for the latter to relish, but it was evidently not intended to be offensive, and he could do no less than humor it. He accepted the situation philosophically. He even prepared himself to relish Captain Moseley's astonishment when he returned and discovered the true state of affairs. As the day wore away it occurred to Chadwick that the captain was in no hurry to return. Even Uncle Billy Powers grew uneasy.

"Now, I do hope an' trust he ain't gone an' lost his temper up thar in the woods," remarked Uncle Billy. "I hope it from the bottom of my heart. These here wars an' rumors of wars makes the folks mighty restless. They'll take resks now what they would n't dassent to of tuck before this here rippit begun, an' it's done got so now human life ain't wuth shucks. The boys up here ain't no better 'n the rest. They fly to pieces quicker 'n they ever did."

No trouble, however, had come to Captain Moseley. Though he was confused in his bearings, he was as serene and as unruffled as when training a company of raw conscripts in the art of war. After an unsuccessful attempt to find the road he gave his horse the rein, and that sensible animal, his instinct sharpened by remembrance of Uncle Billy Powers's corn-crib and fodder, moved about at random until he found that he was really at liberty to go where he pleased, and then he turned short about, struck a little canter, and was soon going down the road by which he had come. The captain was as proud of this feat as if it were due to his own intelligence, and he patted the horse's neck in an approving way.

As Captain Moseley rode down the mountain, reflecting, it occurred to him that his expedition was taking a comical shape. He had gone marching up the hill, and now he came marching down again, and Israel Spurlock, so far as the captain knew, was as far from being a captive as ever—perhaps farther. Thinking it all over in a somewhat irritated frame of mind, Moseley remembered

Lovejoy's eagerness to recapture Spurlock. He remembered, also, what he had heard the night before, and it was in no pleasant mood that he thought it all over. It was such an insignificant, such a despicable affair, two men carrying out the jealous whim of a little militia politician.

"It is enough, by George!" exclaimed Captain Moseley aloud, "to make a sensible man sick."

"Lord, yes!" cried out a voice behind him. Looking around, he saw the hunchback following him. "That's what I tell 'em; goodness, yes!"

"Now, look here!" said Captain Moseley, reining in his horse, and speaking somewhat sharply. "Are you following me, or am I following you? I don't want to be dogged after in the bushes, much less in the big road."

"Ner me nuther," said the hunchback, in the cheerfulest manner. "An' then thar 's Spurlock—Lord, yes; I hain't ax't him about it, but I bet a hoss he don't like to be dogged attar nuther."

"My friend," said Captain Moseley, "you seem to have a quick tongue. What is your name?"

"Danny Lemmons," said the other. "Now don't say I look like I ought to be squeeze. Ever'body inginer'ly says that," he went on with a grimace, "but I've squeeze lots more than what's ever squeeze me. Lord, yes! Yes, siree! men an' gals tergether. You ax 'em, an' they'll tell you."

"Lemmons," said the captain, repeating the name slowly. "Well, you look it!"

"Boo!" cried Danny Lemmons, making a horrible grimace; "you don't know what you're a-talkin' about. The gals all 'low I'm mighty sweet. You ought to see me when I'm rigged out in my Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds. Polly Powers she 'lows I look snatchin'. Lord, yes! Yes, siree! I'm gwine down to Polly's house now."

Whereat he broke out singing, paraphrasing an old negro ditty, and capering about in the woods like mad.

Oh, I went down to Polly's house,  
An' she was not at home;  
I set myself in the big arm-chair  
An' beat on the ol' jaw-bone.  
Oh, rise up, Polly! Slap 'im on the jaw,  
An hit 'im in the eyeball—bim!

The song finished, Danny Lemmons walked on down the road ahead of the horse in the most unconcerned manner. It was part of Captain Moseley's plan to stop at Mrs. Spurlock's and inquire for Israel. This seemed to be a part of Danny's plan also, for he turned out of the main road and went ahead, followed

by the captain. There were quite a number of men at Mrs. Spurlock's when Moseley rode up, and he noticed that all were armed. Some were standing listlessly about, leaning against the trees, some were sitting in various postures, and others were squatting around whittling; but all had their guns within easy reach. Mrs. Spurlock was walking about among them smoking her pipe. By the strained and awkward manner of the men as they returned his salutation, or by some subtle instinct he could not explain, Captain Moseley knew that these men were waiting for him, and that he was their prisoner. The very atmosphere seemed to proclaim the fact. Under his very eyes Danny Lemmons changed from a grinning buffoon into a quiet, self-contained man trained to the habit of command. Recognizing the situation, the old soldier made the most of it by retaining his good humor.

"Well, boys," he said, flinging a leg over the pommel of his saddle, "I hope you are not tired waiting for me." The men exchanged glances in a curious, shame-faced sort of way.

"No," said one; "we was thes a-settin' here talkin' 'bout of me." The men maybe you'd sorter git tangled up on the hill thar, and so Danny Lemmons, he harked back for to keep a' eye on you."

There was no disposition on the part of this quiet group of men to be clamorous or boastful. There was a certain shyness in their attitude, as of men willing to apologize for what might seem to be unnecessary rudeness.

"I'll tell you what," said Danny Lemmons, "they ain't a man on the mounting that's got a blessed thing agin you, ner agin the tother feller, an' they hain't a man anywheres aroun' here that's a-gwine to pester you. We never brung you whar you is; but now that you're here we're a-gwine to whirl in an' ast you to stay over an' take Christmas wi' us, sech ez we'll have. Lord, yes! a nice time we'll have, ef I ain't forgot how to finger the fiddle-strings. We're sorter in a quanderry," Danny Lemmons continued, observing Captain Moseley toying nervously with the handle of his pistol. "We don't know whether you're a-gwine to be worried enough to start a row, or whether you're a-gwine to work up trouble."

Meanwhile Danny had brought his long rifle into a position where it could be used promptly and effectually. For answer Moseley dismounted from his horse, unbuckled his belt and flung it across his saddle, and prepared to light his pipe.

"Now, then," said Danny Lemmons, "thes make yourself at home."

Nothing could have been friendlier than the attitude of the mountain men, nor freer than their talk. Captain Moseley learned that

Danny Lemmons was acting under the orders of Colonel Dick Watson, the virile paralytic; that he and Chadwick were to be held prisoners in the hope that Adjutant Lovejoy would come in search of them—in which event there would be developments of a most interesting character.

So Danny Lemmons said, and so it turned out; for one day while Moseley and Chadwick were sitting on the sunny side of Uncle Billy's house, listening to the shrill, snarling tones of Colonel Watson, they heard a shout from the roadside, and behold, there was Danny Lemmons and his little band escorting Lovejoy and a small squad of forlorn-looking militia. Lovejoy was securely bound to his horse, and it may well be supposed that he did not cut an imposing figure. Yet he was undaunted. He was captured, but not conquered. His eyes never lost their boldness, nor his tongue its bitterness. He was almost a match for Colonel Watson, who raved at all things through the tremulous and vindictive lips of disease. The colonel's temper was fitful, but Lovejoy's seemed to burn steadily. Moved by contempt rather than caution, he was economical of his words, listening to the shrill invective of the colonel patiently, but with a curious flicker of his thin lips that caused Danny Lemmons to study him intently. It was Danny who discovered that Lovejoy's eyes never wandered in Polly's direction, nor settled on her, nor seemed to perceive that she was in existence, though she was flitting about constantly on the aimless little errands that keep a conscientious housekeeper busy.

Lovejoy was captured one morning and Christmas fell the next, and it was a memorable Christmas to all concerned. After breakfast Uncle Billy Powers produced his Bible and preached a little sermon—a sermon that was not the less meaty and sincere, not the less wise and powerful, because the English was ungrammatical and the rhetoric uncouth. After it was over the old man cleared his throat and remarked:

"Brethren, we're gethered here for to praise the Lord an' do his will. The quare times that's come on us has brung us face to face with much that is unseemly in life, an' likely to fret the sperit an' vex the understandin'. Yit the Almighty is with us, an' of us, an' among us; an', in accordance wi' the commands delivered in this Book, we're here to fortify two souls in the'r choice, an' to b'ar testimony to the Word that makes lawful marriage a sacrament."

With that, Uncle Billy, fumbling in his coat pockets, produced a marriage license, called Israel Spurlock and his daughter before him, and in simple fashion pronounced the words that made them man and wife.

The dinner that followed hard on the wedding was to the soldiers, who had been subsisting on the tough rations furnished by the Confederate commissaries, by all odds the chief event of the day. To them the resources of the Powers household were wonderful indeed. The shed-room, running the whole length of the house and kitchen, was utilized, and the dinner table, which was much too small to accommodate the guests, invited and uninvited, was supplemented by the inventive genius of Private William Chadwick, who, in the most unassuming manner, had taken control of the whole affair. He proved himself to be an invaluable aid, and his good humor gave a lightness and a zest to the occasion that would otherwise have been sadly lacking.

Under his direction the tables were arranged and the dinner set, and when the politely impatient company were summoned they found awaiting them a meal substantial enough to remind them of the old days of peace and prosperity. It was a genuine Christmas dinner. In the center of the table was a large bowl of egg-nog, and this was flanked and surrounded by a huge dish full of apple dumplings, a tremendous chicken pie, barbecued shote, barbecued mutton, a fat turkey, and all the various accompaniments of a country feast.

When Uncle Billy Powers had said an earnest and simple grace he gave his place at the head of the table to Colonel Watson, who had been brought in on his chair. Aunt Crissy gave Chadwick the seat of honor at the foot, and then the two old people announced that they were ready to wait on the company, with Mr. Chadwick to do the carving. If the private betrayed any embarrassment at all, he soon recovered from it.

"It ain't any use," he said, glancing down the table, "to call the roll. We 're all here an' accounted for. The only man or woman that can't answer to their name is Danny Lemmons's little brown fiddle, an' I 'll bet a sev'm-punce it 'd skreak a little ef he tuck it out 'n the bag. But before we whirl in an' make a charge three deep, le' 's begin right. This is Christmas, and that bowl yander, with the egg-nog in it, looks tired. Good as the dinner is, it 's got to have a file leader. We 'll start in with what looks the nighest like Christmas."

"Well," said Aunt Crissy, "I 've been in sech a swivet all day I don't reelly reckon the nog is wuth your while, but you 'll ha' ter take it thes like you fin' it. Hit 's sweetened w' long sweet'nin', an' it 'll ha' ter be dipped up w' a gourd an' drunk out 'n cups."

"Lord bless you, ma'am," exclaimed Chadwick, "they won't be no questions axed ef it 's

got Christmas enough in it, an' I reckon it is, 'ca'se I poured it in myself, an' I can hol' up a jug as long as the nex' man."

Though it was sweetened with syrup, the egg-nog was a success, for its strength could not be denied.

"Ef I had n't 'a' been a prisoner of war, as you may say," remarked Chadwick, when the guests had fairly begun to discuss the dinner, "I 'd 'a' got me a hunk of barbecue an' a dumplin' or two, an' a slice of that chicken pie there—I 'd 'a' grabbed 'em up an' 'a' made off down the mountain. Why, I 'll tell you what 's the truth—I got a whiff of that barbecue by daylight, an', gentulmen, it fairly made me dribble at the mouth. Nex' to Uncle Billy there, I was the fust man at the pit."

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Billy, laughing, "that 's so. An' you help me a right smart. I 'll say that."

"An' Spurlock, he got a whiff of it. Did n't you all notice, about the time he was gittin' married, how his mouth puckered up? Along towards the fust I thought he was fixin' to dip down an' give the bride a smack. But, bless you, he had barbecue on his min', an' the bride missed the buss."

"He did n't dare to buss me," exclaimed Polly, who was ministering to her grandfather. "Leastways not right out there before you-all."

"Please, ma'am, don't you be skeered of Is-erl," said Chadwick. "I kin take a quarter of that shote an' tole him plumb back to camp."

"Now I don't like the looks er this," exclaimed Uncle Billy Powers, who had suddenly discovered that Lovejoy, sitting by the side of Danny Lemmons, was bound so that it was impossible for him to eat in any comfort. "Come, boys, this won't do. I don't want to remember the time when any livin' human bein' sot at my table on Christmas Day with his han's tied. Come, now!"

"Why, tooby shore!" exclaimed Aunt Crissy. "Turn the poor creetur loose."

"Try it!" cried Colonel Watson, in his shrill voice. "Jest try it!"

"Lord, no," said Danny Lemmons. "Look at his eyes! Look at 'em."

Lovejoy sat pale and unabashed, his eyes glittering like those of a snake. He had refused all offers of food, and seemed to be giving all his attention to Israel Spurlock.

"What does Moseley say?" asked Colonel Watson.

"Ah, he is your prisoner," said Moseley. "He never struck me as a dangerous man."

"Well," said Chadwick, "ef there 's any doubt, jest take 'im out in the yard an' give 'im han'-roomance. Don't let 'im turn this table over, 'cause it 'll be a long time before

some of this company 'll see the likes of it ag'in."

It was clear that Lovejoy had no friends, even among his comrades. It was clear, too, that this fact gave him no concern. He undoubtedly had more courage than his position seemed to demand. He sat glaring at Spurlock, and said never a word. Uncle Billy Powers looked at him, and gave a sigh that ended in a groan.

"Well, boys," said the old man, "this is my house, an' he's at my table. I reckon we better ontie 'im, an' let 'im git a mou'ful ter eat. 'T ain't nothin' but Christian-like."

"Don't you reckon he 'd better eat at the second table?" inquired Chadwick. This naïve suggestion provoked laughter and restored good humor, and Colonel Watson consented that Lovejoy should be released. Danny Lemmons undertook this gracious task. He had released Lovejoy's right arm, and was releasing the left, having to use his teeth on one of the knots, when the prisoner seized a fork—a large horn-handle affair, with prongs an inch and a half long—and, as quick as a flash of lightning, brought it down on Danny Lemmons's back. To those who happened to be looking it seemed that the fork had been plunged into the very vitals of the hunchback.

The latter went down, dragging Lovejoy after him. There was a short, sharp struggle, a heavy thump or two, and then, before the company realized what had happened, Danny Lemmons rose to his feet laughing, leaving Lovejoy lying on the floor, more securely bound than ever.

"I reckon this fork 'll have to be washed," said Danny, lifting the formidable-looking weapon from the floor.

There was more excitement after the struggle was over than there had been or could have been while it was going on. Chadwick insisted on examining Danny Lemmons's back.

"I've saw folks cut an' slashed an' stobbed before now," he explained, "an' they did n't know they was hurt tell they had done cooled off. They ain't no holes here an' they ain't no blood, but I could 'most take a right pine-blank oath that I seed 'im job that fork in your back."

"Tut, tut!" said Colonel Watson. "Do you s'pose I raised Danny Lemmons for the like of that?"

"Well," said Chadwick, resuming his seat and his dinner with unruffled nerves, temper, and appetite, "it beats the known worl'. It's the fust time I ever seed a man git down on

the floor for to give the in-turn an' the under-cut, an' cut the pigeon-wing an' the double-shuffle, all before a cat could bat her eye. It looks to me that as peart a man as Lemmons there ought to be in the war."

"Ain't he in the war?" cried Colonel Watson, excitedly. "Ain't he forever and eternally in the war? Ain't he my bully bushwhacker?"

"On what side?" inquired Chadwick.

"The Union, the Union!" exclaimed the colonel, his voice rising into a scream.

"Well," said Chadwick, "ef you think you kin take the taste out 'n this barbecue with talk like that, you are mighty much mistaken."

After the wedding feast was over, Danny Lemmons seized on his fiddle and made music fine enough and lively enough to set the nimble feet of the mountaineers to dancing. So that, take it all in all, the Christmas of the conscript was as jolly as he could have expected it to be.

When the festivities were concluded there was a consultation between Colonel Watson and Danny Lemmons, and then Captain Moseley and his men were told that they were free to go.

"What about Lovejoy?" asked Moseley.

"Oh, bless you! he goes over the mountain," exclaimed Danny, with a grin. "Lord, yes! Right over the mountain."

"Now, I say no," said Polly, blushing. "Turn the man loose an' let him go."

There were protests from some of the mountaineers, but Polly finally had her way. Lovejoy was unbound and permitted to go with the others, who were escorted a piece of the way down the mountain by Spurlock and some of the others. When the mountaineers started back, and before they had got out of sight, Lovejoy seized a musket from one of his men and turned and ran a little way back. What he would have done will never be known, for before he could raise his gun a streak of fire shot forth into his face, and he fell and rolled to the side of the road. An instant later Danny Lemmons leaped from the bushes, flourishing his smoking rifle.

"You see 'im now!" he cried. "You see what he was atter! He 'd better have gone over the mountain. Lord, yes! lots better."

Moseley looked at Chadwick.

"Damn him!" said the latter; "he's got what he's been a-huntin' for."

By this time the little squad of militiamen, demoralized by the incident, had fled down the mountain, and Moseley and his companion hurried after them.

*Joel Chandler Harris.*

## FOURTEEN TO ONE.

### A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



HERE are certain situations inherently too preposterous for fiction; the very telling of them involves the presumption of fact. No writer with any regard for his literary reputation would invent such a tale as that which I am about to relate. The reader will agree with me, I think, that the conclusive events of the story are but another evidence that truth is the most amazing thing in the world. With this prefatory word, which may give force to the narrative, I need only proceed to record the circumstances. For reasons which will be sufficiently obvious, I shall not make use of authentic names of either the persons or the localities involved in the recital of one of the most thrilling incidents in modern American history.

THE Reverend Mr. Matthews was hitching up his horse to go to the post-office. The horse was old; the man was old. The horse was gray; so was the man. The wagon was well worn of its paint, which was once a worldly blue, and the wheels sprawled at the axles like a decrepit old person going bow-legged from age. The Reverend Mr. Matthews did not use the saddle, according to the custom of the region; he was lame and found it difficult to mount.

It was a chilly day, and what was once a buffalo robe lay across the wagon seat; a few tufts of hair remained upon the bare skin, but it was neatly lined with a woman's shawl—an old plaid, originally combining more colors than a rag mat, but now faded to a vague general dinginess which would recommend it to the "low tone" of modern art. The harness was as old as the buffalo robe, as old as the shawl, as old as the horse, one might venture to say as old as the man. It had been patched, and mended, and lapped, and strapped, and tied, past the ingenuity of any but the very poor and the really intelligent; it was expected to drop to pieces at the mildest provocation, and the driver was supposed to clamber down over the bow-legged wheels and tie it up again, which he always did, and always patiently. He was a very patient old man; but there was a spark in his dim blue eye.

The reins, which he took firmly enough in his bare hands, were of rope, by the way. He could not go to the post-office on Mondays because his wife had to use the clothes-line. He felt it a special dispensation of Providence that women did not wash on Saturdays, when his copy of "Zion's Herald" was due.

She came out of the house when he had harnessed, and stood with her hands wrapped in her little black-and-white checked shoulder shawl, watching him with eyes where thirty years of married love dwelt gently. Something sharper than love crossed her thin face in long lines; she had an expression of habitual anxiety refined to feminine acuteness; for it was the year 1870, and it was—let us call it, since we must call it something, the State of Kennessee.

Mrs. Matthews stood in that portion of the house which Kennessee does not call a loggia; neither is it a porch, a piazza, or a hall. It results from the dual division of the house, which rises on each side, uniting in one boarded roof and a loft. Two chimneys of stone or of clay, according to the social status of the owner, flank the house on each side. The Rev. Mr. Matthews's chimneys were of clay, for he was a minister of the Methodist faith. His house was built of logs; through the space which cut the building the chickens walked critically, like boarders discussing their dinner. The domestic dwelling of a comfortable pig could be seen in the background. There were sheds, and something resembling a barn for the horse. All were scrupulously neat. Behind, the mountains towered and had a dark expression. A clear sky burned above, but one had to look for it, it was so far, and there seemed so small an allowance of it—so much of the State of Kennessee; so little of heaven.

"Are you going to the post-office?" asked Mrs. Matthews, softly. She knew perfectly well, but she always asked; he always answered. If it gave her pleasure to inquire, he reasoned, why not?

"Yes, Deborah," said the old man, briskly. "Want to go?"

"I don't know. Is Hezekiah tuckered out?"

"Hezekiah is as spry as a chipmunk," returned the minister, confidently. Now Hezekiah was the horse, and thirty-one years old. He received this astounding tribute with a slow revolution of his best eye (for he was

blind in the other, but no one ever mentioned the fact in Hezekiah's presence) which might have passed for that superior effort of intelligence known only to the human race, and vulgarly called a wink.

"Well," said Mrs. Matthews, doubtfully, "I don't know 's I 'll go."

She pronounced these words with marked, almost painful, hesitation, in an accent foreign to her environment. Her movements and dress were after the manner of Kennessee; but her speech was the speech of New Hampshire. They had been Northerners thirty years ago. Weak lungs brought him and a parish kept him. Thirty years—and such years!—seemed a long time to stay true to the traditions of youth and a flag. The parishioners and people whom, for courtesy, one called one's neighbors in those desolate, divided mountain homes, expressed themselves variously upon the parson's loyalty to the national cause. The Border State indecision had murmured about him critically, for the immediate region had flashed during the civil war, and remained sulky still.

The Confederacy had never lacked friends in that township. Of late the murmur had become a mutter. The parson had given offense. He had preached a sermon treating of certain disorders which had become historic, and for which the village and valley were acquiring unenviable notoriety.

"If I thought I could prevent anything," proceeded Mrs. Matthews anxiously, "I 'd—I 'd—I don't know but I 'd go. Are you goin' to hold the meetin'—after all?"

"Certainly," replied the minister, lifting his head. "I shall dispense the Word as usual."

"Well," said his wife sadly—"well, I s'pose you will. I might have known. But I hoped you 'd put it off. I was afraid to ask you. I can't help worryin'. I don't know but I 'll go, too. I can get my bunnet on in a minute."

Her husband hesitated perceptibly. He did not tell her that he was afraid to take her; that he was almost equally afraid to leave her. He said:

"The lock of the back door is n't mended yet; I don't know but things need watching. That speckled bantam 's dreadfully afraid of weasels when she 's setting; I don't know 's I blame her."

"Well," returned the old lady with a sigh, "I don't know but you 're right. If it 's the Lord's will I should stay at home and shoo weasels, I s'pose he can look after you without my help, if he has a mind to. Will you take the sweet potatoes along? There 's a bushel and a half; and two dozen eggs."

The two old people loaded the wagon together, rather silently. Nothing further was

said about the prayer-meeting. Neither alluded to danger. They spoke of the price of potatoes and chickens. The times were too stern to be spendthrift in emotion. One might be lavish of anything else; but one had to economize in feeling, and be a miser in its expression. When the parson was ready to start he kissed his wife, and said:

"Good-by, Deborah."

And she said, "Good-by, Levi."

Then she said: "Let me tuck you up a little. The buffalo ain't in."

She tucked the old robe about the old legs with painstaking, motherly thoroughness, as if he had been a boy going to bed. She said how glad she was she had that nice shawl to line it.

"Thank you, Deborah. Keep the doors locked, won't you? And I would n't run out much till I get back."

"No, I don't know 's I will. Have you got your lantern?"

"Yes."

"And your pistol?"

"No."

"Ain't you going to take it?"

"No, Deborah; I 've decided not to. Besides, it 's a rusty old affair. It would n't do much."

"You 'll get home by nine, won't you?" she pleaded, lifting her withered cheek over the high, muddy wheel. For a moment those lines of anxiety seemed to grow corrosive, as if they would eat her face out.

"Or quarter-past," said the parson, cheerfully. "But don't worry if I 'm not here till half-past."

Hezekiah took occasion to start at this point; he was an experienced horse; he knew when a conversation had lasted long enough at the parting of husband and wife, in 1870, and in Kennessee. No horse with two eyes could see as much as Hezekiah. This was understood in the family.

A rickety, rocky path, about four feet wide, called by courtesy "The Road," wound away from the parsonage. The cornfield grew to it on each side. The tall stalks, some of them ten feet high, stood dead and stark, shivering in the rising wind. The old man drove into them. They closed about his gray head. Only the rear of the muddy blue wagon was visible between the husks.

"Levi! Levi! I want to ask a question."

She could hear the bow-legged wheels come to a lame halt; but she could not see him. He called through the corn in his patient voice:

"Well, well! What is it? Ask away, Deborah."

"What time shall I begin to worry, Levi?"

To this essentially feminine inquiry silence answered significantly:

"My dear," said the invisible husband after a long pause, "perhaps by ten — or half-past. Or suppose we say eleven."

She ran out into the corn to see him. It seemed to her, suddenly, as if she should strangle to death if she did not see him once more. But she did not call, and he did not know that she was there. She ran on, gathering up her chocolate-colored calico dress, and wrapping her checked shawl about her head nervously. At the turn of the path there was a prickly locust tree. It had been burnt to make way for crops after the fashion of the country, which is too indolent to hew; it had not been well burned, and one long, strong limb stretched out like an arm; it was black, and seemed to point at the old man as he disappeared around the twist in the path where the returning-valley curved in, and the passenger found a way to the highway. The parson was singing. His voice came back on the wind:

How firm a founda-tion, ye sa-a-ints of the Lo-ord!

She wiped the tears from her eyes and came back through the corn, slowly; all her withered figure drooped.

"I don't know but I'd ought to have perked up and gone with him," she said aloud, plaintively.

She stood in the house-place, among the chickens, for a few minutes, looking out. She was used, like other women in that desolate country, to being left much alone. Those terrible four years from '61 to '65 had taught her, she used to think, all the lessons that danger and solitude can teach; but she was learning new, now. Peace had brought anything, everything, but security. She was a good deal of a woman, as the phrase goes, with a set strong Yankee mouth. Life had never dealt so easily with her that she expected anything of it; it had given her no chance to become what women call "timid." Yet as she stood looking through the stark corn on that cold gray day she shook with a kind of horror.

Women know what it is — this age of the heart which follows the absent beloved. The safest lives experience it, in chills of real foresight, or fevers of the imagination. Deborah Matthews lived in the lap of daily dangers that had not alienated her good sense, nor suffocated that sweet, persistent trust in the nature of things, call it feminine or religious, which is the most amazing fact in human life; but sometimes it seemed to her as if her soul were turning stiff, as flesh does from fear.

"If this goes on long enough, I shall die of it," she said. "He will come home some day, and I shall be dead of listenin', and shiverin',

and prayin' to Mercy for him. Prayer is Scripture, I suppose, and I have n't anythin' against it; but folks can die of too much prayin', as well as a gallopin' consumption or the shakes."

Only the chickens heard her, however, and they responded with critical clucks, like church members who thought her heretical. Since chickens constituted her duties, she would gratify Heaven and divert her mind by going out to see the setting bantam, who took her for a weasel and protested violently.

Mrs. Matthews came back to the house indefinitely comforted, in a spiritual way, by this secular interruption, and prepared to lock up carefully, as her husband had bidden her. It was necessary to look after all the creatures first: the critical chickens, the comfortable pig, the gaunt cow, and the Rooster, for whom, as he was but one, and had all the lordliness of his race, and invariably ran away from her, and never came till he got ready, Mrs. Matthews had a marked respect, and thought of him as spelled with a capital. It took a great while that evening to get the Rooster into the pen, and while her feminine coax and his masculine crow ricocheted about the cornfield, the old lady cast a sharp, watchful eye all over the premises and their vicinity. Silence and solitude responded to her. No intrusion or intruder gave sign. The mountain seemed to overlook the house pompously, as a thing too small to protect. The valley had a stealthy look, as if it were creeping up to her. The day was darkening fast. The gloom of its decline came on with the abruptness of a mountain region, and the world seemed suddenly to shrink away from the lonely spot and forget it.

Mrs. Matthews, when she had locked up the animals with difficulty, deference, or fear, according to their respective temperaments, fastened the doors and windows of the house carefully, and looked at the clock. It was half-past six. She took off her muddy rubbers, brushed them neatly, folded away her shawl, and started the fire economically. She must have a cup of tea; but supper should wait for Levi, who needed something solid after Friday evening meeting. She busied herself with these details assiduously. Her life was what we might call large with trifles; she made the most of them; there was nothing better that she knew of to keep great anxieties out of the head and sickening terrors out of the heart.

There was one thing, to be sure: Mrs. Matthews called it faith and providence. The parson's wife had her share of it, but it took on practical, often secular, forms. Sometimes she prayed aloud, as she sat there alone, quaking in every nerve. Sometimes she pitched her shrill old voice, as she did to-day, several notes above the key, and sang:

How firm a found-da-tion, ye sa-ants of the Lo-ord!  
Is laid for your fa-ith in his ex-cel-lent word!

But she locked the house up before she sang.  
She made her tea, too, and drank it.

"I always feel to get a better spiritual attitude," she used to say, "when I've had my cup of tea."

The house was so neat that its rudeness became a kind of daintiness to the eye; and the trim old lady, in her chocolate calico with its strip of a ruffle at throat and wrists, sat before the fireplace, meditative and sweet, like a priestess before an altar. She used to hate that fireplace with hot New Hampshire hatred—the kettle, the crane, and all the barbarous ways of managing; but she had contrived to get used to it now. It was the dream of her life to save money enough to freight a good Northern cook-stove over from Chattanooga. But she expected to die without it. The room winked brightly with shiny tin-ware hung above the fireplace, and chintz curtains at the windows. There were hollyhocks on the curtains which seemed like New Hampshire, if you made believe very much. There was a center-table with a very old red and black tablecloth of the fashion of fifty years ago. The minister's writing materials adorned this table—his tall inkstand, with its oxidized silver top: his first parish in New Hampshire gave him that inkstand, at a donation party, in a sleet storm one January night, with a barrel of flour and a bushel of potatoes. Beside the inkstand lay his quill pen sharpened with the precision of a man who does not do much writing; the cheap, blue-ruled letter paper, a quire of it; and the sacred sermon paper which Mrs. Matthews would not have touched for her life; she would as soon have touched the sermons. These were carefully packed away in the corner in a barrel covered with turkey-red, and surmounted with a board top. The family Bible lay on the board.

Above rose the minister's "library." This was a serious affair, greatly respected in the parish and adored by the minister's wife. It took at least three poplar shelves stained by Mr. Matthews's own hand, and a borrowed paint-brush, to hold that library. Upon the lower shelf the family clock ticked solemnly, flanked by Cruden's Concordance and Worcester's Octavo Dictionary. For neighbors to these there were two odd volumes of an ancient encyclopedia, the letters unfortunately slipping from A to Z without immediate alphabetical connection. Upon such subjects, for instance, as alchemy or zoölogy, the minister was known to have shown a crushing scholarship, which was not strictly maintained upon all topics. Barnes's Notes on Matthew occupied a decorous position in the library. The

life of John Wesley, worn to tatters and covered with a neat brown paper grocery bag, overflowed into two octavo volumes, which, after all, had the comfortable, knowing look of a biography which treats of a successful life-experience, opulent in fact and feeling, alert and happy. Beside the shriveled career of this humble disciple, what a story!

The history of New Hampshire stood beside John Wesley. A map of the State of Tennessee surmounted the library. For the rest, the shelves were fatly filled with filed copies of "Zion's Herald" and a Chattanooga weekly.

There was an old lounge in the room, homemade, covered with a calico comforter and a dyed brown shawl. The minister's slippers lay beside it; they were of felt, and she had made them. This lounge was Mr. Matthews's own particular resting-place when the roads were rough or the meeting late. If he were very late, and she grew anxious, his wife went up and stroked the lounge sometimes.

Their bedroom opened across the house-place from the living-room. It held a white bed, with posts, and old white curtains much darned. Mrs. Matthews's Bible lay on a table beside the bed. The room was destitute of furniture or ornaments, but it had a rag carpet and a fireplace. When Mr. Matthews had a sore throat and it was very cold they had a fire to go to bed by. That was delightful.

When Mrs. Matthews had taken her cup of tea and sung "How firm a foundation" till she was afraid she should be tired of it, which struck her as an impiety to be avoided, she walked about the house looking at everything, crossing from room to room, and looking cautiously after her. It was very still.

It was almost deadly still. How long the evening! Seven—eight—half-past eight o'clock. She tried to sew a little, mending his old coat. She tried to read the religious news in "Zion's Herald"; this failing, she even ventured on the funny column, for it was not Sunday. But nothing amused her. Life did not strike her as funny, that night. She folded the coat, she folded the paper, she got up and walked, and walked again.

Pretty little home! She looked it over tenderly. How she loved it. How he loved it. What years had they grown to it, day by busy day, night by quiet night. What work, what sorrow, what joy and anxiety, what economy, what comfort, what long, healthy, happy sleep had they shared in it! As she passed before the fire, casting tall shadows on the chintz curtains, she began to sing again, shrilly:

Home—home, dear, dear home!

Nine o'clock. Yes, nine; for the rickety old clock on the library shelf said so, distinctly.

It was time to stop pacing the room; it was time to stop being anxious and thinking of everything to keep one's courage up; it was time to put the johnny-cake on and start the coffee; he would be hungry, as men-folks ought to be; God made 'em so. It was time to peek between the hollyhock curtains and put her hands against her eyes, and peer out across the cornfield. It was time to grow nervous, and restless, and flushed, and happy. It was not time, thank God, to worry.

The color came to her withered cheek. She was handsomer as an old lady than she had been as a young one, and the happier she grew the better she looked, like all women, young or old. She bustled about, with neat, housewifely fussiness. She knew that her husband thanked Heaven for her New England home-craft—none of your "easy" Southern housekeeping for Levi Matthews. What would have become of the man? As she worked she sang unconsciously, "Dear, clean home!"

The johnny-cake was baking briskly. The candles were lighted. The coffee was stirred, and settled with the shell of an egg; it was ready to boil. It was quarter-past nine. Mrs. Matthews's head grew a little muddled from excitement. She began again at the top of her voice:

How firm a foundation, ye sa-aunts of the Lo-ord!  
Is laid for your faith in an ex-cel-lent home!

The clock wedged between the concordance and the dictionary struck half-past nine with an ecclesiastical tone; dogmatically, as if to insist on the point as a tenet on which she had been skeptical.

Mrs. Matthews stopped singing. She went to the window. The coffee was boiling over. The corn-cake was done brown. She pulled aside the curtain uneasily. The pine-wood fire flared, and blinded her with a great outburst of light. She could see nothing without, and stood for a moment dazzled. Then she began to look intently, and so accustomed her eyes to the masses of shadow and the lines of form outside. The road wound away abruptly, lost in the darkness like a river dashed into the sea. The cornstalks closed over it, stark and sear; she opened the window a little and heard them rustle, as if they were discussing something in whispers. Above the corn shot the gaunt arm of the prickly locust, burned and bare. The outlines of the mountain were invisible. The valley was sunk in the night. Nothing else was to be seen.

As she leaned, listening for the sedate hoofs of old Hezekiah, or the lame rumble of the blue wagon wheels, the Rooster uttered from his pen a piercing crow, and the bantam hen responded with an anxious cluck.

She could have killed either of these garrulous members of her family for the interruption. The chickens always crowed when she was listening for Mr. Matthews. When the irritating sounds had died away on the damp air with long, wavering echoes, a silence that was indescribably appalling settled about the place. Nothing broke it. Even the cornstalks stopped. After a significant pause they began again; they seemed to raise their voices in agitation.

"What in the world are they talkin' about?" she said impatiently. She shut the window, and came back into the middle of the room. The corn-cake was burning. The coffee must be set off. The supper would be spoiled. She looked at the Methodist clock. Mr. Cruden and the Rev. John Wesley seemed to exchange glances over its head, and hers. It lacked seven minutes of ten.

"But it is n't time to worry yet!"

The woman and the clock faced each other. She sat down before it. What was the use in freezing at the window, to hear the Rooster? and the talking corn? She and the clock would have it out. She crossed her work-worn hands upon her chocolate calico lap, and looked the thing in the eye.

What a superior, supercilious clock! What a theological, controversial clock! Was there ever a clock so conscious of its spiritual advantages? So sure it knew the will of the Almighty? So confident of being right about everything? So determined to be up and at it, to say it all, to insist upon it, to rub it in?

Five minutes before ten—three—two. Ten o'clock. Ten o'clock, said in a loud, clerical tone, as if it were repeating ten of the Thirty-nine Articles to a bishop.

"But, oh, not quite time to worry yet!" Ten minutes past. A quarter past. Twenty minutes. The woman and the clock eyed each other like duelists. Twenty-five minutes past ten. Half-past—Deborah Matthews gasped for breath. She turned her back on the clock and dashed up the window full-length.

The night seemed blacker than ever. A cloud had rolled solemnly over the mountain, and hung darkly above the house. The stalks of corn looked like corpses. But they talked like living beings still. They put their heads together and nodded. As she leaned out, trembling and panting, a flash of unseasonable lightning darted and shot; it revealed the arm of the locust tree pointing down the road. A low mutter of distant thunder followed; it rolled away, and lapsed into a stillness that shook her soul.

She came back to her chair in the middle of the room, by the center-table. The final struggle with hope had set in. It seemed as if the clock knew this as well as she. The tick-

ing filled her ears, her brain, her veins, her being. It seemed to fill the world.

Half-past ten. It was as if some spirit appealed to the minister's clock. Oh, tell her so softly! Say so, gently as religious love, though you be stern to your duty as religious law. Twenty-five minutes of eleven—a quarter of—

The woman has ceased to look the clock in the eye. It has conquered her, poor thing; and, now that it has, seems sorry for her, and ticks tenderly, as if it would turn back an hour if it could. Her head has dropped into her hands; her hands to her knees; her body to the floor. Buried in the cushions of the old rocking-chair, her face is invisible. Her hands have lifted themselves to her ears, which they press violently. She herself lies crouched like a murdered thing upon the floor.

Eleven o'clock. She must not, can not, will not bear it. Eleven o'clock. She must, she can, she shall. Past all feminine fright and nervousness, past all fancy, and waste of weak vision, and prodigal anxiety, past all doubt, or hope, or dispute, it is time to worry now.

Deborah Matthews, when it had come to this, sprang to her feet, gave one piteous, beaten look at the clock, then staid to look at nothing more. She flung open the door, not delaying to lock it behind her, and dashed out. She was as wild as a girl, and almost as agile. She ran over the rocks, and slipped in the mud, and sunk in the holes, and pushed into the cornfield, and thrust out her hands before her to brush the stalks away, and stood for a moment to get her breath underneath the locust tree. How persistently, how solemnly, that black arm pointed down the path. She felt like kneeling to it, as if it were an offended deity. All the Pagan in her stirred. Suddenly the Christian rose and wrestled with it.

"Lord have mercy!" she moaned. "He's my husband. We've been married thirty years."

"Hain't I prayed enough?" she sobbed, sinking on her knees, in the mud, among the corn. "Hain't I said all there's any sense in sayin' to thee? What's the use in pesterin' God? But, oh, to mercy, if thou couldst take the trouble to understand what it is to be married—thirty years—and to set here in the cornfield lookin' for a murdered husband. He can't," said Deborah Matthews, abruptly starting to her feet. "God ain't a woman. It ain't in nature. He can't understand."

She pushed on, past the burned trees and out towards the highway. It was very dark. It was deadly lonely. It was as still as horror. Oh, there—

What tidings? For good or for ill, they had come at last. Deep in the distance the wheels of a bow-legged wagon rumbled dully, and

the hoofs of a tired horse stumbled on the half-frozen ground. Far down the road she could see, moving steadily, a little sparkle, like a star. She dared not go to meet it.

Friend or foe might bear the news. Let it come. It must find her where she was. She covered her face with her shawl, and stood like a court-martialed soldier before the final shot.

"Deb-ora-h?"

Far down the road the faint cry sounded. Nearer, and advancing, the dear voice cried. He was used to call to her so when he was late, that she might be sure, and be spared all possible misery. He was infinitely tender with her. The Christianity of this old minister began with the marriage tie.

"Deb-ora-h? Deborah, my dear? Don't be frightened, Deborah. I'm coming. I've got home."

Kissing and clinging, laughing and sobbing, she got him into the barn. Whether she clambered over the wheels to him, or he sprang out to her, whether she rode, or walked, or flew, she could not have told; nor, perhaps, could he. He was as pale as the dead corn, and seemed dazed, stunned, unnatural to her eye. Hezekiah probably knew better than either of these two excited old people how they together got his harness off, with shaking hands, and rolled the wagon into the shed, and locked the outbuildings, not forgetting the supper of the virtuous horse who rests from his labors after fifteen miles on a Kennessee road, and at the age of thirty-one.

"Lock the doors," said the minister abruptly, when they had gone into the house-place. "Lock up everything. Take pains about it. Give me something to eat or drink, and don't ask a question till I get rested."

His wife turned him about, full in the fire-light, gave one glance at his face, and obeyed him to the letter. Perhaps, for the first time in her life, she did *not* ask a question. His mouth had a drawn, ghastly look, and his sunken eyes did not seem to see her. She noticed that he limped more than usual as he crossed the room to lay his old felt hat on the barrel-top beneath the library.

"You are used up," she said; "you are tuckered out! Here, drink your coffee, Levi. Here, I won't talk to you. I won't say a word. Drink, Mr. Matthews; do, dear."

He drank in great gulps exhaustedly. When she came up with the corn-cake, having turned her back to dish it, she heard a little clicking sound, and saw that his right hand closed over something which he would have hidden from her.

It was the old pistol; he was loading it, rust and all. The two looked at each other across the disabled weapon.

"It's all we have," he said. "A man must defend his own. Don't be frightened, Deborah. I'll take care of you."

"You might as well out with it," said the old lady distinctly. "I'm ready to hear. I'm not a coward. New Hampshire girls ain't. I should think you'd know I'd been through enough, in this God-forsaken country—for that."

"Well," slowly. "Well, I suppose you're about right, Deborah. The fact is, I've had a narrow escape of it. I was warned at the meeting. We had a gratifying meeting. The Spirit descended on us. Several arose to confess themselves anxious—"

"What were you warned about?" interrupted his wife. "Never mind the anxious seat. I've sat on it long enough for one night. What's the matter? Who warned you?"

"I was warned against the Ku Klux Klan, that's all," returned the parson simply, picking up the crumbs of corn-cake from his knees, and eating them to "save" the bread. "They lay in wait for me on the road home. I had to come round over the mountain, the other way. It was pretty rough. I did n't know but they'd detail a squad there. It was pretty late. The harness broke twice, and I had to mend it. It took a good while. And I knew that you—"

"Never mind me!" cried Mrs. Matthews, with that snap of the voice which gives the accent of crossness to mortal anxiety. "Tell me who warned you. Tell me everythin', this minute!"

"That's about all, Deborah. A colored brother warned me. He has been desirous of being present at all the means of grace, of late. But for the—the state of public sentiment, he would have done so. He is that convert brought to me privately, a few weeks ago, by our new brother, Deacon Memminger."

"I don't know 's I half like that Deacon Memminger," returned the wife. "He got converted pretty fast. And he's a stranger in these parts. His speech ain't our speech, either. But it's a Southern name. Did he warn you?"

"He was not present to-night at the dispensing of the Word," replied the minister. "No, I was taken one side, after the benediction, without the building, by the colored brother and warned, on peril of my life,—and on peril of his,—not to go home to-night, and to tell no man of the warning."

"But you did—you came home!"

"Certainly, my dear; you were here."

She clung to him, and he kissed her. Neither spoke for many minutes. It seemed as if he could not trust himself. She was the first to put in whispered words the thought which rocked the hearts of both.

"When they don't find you—what will they do?"

"My dear wife—my dear wife, God knows."

"What shall you do? What can we do?"

"I think," said the minister in his gentle voice, "that we may as well conduct family prayers."

"Very well," said his wife, "if you've had your supper. I'll put away the dishes first."

She did so, methodically and quietly, as if nothing out of the common course of events had happened, or were liable to. Her matter-of-fact, housewifely motions calmed him; as she thought they would. It made things seem natural, homelike, safe, as if danger were a delirious dread, and home and love and peace the foundations of life, after war, in Kennessee.

When she had washed her hands and taken off her apron she came back to the lounge and brought the family Bible with her, and the hymn-book. They sang together one verse of their favorite hymn, "How firm a foundation," with the quavering, untrained voices that had "led the choirs" of mountain meetings for almost thirty years of patient, self-denying missionary life. Then the parson read, in a firm voice, a psalm—the ninety-first; and then he took the hand of his wife in his, and they both knelt down by the lounge and he prayed aloud, his usual, simple, trustful, evening prayer.

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, thy mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening. We thank thee that though danger walketh in darkness, it shall not come nigh us. We bless thee that thou art so mindful of thine unworthy servant and handmaiden. We thank thee that for nearly thirty years we have dwelt in conjugal love and peace beneath this comfortable roof. We thank thee that no disaster hath rendered us homeless, and that the hand of violence hath not been raised against us. We pray thee that thou wilt withhold it from us this night, that we may sleep in peace, and awake in safety—"

"Levi!"

A curdling whisper in his ear interrupted the old man's prayer. "Levi! There are footsteps in the corn!"

"And awake in safety," proceeded the minister firmly, "to bless thy tender care—"

He did not rise from his knees, but prayed on in a strong voice. So well trained to the religious habit was the woman that she did not cry out, nor interrupt him again, nor did she either arise from her knees before the old lounge.

Suddenly voices clashed, cries upsprang, and a din surrounded the house.

"Come out! Come out! Out with the Yankee parson! Out with the nigger-praying preacher! Show yourself!"

The old man's hand tightened upon the hand of his old wife; but neither rose from their knees. The confusion without redoubled.

Calls grew to yells. Heavy steps dashed foraging about the house. Cries of alarm from the outbuildings showed that the animals, which were the main support of the simple home, were attacked, perhaps destroyed. Then came the demand:

"Come out! Come out to us! Show yourself, you sneaking, Yankee parson! Out to us!"

A terrific knock thundered on the door. Steadily the calm voice within prayed on:

"We trust thee, O Lord, and we bless thee for thy mercy to us ward—"

"Open the door, or we will pull your shanty down to hell!"

"Preserve us, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness endureth forever—"

"Open the door, — you, or we'll set the torches to it, and burn you out!"

"Protect us, O God—"

The light lock yielded, and the old door broke down. With a roar the mob rushed in. They were not over sixteen, but they seemed sixty, storming into the little room. They were all masked, and all armed to the teeth.

Before the sight which met his eyes the leader of the posse fell back. He was a tall, powerful fellow, evidently by nature a commander, and the men fell back behind him.

"For Christ's sake, Amen," said the parson. He rose from his knees, and his wife rose with him. The two old people confronted the desperados silently. When the leader came closer to them he saw that the Rev. Mr. Matthews's hands were both occupied. With the left he grasped the hand of his wife. In the right he held his rusty pistol. The hymn-book had fallen to the floor; but the family Bible had been reverently laid with care upon the lounge, its leaves yet open at the ninety-first psalm.

"Gentlemen," said the parson, speaking for the first time, "I would not seem inhospitable, but the manner of your entering has perturbed my wife and interrupted our evening prayer, which it is our custom never to cut short for any insufficient cause. Now I am ready to receive you. Explain to me your errand."

"It's a — short one," said a voice from the gang; "a rope and a tree will explain it easy enough."

"And nothing less!" cried a hoarse man. "We have n't come on any boys' play this time. We've had chase enough to find you for one night."

"That's so. It's no fool's errand, you bet. We ain't a tar-and-feathering party. We mean business."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" pleaded the parson. He took the hand of his wife as he spoke, and lifted it to his shrunken breast, and held it there, delicately.

It was the piteous instinct of manly protection powerless to protect.

"In the name of civil justice, O my neighbors, wherein have I offended you?"

"That's our business. It's a serious one, too," cried the hoarse man. "Your — pious prayer-meetings have been a nursery of sentiments we don't approve, that's all. You've admitted a — darky among respectable white citizens. Come now, have n't you? Own up!"

"Certainly," replied the parson, promptly. "There was one colored brother present at the means of grace on one or two occasions. I regretted that my congregation did not altogether welcome him. He was converted by the mercy of God, beneath my ministrations. Would ye that I denied him the poor benefit of my prayers? Nay, then, as God hears me, I did not, nor I would not."

The old man's dim eyes flashed. He raised his rusty pistol, examined it, and laid it down. Before sixteen well-armed men he began to comprehend the uselessness of his old weapon. He looked upon the array of grotesque and ghastly masks steadily; they rose like a row of demons before his biblically trained imagination. Mr. Matthews believed in demons, in a simple, unquestioning way.

"And you've preached against that which was no business of yours. Come now, own to it! You've meddled with the politics and justice of the State. You have preached against the movements of the Klan — what's left of it."

"I own to it," said the parson, quietly. "I have delivered a discourse upon the topic of your organization. I felt called of Heaven to do it. Is that all ye have against me? I pray you, for my wife's sake, who is disquieted by your presence, as you see, to leave us to ourselves and go your way — from under my roof."

"Have him out! Right smart, now!" yelled the hoarse man. "Have him out without more words! A rope! A rope! Where's a rope?"

In a moment there was *mêlée* in the house. Cries arose to the effect that the rope was left in the corn. But a fellow who had been browsing about outside ran in with a rope in his hand and handed it to the hoarse man. The rope was Mrs. Matthews's clothes-line — Hezekiah's reins. The hoarse man gave it to the leader with an oath. The leader seemed to hesitate, and conferred in a whisper with the hoarse man and with others; but he was apparently overborne in his hesitation; he took the rope, and advanced with a certain respect to the parson, death in his hand, but who knew what pity in his heart? The mask hid it if any were there. The noise from the gang now increased brutally. Cries, oaths, curses, calls to death resounded through the pure and peaceful room.

The hoarse man lassoed the rope, and threw it around the parson's neck. At this moment a terrible sound rang above the confusion.

It was the cry of the wife.

She had possessed herself magnificently up to this time; the Puritan restraint set upon her white, old face; she had not said a word. No murderer of them all had seen a tear upon her withered cheek. But now nature had her way. She flung herself to her knees before the members of the Klan; then upon her husband's neck; back upon her knees—and so, in a passion wavering between agony and entreaty, pleaded with them. She cried to them for the love of Heaven, for the love of God, for the sake of "Jesus Christ his Son, their Saviour," so she put it, with the lack of tact and instinct for scriptural phraseology belonging to her devout, secluded life.

The phrase raised a laugh.

She cried to them for the love of their own wives, for the sake of their mothers, by the thought of their homes, for the sake of wedded love, and by his honorable life who had ministered respected among them for nearly thirty years—by the misery of widowhood, and by the sacredness of age. In her piteous pleading she continued to give to the murderers, at the very verge of the deed, the noblest name known to the usages of safe and honorable society.

"Gentlemen! *Gentlemen!* For the sake of his gray hair! For the sake of an old wife—"

But there they pushed her off. They struck her hands from their knees; they tore her arms from his neck, and so were dragging him out, when the parson said in a clear voice:

"Men! Ye are at least men. Give way to the demand of my soul before ye hurl it to your Maker. I pray you to leave me alone, for the space of a moment, with this lady, my wife, that we may part one from the other and no man witness our parting."

At a signal from the big leader the Klan obeyed this request. The men hustled out of the broken door. The leader stood within it.

"Watch 'em! Watch 'em like a lynx!" cried the hoarse man. But the leader turned his back.

"Deborah! Kiss me, my dear. You've been a good wife to me. I think you'd better go to your brother—in New Hampshire—I don't know. I have n't had much time to plan it out for you. Tell him I would have written to him if I had had time. Tell him to take good care of you. Oh—God bless you, my dear. Why don't you speak to me? Why don't you kiss me? Your arms don't stay about my neck. What! Can't hold them there—at this last minute? Pray for me, Deborah. Deborah! why don't you answer me? O my wife, my wife, my wife!"

But she was past answering; past the sacred

agony of that last embrace. She had dropped from his breast, and lay straight and still as the dead at his feet.

"God is good," said the old man, solemnly. "Let her be as she is. I pray you do not disturb her. Leave her to the swoon which He has mercifully provided for her relief at this moment—and do with me as ye will, before she awakens."

A certain perceptible awe fell upon the gang as the old man stepped around the unconscious form of his wife and presented himself in the doorway.

"He seems to be a grateful old cove," said one man in a low voice. "I don't know 's I ever heard a feller in his circumstances give God a good name before."

"No sniveling!" cried the hoarse man. "Have it over!"

They took him out, and arranged to have it over as quickly as might be. It must be admitted that the posse were nervous. They did not enjoy that night's work as much as they had expected to. They were in a hurry now to be done with it and away.

The old man offered no useless resistance. He walked with dignity, and without protest. He limped more than usual. His head was bare. His gray hair blew in the rising wind. The rope was around his neck.

Some one had wheeled out the blue wagon and rolled it under the locust tree. As this was done the old horse whinnied for his master from the stall. The parson was pushed upon the cart. Short work was made of it. As the leader of the gang stooped to help the hoarse man fling the rope over the burned bare limb of the tree and to adjust the noose about the old man's neck—which he made insistence on doing himself—a mask dropped. It was the face of the chief himself which was thus laid bare, and alas, and behold, it was even no other than the face of—

"Deacon Memminger!" cried the old minister, speaking for the first time since he had been dragged from the house. The leader restored his mask to his downcast face, with evident embarrassment.

"You!" said the parson. "I thought," he added gently, "that you had found a Christian hope. You communed with me at the Sacrament two weeks ago. I administered it to you. I am—sorry, Deacon Memminger."

The deacon muttered something, Heaven knew what, and fell back a step or two. Some one else prepared the rope to swing the old man off. He who was known as Deacon Memminger dropped to the rear of the gang, surveyed it carefully, then advanced to his place at the front, nearest to the victim. Every man awaited his orders. He was their chief. They

had organized and they obeyed, even in their decline, a military government. There was a moment's pause.

"I would like," said the doomed man gently, "a moment to commend my soul to God."

This was granted him, and he stood with his gray head bowed. His hands were tied behind him. His face was not muffled; it had a high expression. His lips moved. Those who were nearest thought they heard him murmur the first words of the Lord's Prayer. "Hallowed be Thy name," he said, and paused.

He said no more, nor seemed to wish it. So they ranged themselves, every man of them, to swing him off, each standing with both hands upon the rope, which had been spliced by another to a considerable length. He who was called Memminger stood, as he was expected, to give the final order. There were fourteen of them — and Memminger the chief. Beside him stood an idle fellow, masked like the rest, but apparently a servant, a tool of Memminger's, who had especial service for him, perhaps. If the old man struggled too much — or an accident happened — it was well to have an unoccupied hand. Memminger, in fact, had been well known in the gang for a good while, and was implicitly trusted and obeyed.

In putting their hands to the rope every man of them had of necessity to lay down his arms, both hands being clenched upon the rope, for a strong pull. They meant to break the old man's neck, and be done with it. Really, nobody cared to torture him.

"We 're ready," said the hoarse man. "Give the signal, Cap'n. Hurry up."

The light of their lanterns and torches revealed the old man clearly — the long arm of the locust above his head — the stormy sky above. Death was no paler than the parson, but he did not struggle. His lips moved still in silent prayer. His eyes were closed. The men bent to the rope. The chief raised his hand. The last signal hung upon his next motion.

Then there was a cry. Then his mask dropped, and from the face of the man beside him another fell, and it was the face of a negro, obedient and mute. Then the powerful figure of the leader straightened. His familiar eye flashed with a perfectly unfamiliar expression. Two muscular arms shot out from his body; each hand held a revolver sprung at full-cock and aimed.

"Boys," he cried in an awful voice, "*I am an officer of the United States! and the first man of you who lets go that rope, DROPS!*"

In an instant, armed as he was, he covered them, every man of them unarmed and standing as they were. His negro servant sprang to his aid.

"The first man of you who stirs a muscle on that rope, dies!" thundered the quasi "Deacon" Memminger. "I am a deputy marshal, authorized by the National Government to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, and, in the name of the Stars and Stripes, and law and order, I arrest you, every man!"

And, in the name of simple wonder and astounding history, it was done. The negro servant, whose person bulged with hidden handcuffs, bound the men, one at a time, fourteen of them, while his master's experienced weapons covered the gang. They behaved with the composure of intelligent and dumfounded men. One of them ventured an observation. It was the hoarse man. He said:

"——— you — to ——," struggled mightily with his handcuffs, and then held his tongue. The whole posse, by means of this simple stratagem, and by the help of that cowardice elemental in all brutes, was marched to the nearest sheriff; then delivered intact to the power of the law which the great mass of Kennessee citizens were ready to respect and glad to see defended. The county rang with the deed. Then whispers arose to hush it, for shame's sake. But it crept to Northern ears, and I record it as it was related to me.

"How is it, Parson?" said Deacon Memminger with a bright, shrewd smile, as he cut the old man down, and helped him, trembling as he was, to dismount the shaky cart. "How is it, sir? Are you sorry I came to church at your place — now? I thought — under the circumstances — and I was bound to save you. I and my darky boy have been ferreting out this thing for a hundred days. I joined 'em the first week I came down here. I came on from Washington to do it. We mean to make a thorough job of it — and I guess we 've done for 'em, this time. You 'll excuse me, sir, but I 've got to get 'em to the sheriff, and — I 'd go back and see my wife now, if I were you."

SHE came to herself and to her misery soon enough, lying there upon the floor beside the lounge. The first thing which she saw distinctly was the Bible, opened at the psalm which has calmed more souls in shocks of danger, and in the convulsions of lawless times, than any other written words known to the literature of the race.

But the first thing which she heard was his precious voice, pitched low, and modulated tenderly, so as not to frighten her.

"Deb-orah! Deb-orah! Don't be scared, my dear. They have not hurt me — and I 'm coming back to you."

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Some Christmas Reflections.

PERHAPS our readers may find as much of the true Christian feeling in Dr. Abbott's article, and in the article on the Record of Virtue, as in the more ostensibly Christmas "features" of this number of THE CENTURY. Good people of other religions sometimes resent the Christian habit of insisting that all the modern and civilized agencies and enthusiasms for the bettering of humanity are essentially Christian. We can imagine the smile that must have illuminated the countenances of some of our Hebrew friends when, after the death of Montefiore, certain Christian doctors of divinity generously undertook to overcome, in various learned essays, the theological difficulties as to the entrance of that great benefactor into the rewards of Heaven. It was, we remember, the kindly and timely enterprise of one of our religious weeklies that set these good doctors to work; and we have no doubt that St. Peter of the Keys was greatly indebted to them for promptly pointing out a legitimate escape from an extremely awkward situation.

But Christians should not be blamed, after all, for finding in their religion the potency of all good. It is the distinction of Christianity that spiritual progress and good works go hand in hand in its system, rightly understood. The solitary, selfish, soul-saving, hermit view of the Christian life is a remnant of other religions and as far as possible from the true "imitation of Christ." In Professor Drummond's remarkable sermon on "The Greatest Thing in the World" perhaps the most striking passage is this: "Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things—in *merely* doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that he spent a great proportion of his time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people." We know of a good man who would probably deprecate the title of "Christian," yet who, when thanked for some notable act of thoughtful kindness to a whole schoolful of boys, said that he deserved no thanks at all, because he had only acted on the principle he had long ago discovered, that "if you want happiness yourself in this world you must disseminate happiness."

But the Christian idea includes along with the dissemination of happiness also the dissemination of misery—misery to evil-doers. "And Jesus entered into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold the doves; and he saith unto them, It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer: but ye make it a den of robbers." It was doubtless with a view to this phase of the energy of the highest example of the Christian life that clergymen in the city of New York and in the State of Pennsylvania entered with such zeal into the moral issues of the campaigns of last month. Nothing that our spiritual leaders have done in our day has been more effective in increasing the respect of the general community for their sincerity

and godliness. For, let us remember in this Christmas season of beneficence, of mutual kindnesses and of happiness, that Christianity is not only a religion of love, but a religion of hatred—of love for God and man, and hatred of all the evils in human character and in the entire social economy.

### Trees in America.

WE spoke in the November CENTURY—and not by any means for the first time—of the meaning of forest preservation and of its importance as a factor in the future welfare of our country. Since that number went to press the proposed Yosemite National Park, described in our September number, has become a reality by the enactment of General Vandever's bill. By this result, for which the people of the country are largely indebted to the activity of Mr. Holman of the House of Representatives and of Mr. Plumb of the Senate, not only an important addition is made to the area of wonderful scenery reserved for public use, but an end is put, within considerable limits, to the depredations of lumbermen and sheep-herders. Another important gain, and one of great practical value, is the protection which this new reservation insures to the headwaters of the San Joaquin, Merced, and Tuolumne rivers—thus not only insuring a larger and steadier flow of the cataracts and falls of these streams, but conserving the water supply of the foothills and valleys below. Not less important was the passage by the Senate of the resolution of Senator Plumb, directing the Secretary of the Interior to make a prompt and careful report in regard to the spoliation of the Yosemite. The Secretary has shown an active interest in the new public reservations of California, and there is every reason to believe that he will make a searching investigation into these only too well proved abuses. In doing this it is greatly to be hoped that he will avail himself of the services of some capable and disinterested landscape architect of reputation. Happily there are several in the country who would meet the requirements of the occasion.

A very important measure is still pending, and should surely be acted upon favorably by the present Congress. We refer to the Act for the Protection and Maintenance of the Yellowstone National Park, which has passed the Senate and is now before the House of Representatives, having been reported favorably from the Committee on Public Lands. This bill, if we are not mistaken, has in fact passed the Senate four times, and is apparently only opposed by a lobby in the interest of a railroad scheme.

Unquestionably a wider and deeper interest in the general subject of forest preservation is now felt than was felt a few years ago, and the nature of the measures, public, corporate, and private, which will best insure the protection of our woodlands is more clearly understood. But much enlightenment, and especially much awakening of enthusiasm, are needed if the nation as a whole is to do its duty in forest preservation and also in the guarding of particularly beautiful passages

of scenery and exceptionally fine pieces of woodland or individual trees. Cold wisdom may do much; a genuine interest in Nature's productions, an enthusiastic love for them, can do more. To keep what will serve us is one motive; to keep what delights us is quite another; and both must work together in this case if we wish not only to do the best for ourselves but to respect the lawful rights of posterity.

Now, really to love a thing we must know it. There is no way in which a vital interest in it can be quickly and surely excited except by changing a vague and imperfect knowledge of its qualities into full and accurate knowledge. It is not the casual summer tourist, but the landscape gardener, who knows how impossible it is to create a bit of landscape like Nature's best, that protests most vigorously against the desecration of such bits. It is the botanist, the dendrologist, the trained student and practised lover of Nature, who cries out most loudly against the folly of mountain denudation—not the farmer or manufacturer, though his may be the material interests immediately at stake. To save our forests and landscapes and administer them wisely we must love them, and to love them we must know them. But those who have traveled farthest among them best understand how difficult it is to gain real acquaintance with them. Who among the other travelers or the residents we meet can tell us about our trees—whether a species is common or rare, what is its natural range, what is its adaptability to cultivation in other places, what the value of its various products, what its relative importance among the score of other species around it? And where are the books from which we can gather such information?

In fact, the first volume of the first book to meet the wants of Americans in this important direction has just been published. But the work promises to be, when complete in its twelve volumes, so adequate to every need, scientific and popular, that it merits an especially hearty welcome.

The time was ripe for an exhaustive and accurate survey of the arborecent species of our country, but only just ripe. Until the great West had been opened up in all directions by the railway, no botanical collector could feel sure that he had reaped the full riches of its forests, no systematic botanist could regard the families and genera of North American trees as more than provisionally established. Fortunately the advent of the time of full knowledge is now being recorded by a dendrologist who has played an important part in bringing it about. Professor Sargent's connection with the North Transcontinental Survey, his journeys in the service of the National Government when charged with the preparation of that volume of the Tenth Census Reports which treats of the forests of our country, his work in forming the Jesup Collection of Woods in the New York Museum of Natural History, and his present position as director of the Arnold Arboretum, which he has made the richest dendrological collection in America and to which he has given international scientific importance—all these labors furnished him with unequalled opportunities to fit himself for writing "The Silva of North America"; and he tells us in his preface that during them all the intention to write it was steadily in his mind. No one else, at home or abroad, was so well equipped as Professor Sargent to do this special piece of work.

His book, as we have implied, will replace no existing work—it will fill a crying vacancy. All that had previously been written about American trees was either fragmentary or to some degree incorrect; and the best of it was hidden away from the ken of the public in botanical monographs or the files of scientific journals. The only general work which could rightly pretend to the name of a *Silva* of North America has been the one first published by Michaux in 1810, and supplemented in 1842 by Nuttall; and this, of course, is sadly antiquated—incomplete in scope, and imperfect even as far as it goes. Other *Silvas* have been begun and not finished, or have been mere incorrect compilations from the writings of various authors. Even local handbooks, like Emerson's "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," have not been numerous or often good. No botanist has hitherto been able fully and accurately to compute, distinguish, and understand our trees. No horticulturist or landscape gardener has had it in his power to select among all the species possible of cultivation in a given locality. No architect or cabinet-maker has had an explanatory list of all the woods he might advantageously use. And the lover of Nature has been perpetually balked of his wish to identify the species he has found in his travels. Nothing was more needed in our literature than a complete and detailed work, written from first-hand observation, which should systematize our trees for the scientific student and explain and illustrate their appearance and qualities for the public.

#### The Railway Zone-Tariff of Hungary.

THE extent to which the nations of the earth are sharing one another's life is illustrated not merely by the economic exchanges which no barriers of hostile legislation quite succeed in suppressing, but also by the contributions of political and industrial experience which each is making for the benefit of all. Some of the most useful of these come from quarters to which we might not have looked for original suggestions. For the method of ballot reform which is so widely adopted we are indebted to Australia; and now from Hungary we have a suggestion of reform in railway management which promises to revolutionize the passenger business.

The "Zone-tariff," as it is called, was put in operation in Hungary on the 1st of August, 1889. It has, therefore, but a brief experience to justify its practicability; but the results thus far have been so remarkable that its success seems to be assured. The method consists of a division of the territory of Hungary into fourteen concentric zones, Budapest, the capital, being the center. The first zone includes all stations within 25 kilometers—16½ miles—from the center; the second, all more than 25 and less than 40; all the zones except the first, the twelfth, and the thirteenth are 15 kilometers, or a little more than 9 miles in width; the three named are 25 kilometers in breadth, and the fourteenth includes all stations more than 225 kilometers from the capital. The fare is regulated by the number of zones which the traveler enters or crosses during his journey. Reducing guildens to cents, the rate is 20, 16, and 10 cents per zone, for first, second, and third class passengers respectively. If one starts from Budapest and crosses three zones he travels,

therefore, 55 kilometers, or about 34 miles: if he goes first-class, his fare will be 60 cents; if second-class, 48 cents; if third-class, 30 cents.

For local traffic, when the traveler does not cross the boundary of any zone, there are special rates; if he goes only to the nearest station, the charges will be 12, 6, and 4 cents; if to the second station from his starting-point, 16, 9, and 6 cents; if to the third station, the full rates of the zone are charged.

The greatest reduction, however, is in the long distances. For all stations more than 225 kilometers — 150 miles — from Budapest the rates are the same. All stations beyond that distance are reckoned in the fourteenth zone. It costs no more to travel from Budapest to Brasso, which is 729 kilometers distant, than to Nagy Varad, the distance of which is only 245 kilometers. To this farthest point, 442 miles from the capital, the fares of the three classes are, for ordinary trains, \$3.20, \$2.32, and \$1.60. At this rate the first-class fare from New York to Chicago would be only about \$7.00, and the third-class fare about \$3.50.

The former rates of the Hungarian railways between the two points now under consideration were \$16.84, \$11.56, and \$7.68. The fare is, therefore, less than one-fifth of what it was under the old system.

It is in these long distances that the reduction is most sweeping; but even the shorter journeys are greatly cheapened. To Arad, which is 253 kilometers from Budapest, the former fare for the three classes was \$6.16, \$4.32, and \$3.08; the present fare is \$3.20, \$2.32, and \$1.60, a reduction of almost 50 per cent.

Besides the reduction in rates, the new system offers great advantages in the way of convenience and simplification. The number of distinct tickets always kept on sale in every important hotel office was formerly about 700; the greatest number required in any office is now only 92. This reduces considerably the expense of printing and of handling tickets. They are now sold like postage stamps, at news-stands, post-offices, hotels, cigar-shops, and other such places. Any traveler knows what his fare will be if he knows how many zones he is to cross; he simply multiplies the number of the zones he is to enter or cross by the normal rate of fare per zone, which is, as has been explained, twenty, sixteen, and ten cents for the three classes respectively.

For a large number of places within fifty-five kilometers of Budapest ticket-books containing from thirty to sixty tickets are issued at rates still lower. Thus for a group of stations averaging about twenty-one miles from Budapest books are sold which make the trip fares sixteen, twelve, and eight cents. These books are transferable, and the owner of the book may pay with these tickets the fares of persons accompanying him. Evidently the purpose of this system is to extend these concessions and conveniences as widely as possible, and not, as often in America, to limit and circumscribe them so that the smallest number of people shall get the advantage of them.

The reader will be interested in knowing what re-

sponse has been made by the Hungarian public to these liberal measures. The Hungarian public is not particularly responsive, the population of the country is sparse, they are a poor, unenterprising, home-keeping people; but they seem to know a good thing when they see it. The increase in the passenger traffic has been very great. For the first eight months of the new system the number of passengers carried was 7,770,876; for the corresponding months of the previous year the number carried was 2,891,332. It may be supposed that this increase was mainly due to the great reduction in the long-distance rates. On the contrary, the gain is the largest in the traffic between neighboring stations. Of such passengers there were under the old system 255,000; under the new, 4,367,586.

This vast increase of business has also been accompanied by a substantial increase of revenues. Comparing the receipts from passengers and baggage of the first six months of the new system with the corresponding months of the previous year, we find a gain of \$361,880. It is also stated that there has been no material increase in operating expenses. Under the old system the cars were not often more than one-third full.

It is not to be wondered at that railway managers from all parts of the world are hastening to Hungary to study on the ground this remarkable phenomenon. It is to be hoped that some of our own may go and return with new light on a great question.

To what extent the experience of Hungary could be made available in America it is not easy to say. Part of the Hungarian railways belong to the state, but part of them are under the control of private companies; it would appear, however, that the right of the state to regulate fares must be conceded. The document from which this information is derived is published by the Hungarian government, and it consists of an elaborate but very intelligible compilation of the rules and methods of classification under which the business is done.

One fact is clearly demonstrated—that reduced passenger fares greatly stimulate passenger traffic, and are advantageous to the companies. There are indications enough of this fact in the experience of American railways, but the managers are slow to act upon them. Perhaps this striking illustration from Hungarian railway history may quicken their apprehension.

The economic and industrial advantages of such low fares should be obvious to all. Whatever tends to promote the mobility of labor is in the interest of thrift and peace. Especially is this true in these times when through changes of fashion production is constantly shifting: if the work-people thrown out of employment in one place could easily and cheaply remove to some other place where laborers are wanted, suffering would be relieved, pauperism diminished, and the congestions of labor, out of which many difficulties arise, greatly reduced. The high rates of railroad fare prevent the free movement of labor, and aggravate many of our social ills.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Election by the Majority.

THE acknowledged purpose of an election is to register the will of those who vote.

As there are different types of people, so there are many wills in any given community. The wills vary and are divided, or, perhaps more properly, formed into groups by various circumstances, such as interest, education, locality, habits of thought, and the like. These groups should have some means of asserting themselves, and such means should, as far as possible, give weight to their views in proportion to the numerical strength of each.

Our present methods of election are not conducive to the expression and registration of the different shades of political opinion. They tend rather to suppress than to recognize such difference. This is so far true, and the votes of small parties are so certain to prove ineffectual, that they are said to be cast into the air. It has frequently happened that many of the votes thus lost were cast on principle and by the most advanced thinkers for the time being. Such votes are apt to be conscience votes, and the loss of conscience votes is a serious loss to the State.

At present we have two kinds of elections with reference to the number of officers to be elected—single and plural. Single elections are those where a single person is chosen to office by the electors of a particular district, such as a governor, a mayor, and the like. Plural elections are those where several officers of the same class or grade are chosen on general ticket from the same district, as is the case with presidential elections.

While these methods differ in the form of the ticket, that may be said to be the only difference. In the one case a majority or plurality elects the single officer, in the other case the same majority or plurality elects all the officers on the general ticket, be they few or many. Should there chance to be more than two tickets in the field, they might receive almost an equal vote, but the ticket having the largest number by one vote would be elected.

I have assumed that the right to govern resides in the majority. This right to rule may be effectuated in two ways.

*First.* By securing the election of the single officer who is to rule.

*Second.* By securing the election of the major part of an official body composed of several members, such as legislative bodies. In the latter case only is a representation of both the majority and minority possible. But I shall here speak of the single election only. Mr. Hare's system of election and others have referred more particularly to plural elections.

A perfect election is a unanimous election. In such case no vote can be said to have been lost or to be ineffectual. In proportion as an election varies from this standard it is imperfect. But so long as an election is permitted by less than the whole number of votes, so long will ineffectual votes be cast.

The method of election here presented is designed more exactly to ascertain and register the will of the persons voting; to reduce, as far as possible, the num-

ber of ineffectual votes, and to aid the majority to unite on the choice of a single officer. Before describing the method in detail, it may be well first to define two words as very commonly used in politics, viz.: majority and plurality. The former means more than one-half of all the votes cast. The latter ordinarily means a number of votes cast for any candidate which is greater than the number cast for any other candidate, though generally less than a majority. For example, if A receives fifty-one votes and B forty-nine, A is said to have a majority. If A receives thirty-three, B thirty-three, and C thirty-four, C is said to have a plurality.

In endeavoring to improve our system of election care must be taken to command the confidence of the people. Radical changes will not be favored. A system should be such that the votes cast can be returned in a form convenient for examination, that the public may compute and ascertain for itself the result of an election. For these reasons only a comparatively slight change in present methods is here proposed, viz.: that each voter be allowed to add to his ballot the name of his second-choice candidate, to be considered and counted only in case the candidate of his first choice fails of an election.

This method can be easily understood by the voter as it simply gives him the privilege of a second choice. It allows him to say: I desire to vote for A if he can be elected, and if he cannot let my vote be counted for B. The manner of making the preference known is quite immaterial. It may be done by the order in which the names are placed on the ballot or otherwise. Where the Australian method of voting is used, the voter could indicate his first and second choice by placing appropriate characters, such as 1 and 2, opposite the names of the candidates of his first and second choice.

The next step under this system of election would be the making of proper returns. Had the voter the privilege of making three choices the returns would be much more complicated, while a fourth choice would still further multiply complications. As the voter cannot go beyond the second choice, the returns can be made with comparative ease. Of course the second choice would add somewhat to the labor of the canvassers under present methods, if returns were made of the second choice. But as it would not be necessary to consider the second choice except where there was no majority on the first choice, it might not be thought necessary on the first canvass to make any return of the second-choice votes. Probably, however, it would be better to have both the first and second choice votes counted and registered in the regular returns, that all may know the exact result.

In canvassing the vote, ballots would be first assorted into piles, one pile for each candidate having a first-choice vote. The number of ballots in any given pile would be the number of votes that particular candidate received on first choice, and would be so entered in the returns. Thereafter the various piles of ballots could be re-assorted in like manner according to the second choice and the results entered accordingly. The returns could then, for example, be tabulated thus:

FIRST CHOICE.	SECOND CHOICE.			
	A.	B.	C.	Blank.
A.....	7	1	6	0
B.....	20	7	10	3
C.....	18	5	7	6

In such a form it may be seen that one line would indicate two things: 1. The number of votes cast for a particular candidate on the first choice. 2. Exactly how the voters casting those ballots desire their votes to be distributed among the other candidates as second choice, in case their first-choice candidate should fail to be elected.

Before considering the manner of ascertaining the result of an election by means of the second-choice votes it may be well to examine as a whole the returns as given above. They show: 1. That no candidate received a majority on the first choice. 2. That all who voted did not care to make a second choice. 3. That the form of the returns shows exactly how the voters who voted for each candidate on their first choice distributed their votes on second choice. 4. That under the present method of election B would be elected by a plurality vote, notwithstanding A's and C's supporters might prefer some one else. 5. That if the voters who cast their first-choice votes for A could be counted according to their second choice, C would be credited with six additional votes, and B with one additional vote, making B's total 21 and C's 24.

The returns being completed in the form above given the result of the election would remain to be ascertained. In case any candidate should have a majority of all the first-choice votes it would be useless to pursue our inquiry any further, for the majority must rule and elect its candidate. If, on the other hand, no candidate should receive a majority on the first choice, it would be apparent that the will of the majority of the voters could not be ascertained by considering only the first-choice votes. But as we are enabled to read the will of the voters by means of the second choice, we know how they desire their votes to be counted in case their first choice should prove ineffectual. The important point, however, would be the determination of what votes should be treated as ineffectual.

That first-choice votes may have effect as far as possible, it is proposed to distribute according to their second choice the votes cast for the candidate receiving the smallest number of first-choice votes. This would require, in our preceding example, that the votes cast for A on the first choice be counted according to the second choice. As we have seen, this would give B one additional vote and C six additional votes, making B's total 21 and C's total 24. C would then have a clear majority of all the votes cast, and would be elected.

Should no candidate receive a clear majority after the distribution of the votes originally cast for the candidate receiving the smallest number of votes on the first choice, the same process would have to be repeated as to the candidate having the next smallest number of votes to his credit, until such was the result or until only two candidates were left, when the one having the greater number of votes would necessarily be declared elected.

The rules for the election of a single officer may be stated as follows:

**Voter's Rule.**—Let each voter place on his ballot the names of two candidates most acceptable to him, indicating his preference.

**Making Returns.**—Canvass the ballots and make returns in the form heretofore given.

In that form they will show: 1. How many ballots are cast for each candidate as a first choice. 2. How many of that number are cast for each other candidate as a second choice. In other words, it will appear how many voters have supported each particular candidate as first choice, and how his supporters distribute their support on second choice.

**Ascertaining Result.**—1. If the name of any candidate stands as first choice on a majority of all the ballots cast, he is elected.

2. If no candidate is thus elected, to the number of first-choice votes cast for the respective candidates (except the one having the least number) add the number of second-choice votes cast for each candidate by those voters who have voted for the candidate having the least number of first-choice votes.

3. If no candidate thus secures a majority, the process must be repeated (distributing each time according to their second choice the votes of the voters who voted on the first choice for the candidate who has the least number of votes to his credit) until such is the result, or until only two candidates remain, when the one having the greater number of votes to his credit will be elected by a majority or plurality, as the case may be.

That the method of ascertaining the result may be more clearly understood, I will endeavor to illustrate by means of the returns of the mayoralty election of 1888 in the city of New York. The figures given as the first choice show the actual vote in round numbers. The figures given to indicate the second choice are of course purely arbitrary. Let us assume that at the last mayoralty election the above described system was in use, that the votes were on first and second choice distributed as shown by the following supposed returns, and that we desired to ascertain the result.

FIRST CHOICE.	SECOND CHOICE.				
	Grant.	Erhardt.	Hewitt.	Coogan.	Jones.
Grant.....	114,000..	10,000..	75,000..	25,000..	1,000..
Erhardt....	73,000..	10,000..	60,000..	8,000..	1,000..
Hewitt....	71,000..	10,000..	50,000..	6,000..	1,000..
Coogan....	9,000..	2,000..	1,000..	5,000..	900..
Jones....	2,000..	500..	100..	1,000..	100..

After adding together all the first-choice votes, we find that there were 269,000, of which number 134,501 constitute a majority. As no candidate has received so large a number of votes, we proceed (Rule 2) to add to the number of first-choice votes cast for the respective candidates (save the one having the least number) the number of second-choice votes cast for each candidate by those voters who have voted for the candidate having the least number of first-choice votes. This would remove Jones from the contest and give to Grant, Erhardt, Hewitt, and Coogan each an additional number of votes according to the popularity of each among the original supporters of Jones. Their amounts would then stand: Grant, 114,000+500=114,500; Erhardt, 73,000+100=73,100; Hewitt, 71,000+1000=72,000; Coogan, 9000+300=9300.

As no candidate yet appears to have a majority, the process must be repeated (Rule 3), distributing this time, according to their second choice, the votes cast for Coogan, as he is the candidate who has the least

number of votes to his credit. Thus we find the supporters of Coogan, by means of their second-choice votes, contribute 2000 additional votes to Grant; 1000 to Erhardt, and 5000 to Hewitt, making their totals: Grant, 116,500; Erhardt, 74,100; and Hewitt, 77,000.

Still there is no majority, and there are more than two candidates in the field. The process must be repeated once more (Rule 3). Again proceeding to distribute according to their second choice the votes of those voting for the candidate having the least number of votes to his credit, Erhardt's supporters contribute 10,000 additional votes to the credit of Grant, and 60,000 to the credit of Hewitt, making their totals: Grant, 126,500, and Hewitt, 137,000. This would give Hewitt an election by the majority of all the votes cast. If, however, he had received less than 134,501 votes, but a larger number than Grant, he would still be elected, but by a plurality vote.

As the figures above given are not intended to be based on probabilities, it is left for those claiming political sagacity to work out for themselves, if they desire to do so, what would have been the result of that election had it been conducted under the foregoing plan.

Tests of this method can easily be made in any voluntary association where the same points would arise as upon the application of the plan to popular elections.

Such a system of election can, I believe, be instituted in this State of New York, as well as in many others, simply by an act of the legislature and without any constitutional amendment.

*Daniel S. Remsen.*

NEW YORK CITY.

#### Higher Education: a Word to Women.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

THE door has been opened; women are pressing to the front, crowding the ranks and filling the avenues once open only to men; they have entered the struggle, competing on equal terms and side by side with the stronger sex, making themselves the bread-winners, and doing the actual work of the world—in a word, taking active, intelligent, and resolute part in the march and progress of humanity. It seems almost as if a new race had been created, a new tide of being had set in, and new forces had been called into play, beginning a new era in the world's history, and— if woman so wills it—the moral and social regeneration of mankind. But before taking possession of the kingdom which is hers she would do well to pause for a moment on the height already gained and carefully scan the horizon, looking with her own eyes clearly into the past and clearly into the future so as to discern its whole drift and significance; bringing to bear her own independent judgment and insight upon the world as it is—as men have made it—and upon the world as it may be and as woman may help to make it, if she will trust her own genius and prerogative as woman—something other than man—over and above any calling or profession she may choose to adopt. In the enthusiasm for a new cause certain watchwords are caught up that fire the imagination, certain foregone conclusions are accepted that have not been very closely tested or examined. The term "higher education" has come to be looked upon as the "open sesame," the key to woman's emancipation and advancement—

in fact, the solution of her destiny. As commonly and somewhat vaguely understood, higher education means instruction in the so-called higher branches of learning, the study of Latin and Greek, of the sciences in general or some special course, and finally the training for a profession, or for some of the higher industries or arts.

In our intensely acquisitive age, so bent upon the conquest and possession of things material and physical, it is not surprising that the question is often asked whether men have any use for a liberal education which does not fit them for the practical needs of life and for the struggle which every day grows keener, more selfish and more personal. Setting aside, however, a point of view that condemns advanced education on the ground that it is not materialistic enough, not utilitarian, not special enough to suit the wants of the times, we hear graver objections urged by those well qualified to judge, on the very ground that it is too materialistic, too much given over to the utilities, and too highly specialized to meet the true ends and broad purpose of culture—the unfoldment and best direction of man's highest faculties, the raising of his rank in the moral and social order, and the adjustment of his relations to the great universe around him, the seen and unseen. From infancy the physical senses are trained to a nicety; the child is taught accurately to observe and examine—to note every detail and discover the properties, the structure and "mechanism," of every natural and material object that comes within reach of outward and external sense. But there is a hidden sense as well—the vital principle itself, which may pass unperceived, undetected by the most minute microscopic investigation. The flower is picked to pieces, but the life, the soul, the fragrance, may exhale without recognition. Even the living creature is sacrificed—the frog is dissected, the rabbit, the dog, or the cat taken apart like any machine in order to ascertain the apparatus of its being; but what has been learned of the real secret, the mystery of a breathing, moving, sentient organism adapted to its own ends and environment, and filling its own place in creation? It has been truly said that "if modern knowledge is power, it is not wisdom"; and therefore, with increased education, the social status does not always improve, crime does not diminish, nor suffering grow less, and thus the levels of life are not lifted. And now that woman has taken into her own hands the shaping of her destiny, can she do better than accept these conditions? Can she conceive of no higher ideals, no grander incentive, and no more beautiful fulfilment? What is it that woman aims at in the widening of her career? Is it not freedom—the intellectual mastery and control that have made man free, and that she fondly hopes will give her freedom in turn? How shall she best attain it, she asks.

But right here, in the answer she gives herself, is actually the mistake that she makes, and that perhaps explains in part the hostile attitude of many men and the shrinking of certain women when equal claims and rights are asserted. Precisely by following in man's footsteps, she insists; along the lines he has chosen and with the same objects and ambitions in view. Just what he has accomplished, I will strive to accomplish. Just as he has built, I will build; just as he has aspired, I will aspire. But surely here is no freedom in its true sense, because no deliverance and enlargement of spirit, giving birth to new individuality and initiative. Un-

doubtedly there are women gifted to excel where men have excelled, in scientific and professional pursuits; but these women are necessarily exceptional. There are reasons deep-seated in her own constitution, and in the constitution of society, why it is not easy nor always to be advised that young women should be subjected to the mental strain and strict training required to fit them for a profession, nor is it well or often possible that girls as a rule should leave their homes and be sent into the world like boys. But even under the most favoring circumstances, and when good result has been accomplished without too great sacrifice or injury in any other direction, it is seldom that a woman is able to devote herself without interruption, and to the exclusion of the more intimate interests of life, to the callings that require unremitting and absorbed attention. Marriage comes in as so paramount a factor; an episode in the life of a man, it is a career for a woman, in most cases incompatible with any other career. And for women who do not marry, the claims and duties of home are often quite as pressing and incumbent; the family tie is stronger, the dependence more subtle, and the whole affectional side of life has greater stress and obligation with women than with men. But apart from these practical considerations, no woman who has sounded the depths of her own nature can help feeling that a profound deception awaits those who imagine that the outward extension of privilege, the liberty to enter the arena and compete for what the world prizes, will satisfy the deep inner craving, the vague but keen longing, the unknown want which the world cannot fulfil.

Women even more than men are restless, unsatisfied, seeking they know not what, they know not where; for a great hope has gone out of the world, a great light and presence once seen and felt by all. The world can not and need not go back to its primitive beliefs, but spiritual growth must keep pace with mental growth. In proportion as the realm of matter is explored and brought within the compass of mind the realm of spirit must expand to receive it, filling and making radiant with its presence the whole visible universe. The laws and harmonies of nature reveal still deeper harmony and all-embracing law; spiritual truth that reflects itself in man's inner consciousness in the workings of heart, brain, and soul. The mysteries of growth and evolution suggest untold possibilities, and lay the foundations of life and its finalities in ideal regions far beyond the range of physical sense. The finite loses its grasp and man becomes aware of his relations with the Infinite, of the constant inflowing of divine energies in his own being, and of eternal reality underneath the passing show of appearance. In the light of such understanding knowledge becomes wisdom, and higher education becomes the education of the higher nature. And it is women especially who have the key to this higher knowledge, in their finer perceptions and sensibilities, their more delicate organization so quick to discern the hidden sense of things, the meanings that flash out from the unseen and that are not apprehended by the intellect alone, but by the whole personality, which kindles with sympathetic response. This is the secret of that moral force which gives woman a strength beyond strength, faith beyond joy, and love beyond self. And this is truly woman's "sphere,"—her "vocation," whatever post she may fill,—to live within vision of the ideal, upon a

plane not bounded by the pleasures and pains of sense, and therefore to a certain extent released from the thrall of material conditions. What higher mission and privilege for woman than to lead the example—to set the fashion, as it were, of nobler, purer, and simpler lives, consecrated to deeper and more unselfish purpose? Who can doubt that social ills would be remedied, and the pressure lifted? We should hear less of lives wasted by luxury and lives wasted by poverty, and civilization would cease to be a machine which threatens to crush out the soul of humanity.

*Josephine Lazarus.*

#### The Artist Maynard.

GEORGE WILLOUGHBY MAYNARD, the painter of "Daphne," the picture engraved for the frontispiece of this number of the magazine, was born at Washington, D. C., March 5, 1843. In 1866 he studied drawing and modeling under Henry K. Brown, and in 1867 became a pupil in the schools of the National Academy of Design at New York, and later studied under the painter Edwin White, with whom he went abroad in 1869. He felt himself especially drawn towards the works of the Dutch masters, and these he studied in Antwerp and other cities. In 1873 Maynard, in company with his friend the well-known artist and writer Francis D. Millet, went on a long journey through Transylvania, over the Carpathians, across Roumania, and down the Danube to the Black Sea and Odessa. From Odessa they went to Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, and finally to Rome, where Maynard remained through the winter of 1873-74. He returned to New York, after an absence of five years, in the spring of 1874, and exhibited a picture ("The Angelus") for the first time at the National Academy in the spring of 1875. He has exhibited in the Academy every year since. In 1876 he made his first essay in decorative art as an assistant to John La Farge in the work in Trinity Church, Boston, and he has been closely identified with this branch of the fine arts ever since. His work in this field includes the figures on each side of the proscenium in the Metropolitan Opera House—"The Chorus" and "The Ballet"; a large part of the interior decoration of the Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine, Florida; parts of the entrance hall of the Boston Public Library, etc. Of easel pictures perhaps his most important work is the beautiful composition "Mermaids and Marines," that justly attracted great attention at the Academy exhibition of 1890; a water color called "The Sirens," exhibited in 1889; and genre works entitled "Old and Rare," "Strange Gods," and "The Bride." He has painted a number of portraits, those of William M. Everts, C. C. Beaman, Chester Chapin, and Judge Addison Brown among the number. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water Color Society, and a National Academician. His work is much esteemed by his fellow-artists, who recognize in it a true artistic aim and great ability in its expression; and his position in the social art world is shown by the fact that he is the president of the Salmagundi Club, and a member of the Tile, Players, and Century clubs.

*William A. Coffin.*

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### SOME BOYS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(In presenting the child dialect upon an equal footing with the proper or more serious English, the conscientious author feels it neither his desire nor his province to offer excuse. Wholly simple and artless, nature's children oftentimes seem the more engaging for their very defects of speech and general deportment. We need worry very little for their futures, since the All-kind Mother has them in her keep. It is just and good to give the elegantly trained and educated child a welcome hearing. It is no less just and pleasant to admit his homely but wholesome-hearted little brother to our interest and love.—J. W. R.)

#### A Boy's Mother.

**M**Y mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as I could be,  
I *could n't* be as good — no, sir!  
Can't *any* boy be good as her!



She loves me when I'm glad er mad;  
She loves me when I'm good er bad;  
An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me:  
*That* don't hurt, but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'—nen / cry; an' nen  
We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews  
My little cloak an' Sunday clothes;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,  
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

VOL. XLI.—42.

#### The Runaway.

**WUNST** I sassed my Pa, an' he  
Won't stand that, an' punished me,  
Nen when he was gone that day,  
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper cents,  
An' clumbed over our back fence  
In the jimson-weeds 'at growed  
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen  
I runned some, an' runned again  
When I met a man 'at led  
A big cow 'at shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane  
Where was little pigs a-play'n';  
An' a grea'-big pig went "*Booh!*"  
An' jumped up an' skeered me, too.

Nen I scampered past: an' they  
Was somebody hollered, "*Hey!*"  
An' I ist looked ever'where,  
An' they was nobody there!

I *want* to, but I'm 'fraid to try  
To go back nen. . . . An' by an' by  
Somepin' hurts my throat inside,  
An' I want my Ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through  
Where's a gate, an' telled me who  
Am I? an' ef I tell where  
My home's at she'll take me there.



But I could n't ist but tell  
 What 's my *name*; an' she says well;  
 An' she tooked me up, an' says  
 She know where I live, she guess.

Nen she telled me hug wite close  
 Round her neck! An' off she goes  
 Skippin' up the street! An' nen  
 Purty soon I 'm home again!

An' my Ma, when she kissed me,  
 Kissed the big girl too, an' *she*  
 Kissed me—ef I p'omise shore  
 I won't run away no more.

#### The Fishing Party.

WUNST we went a-fishin'—me  
 An' my Pa an' Ma—all three,  
 When they was a picnic, 'way  
 Out to Hanch's Woods, one day.

An' they was a crick out there,  
 Where the fishes is, an' where  
 Little boys 't ain't big an' strong  
 Better have their folks along!

My Pa he ist fished an' fished!  
 An' my Ma she said she wished  
 Me an' her was home; an' Pa  
 Said he wished so worse 'n Ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say  
 Anythin', er sneeze, er play,  
 Hain't no fish, alive er dead,  
 Ever go' to bite, he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we  
 Got back home; an' Ma, says she,  
*Now* she 'll have a fish fer shore!—  
 An' she buyed one at the store.



Nen, at supper, Pa he won't  
 Eat no fish, an' says he don't  
 Like 'em. An' he pounded me  
 When I choked!—Ma, did n't he?

#### The Raggedy Man.



OH, the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;  
 An' he 's the gooddest man ever you saw!  
 He comes to our house every day,  
 An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;  
 An' he opens the shed— an' we all ist laugh  
 When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf!  
 An' nen, ef our hired girl says he can,  
 He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good  
 He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
 An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
 An' does most things 'at boys can't do.  
 He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
 An' shooked a' apple down fer me!  
 An' 'nother 'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann!

An' 'nother 'n, too, fer the Raggedy Man!

Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man he knows most rhymes,  
 An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes—  
 Knows 'bout Giants, an' Grifuns, an' Elves,  
 An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers theirselves!  
 An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
 He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got  
 'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
 Turn into me—er 'Lizabuth Ann!

Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he  
 Was makin' a little bow-'n-'arry fer me,  
 Says, "When *you* 're big like your Pa is,  
 Air you go' to keep a fine store like his,  
 An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clothes?  
 Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"  
 An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
 An' I says, "'m go' to be a Raggedy Man—  
 I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

## Our Hired Girl.

OUR hired girl, she 's 'Lizabuth Ann;  
 An' she can cook best things to eat!  
 She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,  
 An' pours in somepin' 'at 's good an' sweet,  
 An' nen she salts it all on top  
 With cinnamon; an' nen she 'll stop  
 An' stoop, an' slide it, ist as slow,  
 In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't won't slop  
 An' git all spilled; nen bakes it—so  
 It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!  
 An' nen she 'll say:  
 "Clear out o' my way!  
 They 's time fer work, an' time fer play.  
 Take yer dough an' run, child, run;  
 Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,  
 An' says folks got to walk the chalk  
 When *she* 's around, er wished they had!  
 I play out on our porch, an' talk  
 To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;  
 An' he says "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on  
 His old crook-scythe, an' blinks his eyes  
 An' sniffs all round an' says, "I swawn!  
 Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,  
 It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"  
 An' nen *he* 'll say:  
 "Clear out o' the way!  
 They 's time fer work, an' time fer play.  
 Take yer dough an' run, child, run;  
 Er *she* cain't git no cookin' done!"



## The Boy lives on our Farm.

THE Boy lives on our Farm, he 's not  
 Afeard o' horses none!  
 An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,  
 Er rack, er pace, er run!  
 Sometimes he drives two horses, when  
 He comes to town an' brings  
 A wagonful o' 'taters nen,  
 An' roastin'-ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team," he says;  
 An' when you drive er hitch,  
 The *right* un 's a "*near*"-horse, I guess,  
 Er "*off*"—I don't know which.  
 The Boy lives on our Farm, he told  
 Me, too, 'at he can see,  
 By lookin' at their teeth, how old  
 A horse is, to a *t!*

I 'd be the gladdest boy alive  
 Ef I knowed much as that,  
 An' could stand up like him an' drive,  
 An' ist push back my hat,  
 Like he comes skallyhootin' through  
 Our alley, with one arm  
 A-wavin' fare-ye-well! to you—  
 The Boy lives on our Farm!

James Whitcomb Riley.



## Charlie's Courting.

YOUNG Charlie O'Niel came to me one day,  
And bashfully speaking he said:  
"You are older and wiser than many I know,  
And by your advice I'll be led.  
Now tell me how can I the question propose  
To some pretty maiden I know?  
I'm anxious to marry, but cannot, because  
The asking it puzzles me so."

I told him my thoughts, and urged him to try  
The pleading a favor so sweet,  
"For life without love 's like a field that is bare;  
With love—like a field full of wheat."  
When next I saw Charlie, so happy he seemed,  
I asked him if love prospered so.  
He laughingly answered, "The pleading 's so nice,  
*I've asked every girl that I know.*"

Mary Mathews Barnes.

## On an Old Fashion Book.

How grim and sadly out of place you look,  
Among these scions of a latter age;  
How stout, though worn, your binding, too, Old Book;  
How richly tint by Time each mellow page!  
More than a hundred years you've seen, all told,  
Since bound in leather, and picked out with gold.

You fearlessly proclaimed, to Fashion's fair,  
The rules which governed fast the toilet's charms—  
The clinging skirts; the primly curling hair;  
The waist that ended just beneath the arms,  
And left these dainty damsels tall and slim,  
For shortened waist adds much to length of limb.

"Saracen or crape" shall form my lady's gown,  
"A girdle with a clasp" her zone be e'en;  
Her "sleeves of love and lace striped up and down,  
A bonnet Scots, and shoes of colored jean";  
All this, and more, upon the yellowed page  
We read, past-mistress of another age.

What wondrous tales of lords and ladies high,  
Vignettes of dames, severe, and proud, and cold;  
Her Grace of Bolton, with an eagle eye  
And haughty mien, I've pondered oft of old,  
Wherefore was given—'t will never now be known—  
Excess of nose and surplus collar-bone.

What woman's fancy shaped your course, Old Book,  
From courtly England, far across the sea?  
What hand of Fate did take you from your nook  
In oaken hall or guarded library,  
To bring you here, no doubt a welcome guest,  
And rare, approved, consulted, and caressed?

How very grand you must have been,—not gay,—  
For leather has a dignity its own;  
And how your owner prized you, in her day,  
When books were scarce, not so familiar grown  
As in these times, with gilt and binding cheap,  
And coverings of paper, not of sheep.

Yet here, in goodly company, you are,  
With Emerson and Bryant, Keats and Poe,—  
These children of our century, by far  
Your juniors,—Whittier and Longfellow.  
To-day—how fine, and grand, and gay they look;  
And you—how worn and out of place, Old Book.

S. Elgar Benet.

## Sweet Thievery.

My heart was like an empty case,  
Where gems had never been.  
It opened wide at sight of Grace,  
Then safely locked her in.

There came, one moment evil-spelled,  
A thief—Ah, lackaday! —  
Who stole that heart, with all it held,  
And took it clean away.

With gem and casket both to part,  
How sad had been my lot,  
But that the thief who got the heart  
Was she the heart had got!

Dorothea Dimond.

## Philosophy from the Quarters.

Ef you doan't strike de stone hard enough you can't  
spec' ter git de sparks.

WATERING de sand neber make it good soil.

DE early fish catch de wum, but often de hook go  
'long wid it.

Jus' foah de candle go out, it gibs de biggest light.

Ef de watah am hot enough, de lettliest piece ob soap  
ken make lots ob suds.

Isaac K. Friedman.

## The Waning Muse.

"WHY art thou sad, Poeticus?" said I.  
So blue was he I feared he would not speak.  
"Alas! I've lost my grip," was his reply.  
"I've writ but forty poems, sir, this week."

John Kendrick Bangs.

## A Complaint.

I 'VE written many a thrilling tale  
Which cruel editors reject;  
My talents are of no avail,  
I cannot write in dialect.

I polish up my verse and try  
Each rhyme, each rhythm to perfect;  
Alas! 't is all in vain, and why?  
It is not done in dialect.

My teachers when I was a child  
My education did neglect,  
Their English pure and undefiled  
Had not a trace of dialect.

I learned by Worcester's rules to speak,  
And Lindley Murray to respect;  
They taught me Hebrew, Latin, Greek,  
But never thought of dialect.

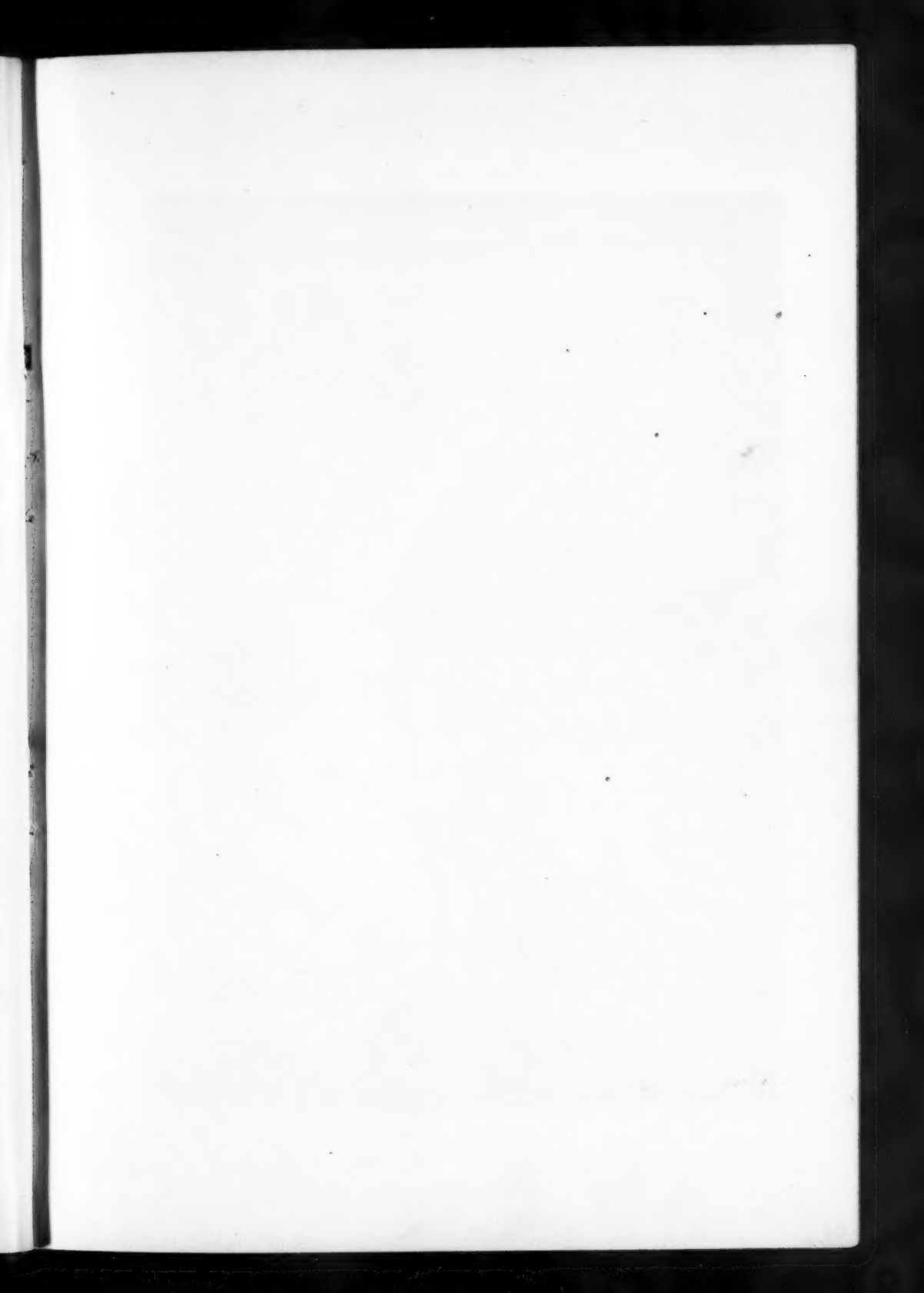
Aspiring authors, hear my wail,  
Success in letters don't expect,  
Your finest efforts all will fail  
Unless you know a dialect.

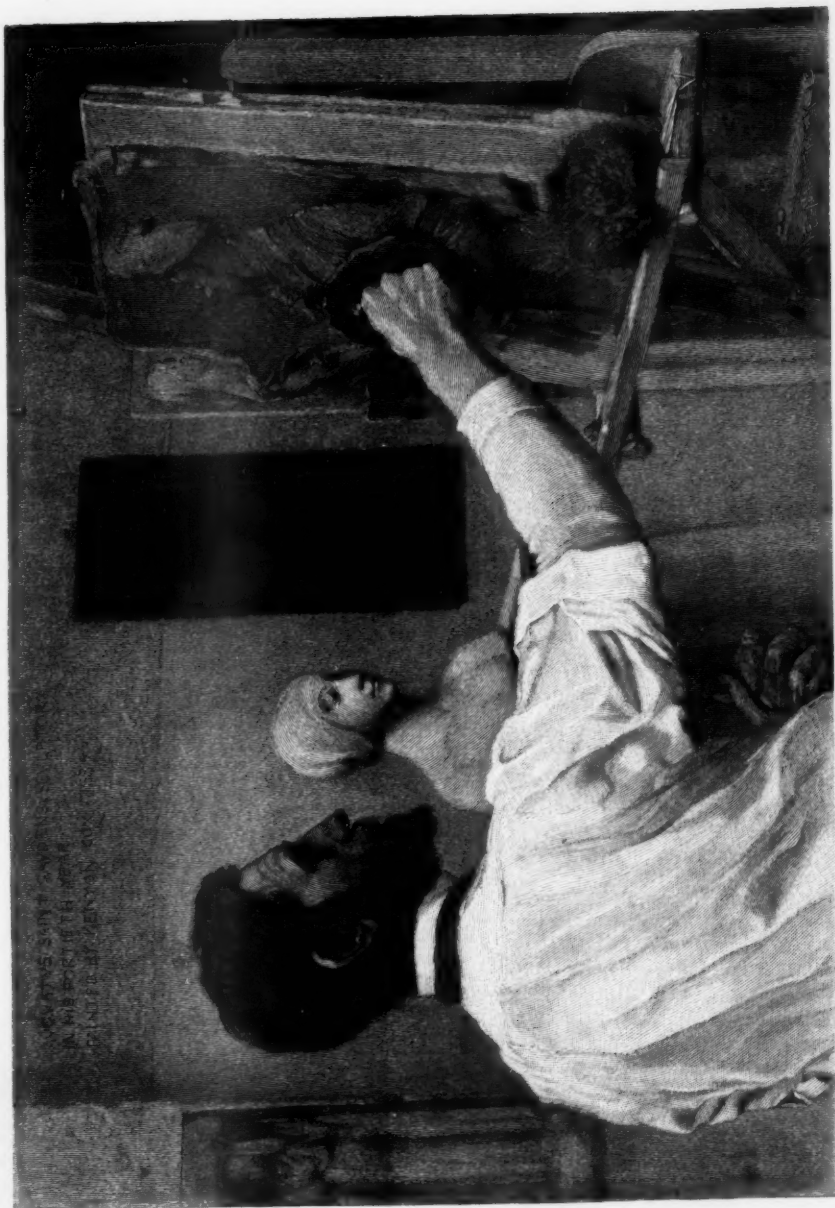
Louisa Trumbull Cogswell.

## On a Becalmed Sleeping-Car.

THE snoring grows louder and deeper,  
And this problem I meditate o'er:  
If this is the snore of a sleeper,  
Oh, what if the Sleeper should snore!

Meredith Nicholson.





AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, BY KENYON COX.